

GIRLS RUIN ROMANCE SAYS FARLEY GRANGER

PHOTOPLAY

June

in color

Hollywood
Stars with
Poodle Cuts

WHY THEY ARE THE
BATTLING
SINATRAS

June Allyson



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"out of the shadows"
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This lovely bride, MRS. JOHN-MICHAEL KING, says: "A change to regular care and Camay makes a world of difference. My complexion grew fresher and clearer so quickly I thought I was dreaming."



Camay

the soap of beautiful women

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HOW CAN A GIRL be attractive and admired—how can she hope to be wooed and wed—when her skin has a dull and overcast look about it?

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For complexion *or* bath, there's no finer beauty soap than Camay. Camay is praised for its gentleness—prized for its rich, luxurious, creamy lather. Take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.



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stops bad breath for hours

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BETTER THAN TOOTH PASTE
BETTER THAN CHLOROPHYLL

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HAS PROVED SO COMPLETELY IT STOPS BAD BREATH!

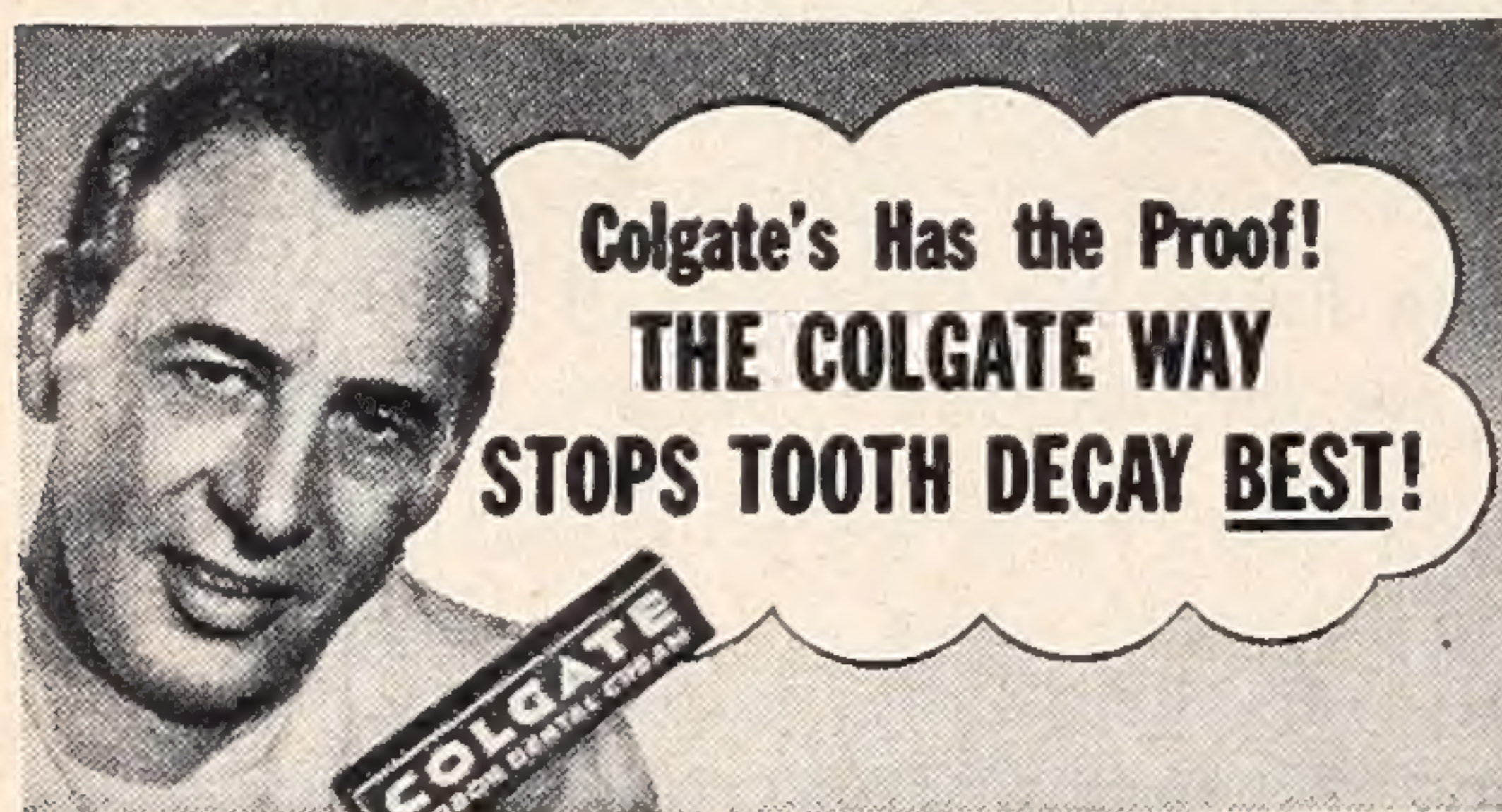
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FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS FOR 40 YEARS

PHOTOPLAY

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★

JUNE						
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29	30					



MGM

Movie-of-the-Month Calendar

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
"SCARAMOUCHE" starring STEWART GRANGER, ELEANOR PARKER, JANET LEIGH, MEL FERRER, brings to the screen Rafael Sabatini's swashbuckling story of the most fabulous adventurer in a romantic era! M-G-M's spectacular "Movie Of The Month" for June filmed in the glory of color by **TECHNICOLOR!**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
"LOVELY TO LOOK AT" starring KATHRYN GRAYSON, RED SKELTON, HOWARD KEEL, dancers MARGE and GOWER CHAMPION, ANN MILLER in a musical gay as Paris...in color by **TECHNICOLOR!**
 An eye-filling treat for July!



★ ★ ★ ★ ★

AUGUST						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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31						

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

JULY						
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27	28	29	30	31		

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
"IVANHOE" stars ROBERT TAYLOR, ELIZABETH TAYLOR, JOAN FONTAINE, GEORGE SANDERS, EMLYN WILLIAMS in Sir Walter Scott's exciting story enriched with color by **TECHNICOLOR!**
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New MUM
CREAM DEODORANT

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what should I do?

Your problems answered by Claudette Colbert

Star of "Planter's Wife"



DEAR Miss Colbert:

I am nineteen and have been going with a certain girl for six years. I have dated several girls since I have been away from home, but no one can take the place of this one girl. She's tops. She's eighteen and has a good job as a bookkeeper. I have been in the Marine Corps since 1950. My job is such that I will remain permanently in the States.

When I went home on leave, I asked this girl to marry me and she said yes. We both talked to her parents, who are wonderful people who were married during World War I, and they agreed that we should be able to make a go of marriage. They gave us plenty of good advice about handling money, being fair with one another, doing right in the world.

Then I went to my folks and they exploded. They said no! I couldn't get married. As you know, I can't get married until I'm twenty-one without their written consent. My mother said that as long as I was in service I should stay single and that I wasn't ready to take on the obligations of a wife and perhaps a family.

Well, I'm lonely here. I don't care much to run around with the boys and live the life some of them do. I don't drink, I don't smoke. It seems to me that—because I plan to make the Marine Corps a career—I might as well get started on my whole life at this time.

Do you think I'm wrong?

Cpl. Gregg W. C.

Ordinarily I am opposed to a marriage between a boy of nineteen and a girl of eighteen because, at those ages, neither is likely to be emotionally mature.

However, your letter gives evidence of adult thinking. Your report of the attitude and the sensible thinking of the girl's parents indicates that they would be a strong factor in helping you build a permanent and happy marriage.

Let us face another fact: there are far worse things than an early marriage. I gather from your letter that you are lonely because you don't care to have what is called a good time by certain gay sections of the armed forces. Your mother should give this some thought.

In brief: if you were my younger brother I believe I would try to persuade your parents to give their consent to your marriage. Since I'm not in that position, I should tell you frankly that I don't think anything anyone said or did would change your parents' minds. They know they have the authority to restrain you and they may have reasons other than opposition to a young marriage to refuse their consent.

There are two possible ways of working toward consent: talk over your hopes and plans with your chaplain and ask him to write to your parents. Ask your girl friend to have her parents meet and become friendly (if possible) with your family.

If none of this works, cheer up any-

how. You'll be twenty-one almost before you know it.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My problem has to do with correct movie manners.

When entering a movie aisle, I would like to know whether the boy goes first, or the girl. Next, is it manners for one person to comment to another about the movie, while it is going on? Finally, when one is sitting in the movie with a boy friend and one feels his muscular arm around one's shoulders, how does one tell the boy that hand-holding is as far as one will go in the movie?

Tucky L.

When there is an usher at any place of entertainment, and this also applies when there's a headwaiter in a restaurant, the girl follows him to the seat which he designates, while the boy immediately follows the girl. If there is no usher, the boy precedes the girl, finds a satisfactory spot and turns to assist the girl.

It is extremely bad manners for a theatre patron to keep up a conversation, either personal or critical, during the performance.

When a boy slips his arm around your shoulders, you should say pleasantly, "We're probably blocking the view of those behind us. Hold hands instead..."

The important thing to remember is that exasperation will cost you a boy friend, but if you will be sweet, quiet, and explanatory, you will accomplish your purpose of being fair to everyone, and you'll keep your beau as well.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a high school girl of sixteen and for more than a year now I have been in love with a twenty-eight-year-old married teacher in our school. I know you will just dismiss it by saying it's a natural crush or infatuation, but I know it isn't.

Because I was so desperate to have him show me at least a little attention, I wrote him a letter and explained the situation. He never answered. Perhaps he never received the letter. I have no way of knowing because I don't have nerve enough to ask. What should I do next?

Melissa S.

I should be pleased if you would believe me when I suggest that what you feel for this man is a mirage of love. A mirage, as one sees it, does not exist. It is merely a reflection of a far distant scene which is projected in a sort of mirror-like atmospheric condition and made to seem close at hand.

It may be that this man happens to match some author's description of the hero in one of your favorite childhood books. It may be that, in some way, he resembles your father, of whom you may

(Continued on page 6)

**TEMPTATION
AND
TERROR**

**WHIRLED IN
THE WAKE
OF THE SHIP
CALLED**

**Mara
Maru**

Menace and Love-Madness!

Treasure, Plunder and Lust!

STARRING
ERROL FLYNN RUTH ROMAN

It was all around them! A dead man's curiously twisted smile, a still-heard echo in a hidden catacomb, a glowing bed of fiery jewels! Here treasure-hunt flared into man-hunt—turning a torrid corner of the tropics into flame!

WARNER BROS! THRILL-SWEPT TROPICAL ADVENTURE!

SCREEN PLAY BY N. RICHARD NASH Music by Max Steiner • DIRECTED BY GORDON DOUGLAS • PRODUCED BY DAVID WEISBART



Stay as Sweet as you are



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FRENCH FORMULA
LIPSTICK

For more exciting, more inviting lips. Irresistible Lipstick stays on you. 8 radiant fashion-perfect shades.

29¢

Also available: Regular formula in swivel case 29¢




Complete the magic spell with bewitching . . .

Irresistible
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10¢ & 25¢

(Continued from page 4)
be very fond. It may be, and this borders on the mystic, that this man is similar to the man you will one day marry.

The important thing for you to bear in mind is that the wise girl does not discuss her romantic mirages with anyone—not even with the man concerned. There is something that is rare and sweet, but completely your own, in these early awakenings to love. Don't spoil them by acting upon your impulses. Wait for time to bring you to the real experience.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I was married at sixteen because life was so unhappy in our large family that I wanted to get away. I became a mother just before I was eighteen and I was divorced before I was twenty. My husband and I agreed to a "friendly" divorce, although he refused to contribute to our daughter's support. He said he was through with marriage and both of us and wanted to be free. He said if I made trouble for him, he would leave the state so I might as well save attorney's fees.

I went to work in a factory, after having put Madelyn in a nursery home, and took a beauty course at night. About two years ago I had a chance to buy a small shop, which I did, and it has prospered. As things improved for us, I was able to put Madelyn in a better school. I spend as much time with her as possible. She is now almost ten and I will soon be twenty-eight. She is the source of much happiness to me.

A year ago I met a man in whom I was interested and he appeared to be serious. Somehow I didn't tell him about Madelyn until she joined us one Sunday. That ended my friendship. Since then I have made it a rule to tell every man who asks me for a date that I have a wonderful daughter who is a vital part of my life.

The men I meet seem to be of two types: the playboy who says, in effect, "You've been married, so don't be coy with me," and the big dealer who wants me to expand the beauty shop, so he can be a partner and collect half the income.

I want to marry again, but the next time I want it to be for keeps. I want a proper home for Madelyn. I want to expand the business, but with someone I can trust. How does one go about meeting such a man?

Doris J.

You are living in a large city in which there are—according to statistics—many more women of marriageable age than men. Since your living can be earned anywhere you wish to set up shop, it might be a good idea to move to some other section of the country. The male ratio is favorable in Texas, in Montana, and in the Dakotas. You know the hunter's slogan: To trap mink, you must go where the mink are.

However, if you are truly successful and like your present geographical location, acquire a cheerful conviction that your ideal mate will find you where you are. Then relax, be contented and secure. This will give you dignity and composure, and keep you from being overeager and from trying too hard to impress. Also, join a church, or an adult night class, or a bowling club or something of this kind, where you will have more opportunity to meet substantial citizens.

Give time a chance to work for you.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am nineteen and have never had a date. Not because I haven't had plenty of opportunity but because of my abnormal childhood. My father is a monster. He is slovenly, ill-kept, tyrannical and often

drunk. He hasn't had a steady job for more than two years at a time in all of his life, according to my mother. He owns a building which he rents. This brings in what money he wants, except for my salary, which he takes, with the exception of my necessary carfare and thirty cents per day for luncheon. We live in three attic rooms in the building I mentioned before: my parents, my brother and I.

My mother is a saint. My brother and I adore her and my father learned long ago that he could bring us to time by threatening to beat my mother if we opposed him. Since my brother is now seventeen and much larger in every way than my father, my mother no longer gets beaten. The last time it started, my brother tried to kill my father and he would have done it if it hadn't been for my mother intervening.

You can see why any sort of social life is impossible. I couldn't endure pity and I couldn't stand the humiliation that would surely come to me if anyone met my father. He delights in making fun of us and being completely obnoxious to shame us.

The three of us planned at one time to run away, but my father got wind of it—he isn't above listening at keyholes. He said we could go anywhere we liked but he would find us and move in with us and if we didn't treat him right he'd tell all the neighbors how miserably he was treated by his family.

Have you any idea what we could do to secure some sort of a decent life for ourselves?

Luanna S.

You should consult someone in the district attorney's office about your problem. Don't be afraid to discuss your problem candidly. For the most part the deputies in a D.A.'s office are idealistic young lawyers who want to help people like yourself.

You may have to face the fact that, in your state, the law provides that the earnings of children under twenty-one are the property of the parents.

I think that you, your mother and your brother should move. When you reach your new home, you should go at once to the chief of police and tell your story. They will cooperate with you because the job of the police is to protect those who are innocent and in trouble. You should also go to the editor of the local paper and outline your difficulty to him. With the law and the press informed of your trouble, you will be assured of powerful friends working in your behalf.

Probably your father won't follow you. A bully seldom lives up to his threats. He sounds to me like a man so lazy that he would never summon enough energy to go in search of a family which must mean nothing at all to him.

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

CLAUDETTE COLBERT?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

It's "real George"!!! (translated from the jive...)
it's Terrific!

That real, cool pash-pie* and that real George double-bubble!*

Tony CURTIS

**(meaning - that sensational dream-boat!)*

Piper LAURIE

**(meaning - that thrilling new heart throb!)*

Terrific Together in

"No Room for the Groom"

The romantic tale of an unkissed bride and her fit-to-be-tied groom!



with **Don DeFORE** • Spring Byington

Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK • Screenplay by JOSEPH HOFFMAN • Produced by TED RICHMOND • A Universal-International Picture



READERS INC.

Give
the
girl
Credit



These daughters certainly bring new ideas into the house—break the ice of old habits, so to speak. For instance it's ten-to-one that your daughter discovered Tampax before you did—*Tampax*, that improved method of sanitary protection (worn internally).

Perfected by a doctor, Tampax needs no belts, pins or bulky outside pads. It really represents a highly modern idea in monthly protection—helps take the pressure off your mind at "those times." With Tampax there's no worry about odor or those revealing edges or ridges that you see showing through other women's skirts or dresses. Your social poise is sure to improve when you wear Tampax.

Daintiness is the key word for Tampax—from the slender white applicator (you needn't touch the Tampax!) all the way through to the final disposal. Pure surgical cotton provides unusual absorbency. ... Sold in 3 sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Full month's supply may be carried in purse.... Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Cheers and Jeers:

Recently June Allyson has been photographed wearing a coy little-girl dress with a Peter Pan lace collar and cuffs. What is she trying to do—make the other girls, who come dressed for the occasion, look like hussies? She's a pretty subtle exhibitionist.

ADELA J.
Seattle, Wash.

Marilyn Monroe seems to think the only way she can be noticed is to shed her clothes, or at least most of them, and show herself off half naked. Marilyn is a very pretty and a very, very talented girl, but no girl in Hollywood can get by on just sex appeal. I don't mean that she should hide those gorgeous curves, don't misunderstand me. But she doesn't have to disrobe to appeal to us men. I enjoy looking at her, who wouldn't?

CREGG HOLLINGSWORTH
Fort Worth, Tex.

Last year my brother and I were hunting with a twenty-two. The gun went off when the safety lock was on. The bullet entered the lower bowel and I had to have two major operations in three months. It was a long time staying in the hospital and not having anything to do. Then one day I thought I would start letter writing. Roy Rogers was always my favorite so I started on him. I wrote him a letter and asked him to send me a picture of him and his family together. On it he wrote, "To Ronnie, get well soon." The doctor tried to get me on my feet for several days because he said I would regain my strength faster. Well, you can bet your life the day I got that picture from Roy, I was on my feet in no time at all. I can always mark it down in my book that Roy Rogers gave me the will to live.

RONNIE STALEY
Wisconsin Rapids, Wisc.

Without slighting the ability of American actors and actresses, I wonder if others have noticed the extraordinary sensitivity of European film actors: e. g. Pier Angeli, Michelle Morgan and Oskar Werner.

Perhaps this is due to their complete naturalness of vocal expression and their facial mobility, not having been influenced by the stereotyping and hardening influence of Hollywood. So many actors who gave memorable performances in their first movies have failed to continue their good work after a few Hollywood-made movies.

ROSALEEN D. REIDY, W.A.C.
Fort Lee, Va.

I just saw "The Big Night" and was surprised to see how well John Barrymore Jr. acted. The plot was too fantastic to be true, but he certainly did well to make it seem even credible. It's too bad talent like his is wasted!

ELISA FORBES
Forest Hills, N. Y.

Taking Sides:

As long as Judy Garland can draw the crowds and get the applause she deserves, who is Elsa Maxwell to judge her life? Maybe Judy is emotional and sensitive, but her great artistry and magnetic charm

make up for it. I saw her at the Palace and, even though she was a little on the stout side, so what? Certainly Miss Maxwell is no one to comment on figures. Judy will have my vote always.

EARLE R. BROWN
Caribou, Me.

Elsa Maxwell deserves great commendation for her Judy Garland article. It is time Judy was made to face the truth about herself. I saw her Palace performance twice and she sure made a display of her neuroses. She doesn't go over nearly as big with the public as her highly paid publicity tries to pretend.

J. P. ARTHUR
Hiboro, N. Y.

Readers' Pets:

Why don't you print more stories on new people instead of all the older, more established stars. Fernando Lamas is a wonderful example of what I'm talking about. He's young, beautifully built and unbelievably handsome.

MRS. LOWELL KOLLMAN
Kenosha, Wisc.

I want to tell you a little bit about Dale Robertson's personal appearance at our high school this week. Even the boys agreed that he is the best-looking male they have ever seen. To prove it, more than half the boys in school, especially those with blue eyes, have dyed their hair black. It's really a sight.

Mr. Robertson gave snappy and original comebacks to our questions. He signed autographs and was really swell. I wish you would keep the readers more up-to-date on this up-and-coming star.

KAY OSBORNE
Chickasha, Okla.

Question Box:

Can you tell me who played *Bill* in "Silver City"? We should see him more often.

ROSALIE NEALL
Lomita Park, Calif.

(That was Michael Moore. He is 6' 2", has brown hair, brown eyes, was born in Boston May 28, 1926. He was an enlisted man in the Navy during the war. He attended Yale, where his father, Andrew R. Morehouse, is a professor of French. He also studied at the Pasadena Playhouse. He is unmarried. His next, "The Atomic City," "Stalag 17." He is under contract to Paramount.)



Who sang for Vera-Ellen in "The Belle of New York"?

JANE EVANS
Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Anita Ellis, who also sang for her in "Three Little Words." However, Vera-Ellen is taking singing lessons and hopes she'll soon be doing her own vocalizing.)

Would you please tell me who played Biff in "Death of a Salesman"? That is one face we would all like to see on the
(Continued on page 11)

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stays
down

sea nymph

the glamour suit
with the 'tapered torso'

stays
put!

D'Amario

LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel"
on your local TV station.)

The late W. C. Fields, after being introduced to brandied figs: "I never ate so much to drink in my life."

Fox was afraid to have the movie mar-
quees proclaim: "NIGHT WITHOUT SLEEP,"
with Marilyn Monroe. So now they'll read:
"DON'T BOTHER TO KNOCK," with Marilyn
Monroe.

Fred Allen, talking about the building
boom in Los Angeles and Hollywood:
"Pedestrians have a new worry. Now
they have to get out of the way of
buildings."

Excerpt from a letter to Groucho Marx
from an Ohio matron: "I love your TV
show, but I still can't get out of the habit
of opening all the windows when you start
smoking those cigars."

Writer Jules Epstein after the preview
of a flop movie: "It was a four-snore
picture."

A blonde star was cavorting around in
a fur coat at Al Teitelbaum's salon. An-
other, more sedate star walked in and
purred: "Her sable manners are worse
than her table manners."

A couple pointed out Red Skelton walk-
ing along a Beverly Hills street to their
TV-minded four-year-old. "Gosh, he's
real," the half-pint exclaimed. "I thought
he was a puppet."

Mona Freeman says she saw a sign in
Tijuana, Mexico, reading: "The beer that
made Milwaukee JEALOUS."

Humphrey Bogart, discussing his wife's
deep and gravelly voice: "Lots of times
when people call the house and Betty
answers, they say, 'Hello, Bogey.'"

Talking about a fading movie doll, Frank
DeVol said: "The best way for her to keep
her youth is not to introduce him to
anybody."

Jeff Hunter's theory: "Clothes can make
a girl into a social success if they allow
her to be seen in the best places."

Talking about a movie starlet, a Holly-
woodsman said: "I knew her four check-
books ago."

"Middle age," says Danny Thomas, "is
when a woman finally stops trying to
dodge temptation and looks around to see
if she's really missed any."

A lah-de-dah cutie ordered a TV set and
told a friend: "I can't wait to get home
and see that program I've heard so much
about—Kukla, Fran and Aly Khan."

OVERHEARD

"The best years of her life are figured in
man hours."

"She certainly must have a sixth sense.
There's no sign of the other five."

"I think it happened while she was under
the influence of mink."

Readers Inc.

(Continued from page 8)

screen more often. Also, I would like to know how to write to him.

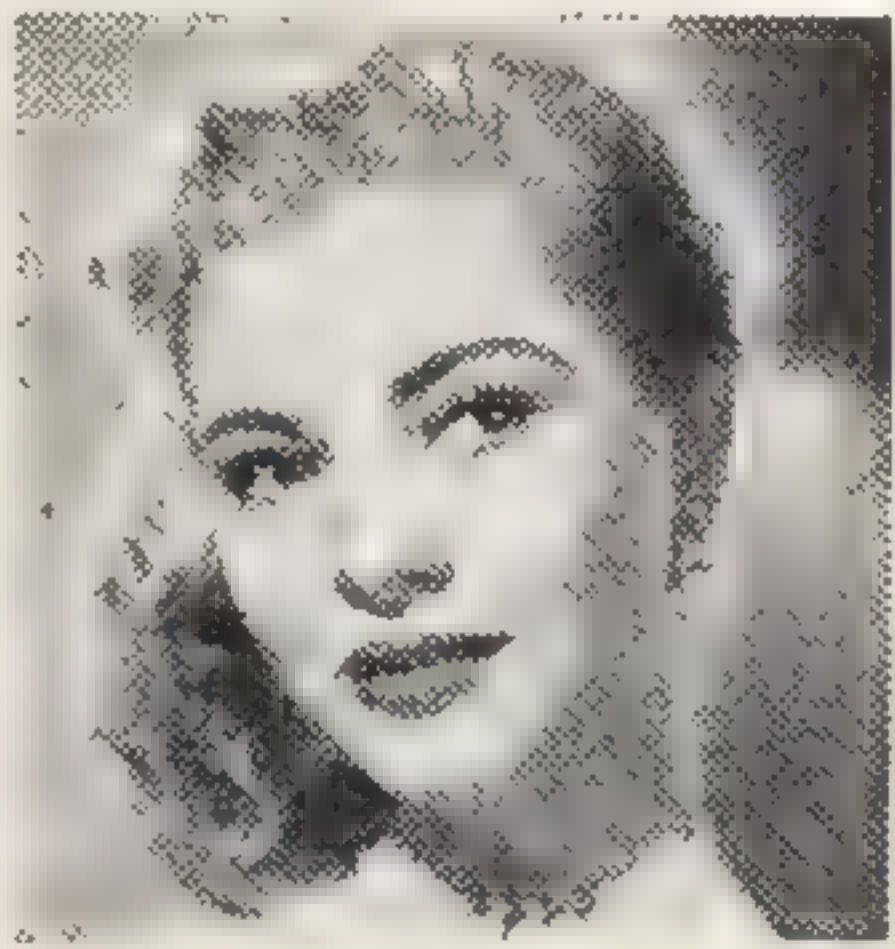
MRS. ROBERT CAMPANINI
Brockton, Mass.

(That was Kevin McCarthy, who was born in Seattle, Wash., Feb. 15, 1915. He is 6', has blue eyes, brown hair, is married to TV actress Augusta Dabney, has two children. This was his first screen role and he has no future film plans; will probably do another Broadway play. Write him c/o Actors Equity, 45 W. 47 St., New York, N. Y.)

Today I went to see "Bend of the River" starring James Stewart. Could you please give me the name and something about the girl who played *Funny-face*? She is precious.

LINDA CAROLYN SMITH
Norfolk, Va.

(That was Lori Nelson, who was born Dixie Kay Nelson in Santa Fe, N. Mex., Aug. 15, 1933. She is 5'3½", 108 lbs., has blue eyes, blonde hair. She started as a photographer's model at age six and did a lot of little theatre work before getting into movies. Now under contract to U-I, she is also in the "Ma and Pa Kettle" pictures.)



I would like to know if June Allyson really played the piano in "Too Young to Kiss." In Photoplay it said that she didn't but in another magazine it said she did.

JANET REESE
Portland, Ore.

(M-G-M's Press Department now say June did play the piano. However, our spies assure us that this is not so.)

Casting:

Why doesn't M-G-M give Howard Keel roles in movies like "Across the Wide Missouri" and "Westward the Women"? He is a better actor than Gable or Taylor, is just as handsome and he can sing! He could put a little music in those dull, uninteresting Westerns.

JIM SOOTER
Modesto, Calif.

I am so happy that "Showboat" won the Photoplay Gold Medal. I think Ava Gardner is going to be one of the greatest dramatic actresses to come! I wish Metro would make the life of Helen Morgan. Ava would be sensational for the role.

GRACE CERVENKA
Queens Village, N. Y.

(Warners is planning to do the life of Helen Morgan. Ava would love to play that part, but Warner star Doris Day may get it.)

In the not-too-distant future a portion of the life of Elizabeth II will be filmed and I'm unable to think of anyone more suited to play the new Queen of England than Olivia de Havilland. There is a striking resemblance. Olivia has the same serious face, strong determination and pure womanly qualities.

ERNEST WISE
Wausau, Wisc.

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Use new *WHITE RAIN* shampoo
tonight — tomorrow your hair
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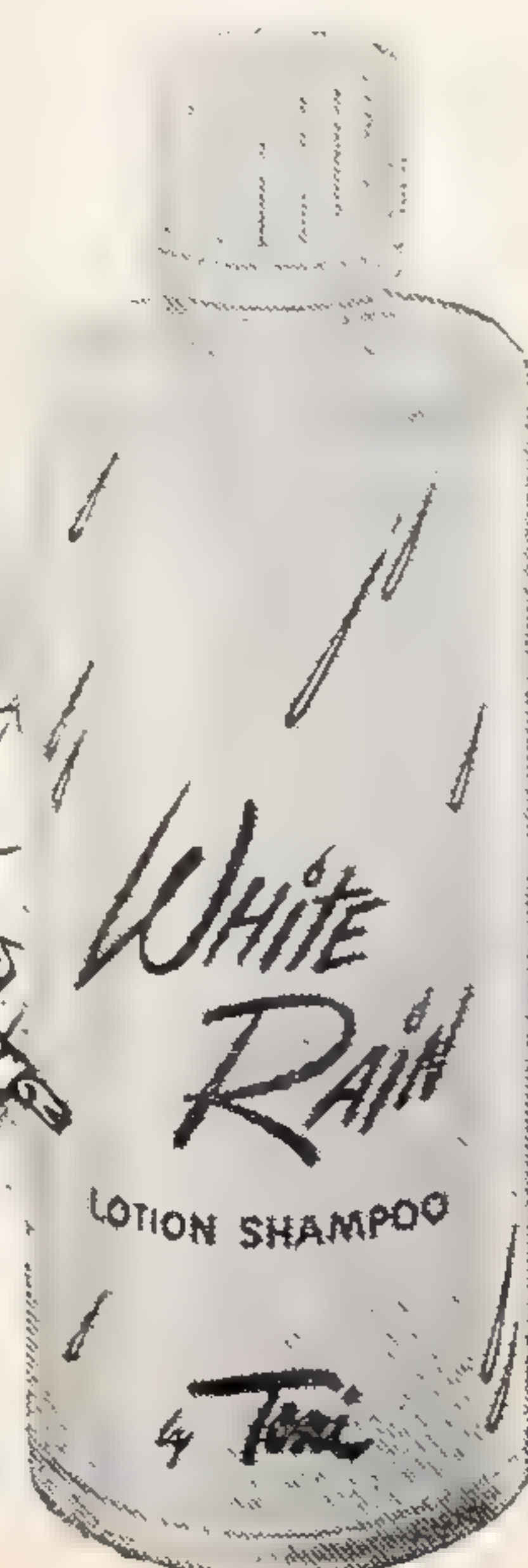


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CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS

CAN'T DULL IT LIKE "SOAPY" CREAMS

*WHITE
RAIN*



Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni



INSIDE

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP

HEDDA HOPPER'S PARTY



The Gordon MacRaes, producer Darryl Zanuck (back to camera) were among many Hollywood personalities who met Photoplay executives at Hedda Hopper's party



Hedda, whose home is one of the loveliest in Beverly Hills and whose gay wit is a drawing card at any party, chats with Ginger Rogers, Greg Bautzer. A few days later, Ginger, Greg called it quits—but didn't stop dating long!



No, this isn't scene from "Annie Get Your Gun." Howard Keel, Betty Hutton entertained guests with their uproarious, "I Can Do Anything Better Than You Can"



The Irving Manheimers—he's Chairman of the Executive Committee of Macfadden Publications—hear latest Champion news from Marge. She and Gower plan to adopt a French war orphan. Lady wearing glasses is Pat Wymore

STUFF

OF HOLLYWOOD
FOR PHOTOPLAY



Sue Ladd and Richard Widmark settle down in a corner for a comfortable chat. Sue's telling Dick about Alan leaving Paramount to go with Warner Bros.



Buffet dinner made it easier for people to get around and become acquainted. For Mitzi Gaynor, who arrived late (she's making "The I Don't Care Girl"), it was chance to sit in a corner alone with handsome fiance, Richard Coyle

Hedda Gives a Party: "Anything you can do I can do better . . ." sang Howard Keel and Betty Hutton. And instantly the sun-room where these two were holding forth with song was crowded with the stars, executives and writers who were guests at Hedda Hopper's party for Photoplay editors and publishers.

On the sidelines, Charles O'Curran, Betty's bridegroom, and Helen Keel listened as enraptured as if they never had heard either Betty or Howard sing before. And they could be heard above all the rest when calls sounded for "There's No Business Like Show Business" and other songs from "Annie Get Your Gun."

Among those invited to meet Photoplay's executives and editors were Sue and Alan Ladd, Darryl and Virginia Zanuck, Dick Powell, Sheila and Gordon MacRae, Ginger Rogers and Greg Bautzer, Mitzi Gaynor and Richard Coyle, Richard Widmark, George Stevens, George Sidney, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil B. De Mille, Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Betty Hutton and Charles O'Curran, Frances Marion, Marge and Gower Champion, Pat Wymore and Errol Flynn.

To say a good time was had by all is rank understatement.

Inside Hollywood: The front office at U-I is talking about Suzan Ball and her test that won her the lead in "Yankee Buccaneer." Suzan, who resembles Jane Russell (for more than two reasons!) is practically inexperienced, but less nervous and more confident than most old-timers . . . Contrary to reports, U-I's failure to renew Frank Sinatra's contract for a second picture and the cancellation of his TV show, have in no way put a damper on his spirits. Frank and Ava have personal and production plans for the future that excite them so much—they can hardly keep from spilling 'em!

(Continued on page 14)



Howard Keel, this time with wife Helen, gets the inside story on magazines from Ernest Machlin, right, Vice President and General Manager of Art Color Printing Co. Profiled at left is Photoplay's editor-in-chief Fred Sammis

(Continued from page 13)

Shop Talk: Anticipating (among other things) that the stork might interrupt Elizabeth Taylor's future screen appearances, the studio is searching for a gal like Liz, unmarried, to be given a glamorous and glorious build-up . . . Since Marlon Brando's brilliant performance in "Viva Zapata!" his combined offers from four studios totaled over three million dollars and allowed the celebrated actor to dictate his own terms. His answer was a flat "No!" . . . It may merely be coincidence, but after that ten-month suspension a changed Betty Grable returned to the studio pay roll. Even her home is now available to photographers, and reporters no longer grow gray waiting their turn to see her.

It Appears to Cal: That by indications the Franchot Tone-Barbara Payton divorce trial is going to add another messy chapter to Hollywood's undeserving book . . . That an apparent waning interest will influence the talented but restless Ruth Roman to ask for her studio release . . . That beneath the exterior of Dan Dailey's gaiety lurks a kind of resignation which produces moments of inescapable unrest . . . That Ann Blyth is slowly but surely beginning to assert a positive side to her nature which will result in even greater achievement . . . That rumors are ridiculous concerning temper and temperament between Bette Davis and Gary Merrill, who just happen to have high-spirited and highly individual personalities . . . That Farley Granger, more than any other actor in Hollywood, faces a problematical future unless he curbs his indifference.

Conquering Hero: He who laughs last is Cornel Wilde, only there's no place for bitterness in his life today. Love has changed all that! There was a time, however, when he would have reveled in the satisfaction that is his today. A few years ago Cornel was under contract to Warner Bros. He was unknown to movie fans, terribly in debt, and after playing a few bit parts like the hotel desk clerk in "High

(Continued on opposite page)



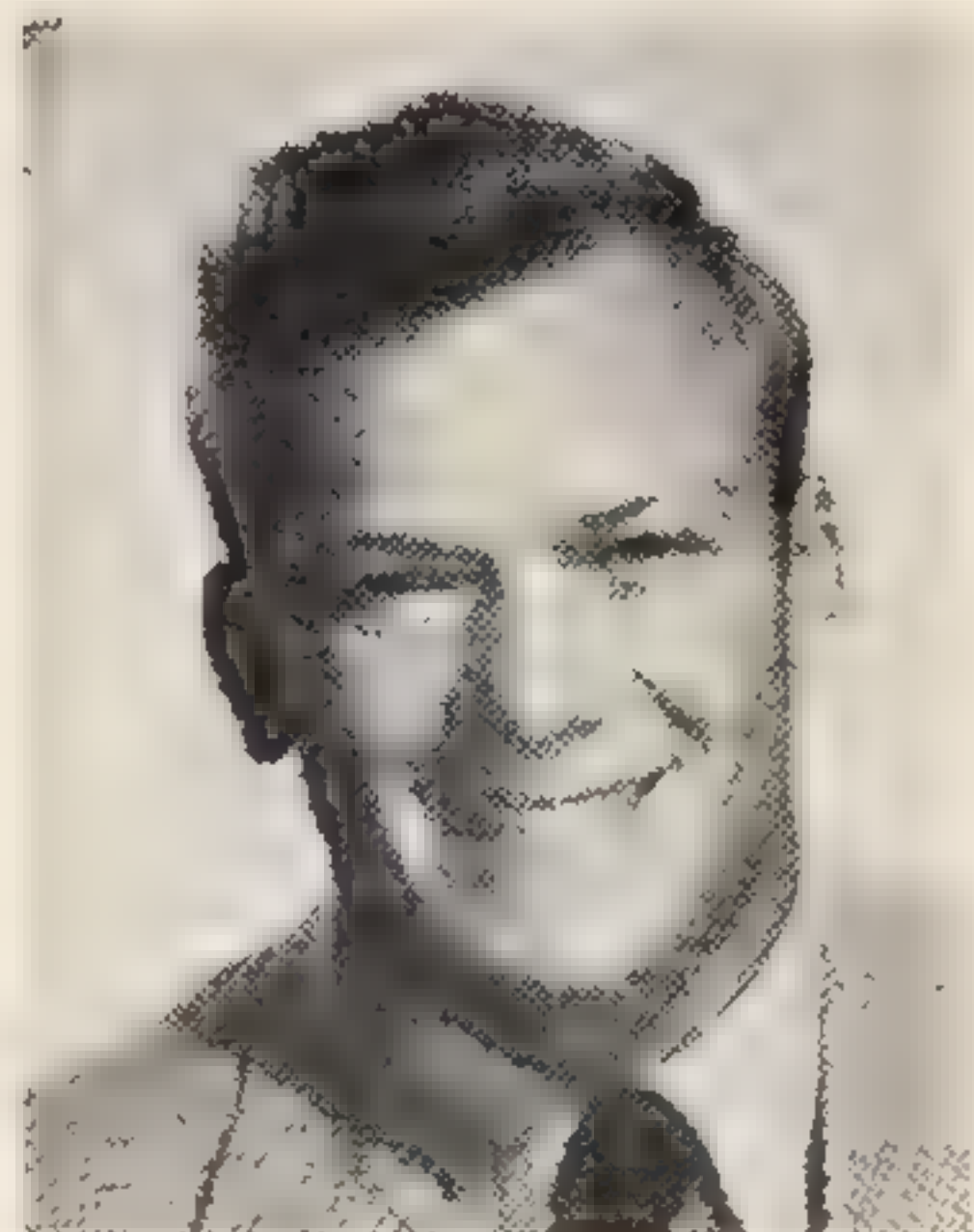
Once again Bing Crosby, Jane Wyman go into their songs and dances in Technicolor film "Just for You," with Ethel Barrymore as schoolma'am

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

By SIDNEY SKOLSKY



Sidney Skolsky



Aldo Ray

I'd never cast Kirk Douglas as The Great Lover but the guy is doing okay, flitting from Lamarr to Tierney to Hayworth and a few more, no doubt, while I'm slaving at my typewriter . . . At a race track, I'll bet that Ava Gardner plays long shots, Irene Dunne plays favorites . . . In the movies only comedians take funny passport photos; those of the heroes and heroines look elegant . . . People interested in acting should study the performances of Alec Guinness in any movie . . . Judy Holliday disappointed me in "The Marrying Kind." I don't think Judy's odd voice and Aldo Ray's odd voice are a good combination . . . Susan Hayward admits this about females: "Ever since Eve, women have pursued men in a way to make men pursue them" . . . I detest slapstick comedy and a pie-throwing scene has yet to get a laugh out of me . . . Ever since Danny Thomas clicked in, "I'll See You in My Dreams," every night-club entertainer believes all he needs is the opportunity to prove he is a good actor . . . Schwabs is the Lonely Hearts Club of Hollywood . . . I'll be darned if I can understand why an American citizen doesn't have to pay taxes because he slips out of the country and makes his money in Europe. I resent it.

Marlene Dietrich, when asked, "What do you think of men?" replied: "Well, it's the best the opposite sex has to offer" . . . Marie Wilson insists on wearing gloves, even when the scene doesn't call for them, on her TV show. Marie thinks her hands aren't pretty—as if you ever noticed . . . I'm anxious to know if "The Greatest Show on Earth" helps or hurts the business of the circus itself . . . Concerning those dumb remarks credited to her, Marilyn Monroe says: "If you're blonde and not out of shape, you're supposed to be dumb" . . . The fried shrimp at The Beachcomber is the best in the U.S. . . . Shelley Winters claims the beautiful part of her romance with Vittorio Gassman is that they don't speak the same language and therefore don't waste time in chit-chat . . . I know that when Fernando Lamas is asked the familiar "Are Latins lousy lovers?" he merely looks toward Lana Turner and smiles . . . Alan Ladd and Sue Carol are always the best-mannered couple at the cocktail parties.

Jean Peters wants her private affairs to be private . . . I can't go for actresses who wear stockings with decorations on them . . . Constance Smith looks very much like Hedy Lamarr and, after they met, I asked Constance what Hedy said. Constance replied, "She said she liked me very much" . . . Mike Romanoff admits that excellent food is wasted on celebrities. What matters is where you sit them . . . Lucille Ball has an extension on her intercom phone leading to the dog house. Lucille can tell her dog to shut up without stepping to the window at night . . . I don't think Rhonda Fleming knows how to sell herself . . . Talking about two of her rivals who are very chummy, Zsa Zsa Gabor said, "No wonder they get along so well, each is the other's idea of a lady" . . . Ava Norring, who's becoming one of my favorite characters, claims that, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do."



Jean Peters

Clifton Webb's dog "Razor" wears jackets which match Clifton's . . . I miss sitting in a night club after hours with John O'Hara and listening to Emil Coleman play tunes from old shows . . . Jane Wyman has a hobby—acting. Between scenes she plays charades with the make-up woman, etc. . . . If you know a sweater that wants to be photographed properly, send it to Monica Lewis . . . Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong, while strolling through Union Square in San Francisco, was very impressed. "Man, wotta town," said Satchmo, "even the Squares have a Union."



Michael Rennie

Judy Garland!!! Do I have to say more? Judy's great on stage, movies, TV, radio, records or anything you care to name . . . I understand that when Jerry Lewis proposed to his wife Patti, he actually said: "I know I'm not real, but I love you" . . . I think that being a movie star is a dubious honor. Star status has been achieved by five horses, four dogs, three monkeys, two chimpanzees, one cat and a snake. That's Hollywood for you!

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE

BY EDITH GWYNN



For premiere date with Bob Wagner, Debbie Reynolds wore satin suit, plaid-lined coat

My Heart—but all were glad they showed up for this enjoyable cinemusical. And what a thrilled gal was Susie Hayward, with everyone telling her later how great is her impersonation of singer Jane Froman. Susan, in a high-necked black dress and mink stole, was with Jess Barker—natch. Debbie Reynolds, in a little suit with a mandarin collar and a plaid-lined coat, was with Bob Wagner, who scores in "Song."

Saw Mitzi Gaynor leaping away from the studio at the end of the day to keep a dinner date. But she didn't have to rush home to change—because what she'd worn to work became a date dress just by adding lots of gold jewelry to the neck and arms (a wide topaz-studded band on each wrist). Mitzi flounced out in a black shantung number, with a soft, generously full (those miles of stiffened petticoats are out, y'know!) skirt flaring from a nipped-in waist. Her bodice was snug, buttoning up the front to a tiny round collar, and it had bracelet-length sleeves.

Leslie Caron is another who knows that in warm weather dark colors in lightweight fabrics not only look cooler and smarter, but they can go through a busy day into night-time duty with little added touches—and without the need of an iron! She was dining at La Rue with George Hormel in a bark-brown Honan silk that buttoned all the way from its flat round collar of turquoise blue pique to the hemline. It had a long basque-type top and a skirt that was close fitting to the knees. But from there on down it was a mass of kick-pleats all around. Leslie wore turquoise pique gloves and a five-strand band of turquoise beads for a bracelet—her only touches of color. Bag and shoes were brown—so was her flaring linen coat.

Probably the gayest party this month was given by some visitors from New York in the Redwood Room at the Bel-Air Hotel. I was seated with the Alan Ladds (who are simply mad about their new miniature Dachshunds), Paul Douglas and Jan Sterling. Couldn't help staring at Jan, who's just had a nose-bob. Can't imagine why—she didn't need it. Janet Leigh (with Tony Curtis) was coming out of the most beautiful champagne-colored net ball gown—very décolleté! The strapless bodice was softly draped across the bust; endless yards of the net billowed from her tiny waistline. A few enormous pink satin roses on long green stems trailed from bodice to hem.

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Cowles entertained at least 200 with a cocktail soiree at the Beverly Hills Hotel's Rodeo Room. We thought Dinah Shore's full-skirted, tight-waisted beige taffeta cocktail dress the "cream of the crop." Its most attractive feature was its big square collar edged with a scroll-type design in black braid. Her accessories were black. Other "accessories" we like to think of as necessities were Dinah's huge diamond clip and earrings. Ginger Rogers, also in beige, posed quite unselfconsciously with such "youngsters" as Mitzi Gaynor, Marilyn Monroe, Gail Storm, Diana Lynn, who was stunning in a wide-brimmed black straw hat.

Joan Crawford has a real "sweater binge" in her new picture "Sudden Fear"—but what sweaters! One is a violet cardigan bedecked with pearl and gold embroidery; another is a tight brown slip-on encrusted with amber-colored pearls, crystals and gold leaf. They were designed especially for Joan by Rex, who usually turns out hats.

Hate to go to press without at least one male fashion note. So I'll tell you that Ty Power has given up those ruffled shirts he used to wear with his tux. His shirts are standard now—but Ty is wrapping a black satin band around his middle instead of a vest—for formal occasions.

If there is any "new look" this season, it is the "eliminated look"—a paring down to essential lines, then accenting the smart simplicity of a suit, coat or dress by some bright, dashing accent; gay, mad little gloves, a jeweled knickknack, a knock-out high-colored purse or generous touches of chalk white. Betty Grable proved this, looking trim as all-git-out at the races. She wore a suit of lightish navy blue linen with a rib-hugging jacket, self-buttoned and rather high to a point where a small, standing white linen collar peeped forth. Her skirt was slim, her tiny hat was of matching navy; her crushed cotton gloves were dead white. And her understated outfit not only was chic but it called attention to her large sapphire and diamond earclips—the only jewelry Betty wore.

Some got all gussied up, and some didn't for the fancy preview of "With a Song in

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from opposite page)
Sierra," the studio let him go. "Some day they're going to want me back here again," expostulated the unhappy actor, "and it will cost them ten times as much." Well, that day is here and the top-salaried Cornel is being starred in "Danger Forward." He's so happy in his marriage to Jean Wallace, his career is going great guns and Cornel is so relaxed and happy inside—he just looks at the world and smiles. On him it's very becoming.

Desert Didos: Like everyone else in Hollywood trying to shake that old virus, Cal hied himself down to Palm Springs for a weekend. Looking sunny in the sunshine: Lana Turner wearing a pink linen tennis outfit, at the Racquet Club with Fernando Lamas, who was wearing an adoring expression! . . . One Coke, two straws, a boy, a girl, a bottle of sun-tan oil. Mix well together and you have—Marilyn Erskine and Hugh O'Brien . . . Steve Cochran, aided and abetted by the hot sun, whispering sweet somethings into the ear of a cool-looking blonde . . . Scott Brady making like a life guard in the pool with Elaine Stewart . . . Rock Hudson with a doll at the Doll's House, who looked enough like Virginia McGuire (Photoplay's Scholarship winner) to be Virginia McGuire. P. S. She was!

Recipe for Glamour: She's a grandmother. In a few years she'll be fifty and yet Cal saw it happen. Marlene Dietrich was visiting old friends at Paramount. As she walked across the lot, windows flew open and heads popped out. Executives stopped to stare and, so help us, a goggle-eyed messenger boy with his head screwed on backwards—toppled into the fishpond! Later we caught up with *Mademoiselle Madou* (her radio character name in "Cafe Istanbul") and asked the lovely lady to divulge a few of her pet personality secrets. That silky voice answered: "I hate being bored, so I try never to be boring. I try to keep a humorous perspective on myself and look at others humorously. Age is dependent
(Continued on page 16)



As an opera singer drafted into Army, Mario Lanza has his troubles! Above, Mario rehearses song for Technicolor film, "Because You're Mine"

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 15)

on a state of mind and condition of body. I try to keep both healthy. Last and far from least I enjoy—cooking!" You see, girls—how simple it is to be glamorous!!!

Oscar Night in Hollywood: Highlights on the 24th annual Academy Awards! Best actress Vivien Leigh laughing and crying to all of her Hollywood friends over the long-distance telephone, from New York . . . Best and most beaming actor Humphrey Bogart, flashing a prophetic telegram from director John Huston which read: "Burn this. Put ashes into drink and toss off before leaving for Pantages and you can't miss" . . . Gown of the evening designed by the fabulous Adrian and worn beautifully by the beautiful Marge Champion . . . Jane Wyman in lilac net on arm of her then fiance, Travis Kleefeld . . . Arlene looking Dahling in pale pink organza . . . Lovely loser Eleanor Parker in gold-embroidered green lace . . . Hottest song of the evening, Jane Wyman singing the winning "Cool, Cool, Cool of the Evening," with Danny Kaye substituting for Bing Crosby who couldn't quite find time to accept his industry's tribute . . . Jane Powell flashing a smile that matched her new platinum blonde hair . . . Bette Davis graciously accepting for Kim Hunter for best supporting actress . . . Best supporting actor, Karl Malden, looking at his Oscar as if it were a deity . . . Nominees Montgomery Clift and Kevin McCarthy tagging it while lovely ladies glare at them . . . Danny Kaye and Lucille Ball getting the biggest laughs . . . Newcomers Jeff Hunter and Dale Robertson getting the biggest hand . . . Stars, lights, enchantment! . . . Endless others . . . Ironie twist of the evening, Marlon Brando, who is in Europe, being represented by a fan in the bleachers wearing a torn and dirty undershirt with the star's name lettered on the back! . . . Everyone marching out to the tune of "There's No Business Like Show Busi-

(Continued on opposite page)

What Hollywood's **WHISPERING** About

BY P. S. LOWE



Judy Garland and Sid Luft

The reason Anne Sheridan and U-I have been disagreeing: The studio wants her to wear a girdle—and she wants no part of same . . . Michael Wilding's plans to take diction lessons as soon as he gets settled in Hollywood with Liz . . . The two aging glamour girls who refuse to work on heated sound stages because they believe the cool, cool, cool of the atmosphere keeps their facial features tight.

Anne Francis's supreme disappointment at being replaced during production of "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" by Ava Gardner because Darryl Zanuck decided he wanted a bigger name in this Peck-Hayward starrer . . . David Selznick's turning down every script submitted to Jennifer Jones so fast that Jennifer may never get to do another film.

The fact that Betty Hutton, who attracts the attention of everyone, is supposed to have an inferiority complex and super-sophisticate Joan Crawford is so shy at times she can't cross a room . . . Judy Garland's negotiations to return to the screen, under Sid Luft's management, in the musical version of "A Star Is Born" . . . Yvonne De Carlo's reluctance to date Hollywood men, preferring her beaux to come from any other part of the world.

The offers that the producers all over town are wiring Ingrid Bergman, who prefers to remain in Rome and do two more pictures under the direction of Roberto as soon as her new bambino arrives . . . Pierre Aumont, whose career is zooming again now that he has returned to Hollywood, will dance with Leslie Caron in their co-starrer, "Lili."

Anna Maria Alberghetti's father rumored to be ruling his daughter's career to such an extent Paramount is unhappy about it . . . The nice gesture made by Linda Darnell toward Tab Hunter, her young leading man in "Island of Desire." Linda presented him with a leather book containing all the stills from the picture, inscribed in a way that made the newcomer hit the ceiling with joy.

Corinne Calvet's unhappiness over the fact that although Hal Wallis, who has her under contract, collects \$30,000 a picture when he loans her out—Corinne gets a mere \$500 a week . . . The "I've Been Kissed Before" number done by Rita Hayworth in "Affair in Trinidad," which is rumored to be very, very torrid (thanks to Rita's dancing and voice dubbing by Joan Greer) . . . The new romantic combination of Joan Benny and Gary Crosby.



Toast to the bride and groom: One of first things Betty Hutton, new husband Charles O'Curran, did on return from Las Vegas elopement was to visit Betty's sister Marion, confined to bed during pregnancy. Marion had wedding cake, champagne waiting



Humphrey Bogart claims Lauren Bacall jumped four feet when he was selected as best actor of the year for "The African Queen." They're expecting second child in August

Impertinent INTERVIEW

BY MIKE CONNOLLY
Hollywood Reporter Columnist



Marilyn Monroe—the girl who posed for that 1952 calendar

"Why did you have to pose in the nude?" I asked Marilyn Monroe. "Why didn't you go out and get a job as a salesgirl or even a dishwasher? Almost anything would have been more respectable than posing nude."

My questions were prompted by the publicity stories that broke on Twentieth's brightest new starlet after I ran an item in my column in the *Hollywood Reporter* that Marilyn actually was the nude beauty who adorns a 1952 calendar. You may have seen it hanging in servicemen's quarters, gas stations or barbershops.

Marilyn's reply to my question was: "I was hungry."

She continued: "I was living at the Hollywood Studio Club for Girls, which allows you to be only a week behind in your rent. Somehow or other I managed to fall four weeks behind, although the newspapers said it was a week. I needed the money in a hurry. If I had taken another job I would have had to wait a full week for my salary, and then it wouldn't have been enough to pay my back rent. Also, if I had taken a full time job I wouldn't have been able to answer casting calls. After all, I was trying to be an actress. Besides, hunger drives you to extremes."

Straight from the shoulder, that's Marilyn. Quite a change from the timid little orphan who came to Hollywood in 1949. The word "nude" creeps into her conver-

sation constantly. But I'll let Marilyn do the talking: "I never wear girdles, and bras as rarely as possible. I feel encumbered by them. Anyway, I dress for men, not for other women, and men like to see a woman when they look at one—not a boy. When I wear a girdle it flattens me out. Can you give me one good reason why I should flatten myself out?"

I took a long, lingering look at the low-cut gown she had donned for our interview and said, "Not one."

"My favorite clothes are something out-and-out slinky or else just plain blue jeans," she continued. "But the blue jeans have to be body-hugging. Another thing, I dress from the feet up. I start out nude and then put on my shoes and stockings. I love nude colored shoes because they make me feel like I'm walking on my toes. I never wear nail polish because there's more of a nude feeling without it. Maybe I shouldn't say nude. Maybe I should say I just don't like to feel fenced in."

"I sleep in the nude, between very thin sheets. And under a down-filled, nude colored satin comforter—never a blanket."

Marilyn said she was very shy when she was a child. The only thing she liked about school was literature. Her favorite biographical reading is about Abraham Lincoln. But who wants to discuss books with a bundle of curves like Marilyn?

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from opposite page)
ness," which Hollywood believes with all its great heart.

Here's News: Betty Hutton, who loudly proclaims she "just loves being married," has something to proclaim about. A few days following her return from entertaining troops in Korea, she eloped to Las Vegas with dance director Charles O'Curran . . . Alternating between the hospital and his TV show, in true show-must-go-on tradition, Red Skelton is still trying to find out what ails him. Recently, he fainted in front of the microphone, probably the result of his back-breaking schedule . . . After six years of marriage Louis Calhern and his fourth wife have separated . . . "Woo-Woo" is gone and Hollywood will miss veteran comedian Hugh Herbert . . . Hollywood wasn't surprised when Vera Hrubá Ralston married Herbert J. Yates, executive head of Republic Pictures . . . It's a mighty beautiful face but Hedy Lamarr told the judge that Ted Stauffer, her fourth husband, smacked it. Her divorce was granted . . . That hernia finally caught up with Gary Cooper 'way down yonder in New Orleans and he had to have an operation . . . Ann Sheridan spent a small-sized fortune on remodeling and redecorating her home, but she lives in her studio dressing room because she's lonely at home.

Party Prattle: "While my wife mixes the salad dressing, I'll cook you a seven-course dinner," said Bill Holden. He wasn't kidding either! It was the servants' night out. Along with the Paul Clemens, newlyweds Ronnie Reagan and Nancy Davis, the Richard Carlsons and Helen Conway, who's decorating the Holden home, Cal lined up at the barbecue pit. For fun, fine food and the most unique collection of Dixieland recordings, Bill Holden puts on the best show in town. In the midst of his telling a tall tale, Mrs. Holden humorously interrupted: "Bill, stop acting like Billy Wilder!" It

(Continued on page 18)



"Who's your friend?" Donald O'Connor asks Hoagy Carmichael. Hoagy won Oscar for hit song "In the Cool, Cool, Cool of the Evening," which he co-authored with Johnny Mercer



Karl Malden, as Vivien Leigh's bewildered suitor in "A Streetcar Named Desire," lost the girl, but performance won him Oscar as best supporting actor. Among colorful audience was Sally Forrest, in pink tulle, deep rose gloves



It's a sailor's life for Esther Williams in "Skirts Ahoy," filmed at Great Lakes Naval Station. Esther, above with cameraman and script supervisor, plays role of society girl who jilts her twelfth suitor at the altar to join the WAVES

INSIDE STUFF



Gary Merrill, who doesn't give a fig for fashion, was a gay lad in the plaid jacket which wife Bette Davis had his tailor make up for him as a birthday surprise

(Continued from page 17)

was true! For whenever he admires anyone, Bill Holden automatically captures his mannerisms. His current movie? "Stalag 17," directed by Billy Wilder.

Jinxed: Tyrone Power has known a jinx to pursue a picture before—but never such a streak of bad luck as that which has hovered over his current Twentieth Century-Fox Western, "Pony Soldier." The roads to Sedona in Arizona, where the company went on location, were impassable with snow drifts for a week. Sedona, in the mountains, was besieged by the coldest winter in forty years. On the first day of shooting, Ty's leading lady, Penny Edwards, fell from a racing wagon and was badly bruised. Richard Boone caught pneumonia and had to be replaced. Cameron Mitchell's son, Michael, was rescued from an attempted kidnapping when his older brother kept a strange man from luring him into a car. Then Cam was felled by pneumonia. And Robert Horton, the menace in the picture, barely escaped severe burns when the wind shifted and the flames from a burning wagon singed his hair and eyebrows.

Ty, who so far has avoided this jinx, says, "I'm not going to uncross my fingers until we're safely back in Hollywood."

(Continued on page 21)



Table talk: Barbara Stanwyck is director Freddie De Cordova's neighbor at Screen Directors Guild Dinner at Biltmore Bowl. Shortly after this dinner, Barbara and Nancy Sinatra left for New York holiday—to become most popular gals in town



LANA TURNER . . . Lustre-Creme presents one of 12 women voted by "Modern Screen" and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world's loveliest hair. Lana Turner uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her glamorous hair.

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its loveliest . . . with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Yes, Lana Turner uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to keep her hair always alluring. The care of her beautiful hair is vital to her glamour-career.

You, too, like Lana Turner, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by

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The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to \$2.

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and no other make-up looks and feels
so naturally lovely!

It's Pan-Stik*! Max Factor's exciting new creamy make-up,
as easy to apply as lipstick. Shortens your make-up time
to just seconds. No puff, no sponge, no streaking.

Your Pan-Stik Make-Up is so gossamer-light, so dewy-fresh, it looks and feels like your very own skin. Yet it conceals every imperfection, stays lovely hours

longer—with never a trace of “made-up” look. Pan-Stik is another of the fabulous Max Factor products, created to enhance the off-stage beauty of Hollywood's loveliest stars—and now brought to you. Try Pan-Stik today. See how Max Factor's exclusive blend of ingredients gives you a new, more alluring, *natural* loveliness, with perfect results guaranteed* the very first time you use it.



Just stroke it on! Pan-Stik's unique form makes it so simple and quick. Just apply a few light strokes to nose, forehead and chin, with Pan-Stik itself. No messy finger-nail deposits as with cream cake make-up; no dripping as with liquid. And Pan-Stik tucks away neatly in your purse for unexpected touch-ups. No spilling, no leaking.

A little does so much! Pan-Stik Make-Up spreads far more easily, just with the fingertips, blends more evenly than any other kind of make-up. Never becomes greasy or shiny. Covers more perfectly, clings far longer. No hourly touch-ups necessary. Your skin always feels and looks so fresh—*young—naturally lovely.*



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\$1⁶⁰ *plus tax.* In 7 enchanting shades—to harmonize with any complexion. *At leading drug and department stores.* Available in Canada at slightly different prices.

PIPER LAURIE

as she appears off-stage.

This refreshing, young screen personality is now starring in

“HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY GAL”

A U-I Picture. Color by Technicolor

Like so many other Hollywood beauties, she depends on Max Factor Pan-Stik Make-Up to keep her fresh, *natural* loveliness at its alluring best . . . wherever she goes . . . whatever she does.

To blend with her sparkling red hair and medium complexion, Piper chooses Max Factor “Medium” Pan-Stik.

Gown by Ben Gam

***Guarantee:** Buy Max Factor Pan-Stik Make-Up at any cosmetic counter and use according to directions. If you don't agree that it makes you look lovelier than ever before, *the very first time you use it*, simply return unused portion to Max Factor, Hollywood, for full refund.

***Pan-Stik** (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood cream-type make-up.

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 18)

Mr. Big: It shouldn't happen here but too often the most deserving ones get neglected in the daily shuffle. Take Donald O'Connor, who has more talent in his little finger than most of the headline-happy stars in Hollywood. He's under contract to four major studios, his TV show is terrific, his is a great hit part in "Singin' in the Rain" and now he wins the coveted role opposite Ethel Merman in the movie version of "Call Me Madam." While newer and handsomer movie heroes like Tony Curtis, John Derek and Montgomery Clift were deluged with attentions, Donald never complained and always had a cheery word for everyone. Recently, Cal sat opposite the O'Connors in a Hollywood restaurant. "They're celebrating their eighth wedding anniversary," the waiter whispered to us. They looked so radiantly happy, Cal didn't have the heart to barge over. Maybe this will say it for us.

Around the Town: A local Spanish restaurant features a hot dish named after Lana Turner, while the "Little Italy" Cafe posts a sign, "Shelley Winters ate here." Remember who their boy friends are and you'll get the full meaning! . . . Anne Baxter introducing her lighter shade hair (she's never touched it up before!) at the premiere of "Viva Zapata!" Gary Merrill, same time, same place, introducing a red and green plaid dinner jacket which Bette Davis ordered from his New York tailor as a surprise . . . If Scott Brady has been dating Joan Crawford, as rumored, his friends hope she'll help him to forget some of those "characters" who clutter up the nice guy's life.

Perverse Pilgrim: Hollywood skeptics are of the opinion that his studio is coercing Aldo Ray into becoming an overnight colorful "character." A two-minute session with the blond, blue-eyed Italian (who talks like Mel Torme sings!) convinces Cal that Aldo needs no pernicious prodding. He says what he thinks, he

pulls no punches—especially when he's extolling his own virtues. Aldo's current cinema caper is "The Marrying Kind"—opposite Judy Holliday. Audiences may reject this hodge-podge of domesticity, but the former would-be constable of Crockett, California, gives an intriguing, off-beat performance. At the recent sneak preview of "Pat and Mike" audiences even cheered him. Aldo Ray has rough edges that need sandpapering, but he's still more refreshing than any other newcomer in Hollywood. We feel reasonably assured he'll agree with us!

Famous Last Words: "Why am I wearing glasses?" Replies Farley Granger: "Because I went to a party and Marilyn Monroe was in the room thirty minutes before I recognized her!" . . . From Shirley Booth to an interviewer: "Even though 'Come Back, Little Sheba' is my first movie, there really isn't much difference between the stage and pictures. Just one little thing happens to bother me—the camera!" . . . According to Debbie Reynolds, who is still young enough to believe it: "The first thing a boy looks for in a girl is—sincerity" . . .

Down Romance Lane: Man-power shortage in Hollywood? Not so's executive Darryl Zanuck's daughter Susan can notice it. Steve Cochran, Rock Hudson and Craig Hill keep her weekly date book working overtime . . . Robert Taylor in the Beverly Hills Derby House, buying dinner for Jean McDonald, the pretty M-G-M publicist, who usually has her name linked with Peter Lawford's . . . So young, so attractive, so fully packed with personality—Debbie Reynolds and handsome Tab Hunter splitting a banana split (they cost one dollar in Hollywood!) . . . Piper Laurie and Richard Anderson playing host and hostess at a mutual family get-together . . . Marilyn Erskine wearing a choker of miniature ivory elephants, a gift from Cesar Romero who's making a movie in India . . . Hollywood's wondering what Greg Bautzer and Cy Howard's reaction

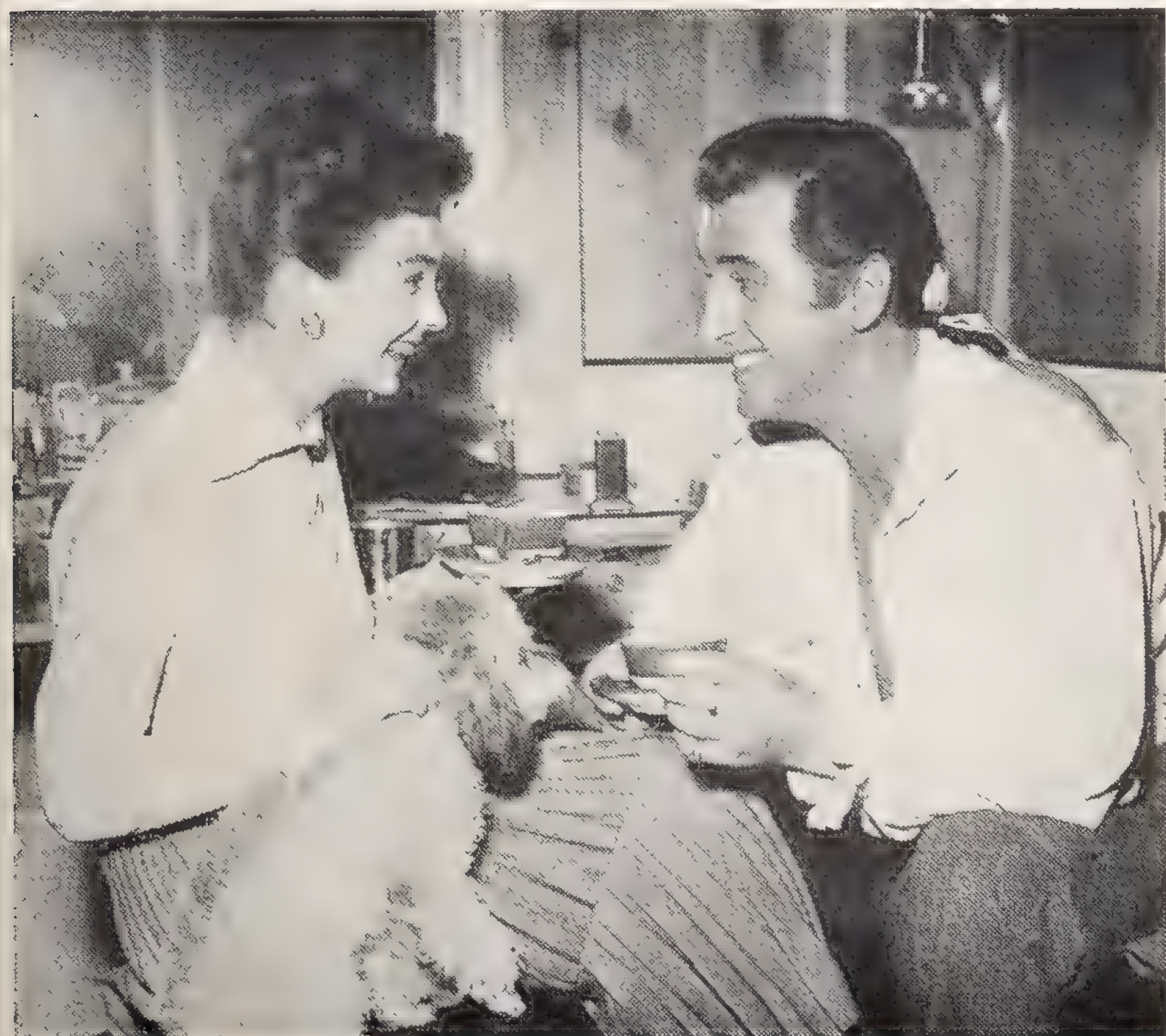
was, when they saw those front page photos of Kirk Douglas dancing with Rita Hayworth. The week previous Kirk made the news by escorting Gene Tierney.

It's True That: Not a word leaked out (until it's read here) that director Michael Curtiz is personally grooming good-looking Richard Clark for stardom. Mike discovered the lad behind the counter in Wil Wright's ice cream parlor on Sunset Boulevard . . . Farley Granger's recruiting friends to accompany him on another European sojourn . . . Her friends call Susan Hayward "The Little Flower of Van Nuys" because she gets up in the middle of the night and chases fire engines . . . "If I ever decide to return to the screen," quips Lucille Ball, "I'm going to go without make-up and win an Academy Award!"

Salute of the Month: To Ava Gardner for sending roses and regrets to Anne Francis, whom she replaced (before the picture started) in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" . . . To Ann Blyth for voluntarily giving up a badly needed vacation, to deliver in person a print of "The Korean Story" to the Commanding General of the United Nations armies in Korea . . . To Tony Curtis for taking the trouble to send thank-you notes to the innumerable ones who were thrilled with his performance in "Flesh and Fury" . . . To Cary Grant who stopped his car and held back traffic while a little girl, hugging a teddy bear, safely crossed the street . . . To Dale Robertson for telling off a reporter who was trying to heckle him into panning a fellow actor.

Woman's Prerogative: One week before she made her engagement official, Jane Wyman vehemently denied she was going to marry Travis Kleefeld. Her reason was simple—they weren't engaged *then!* The handsome young son (he's under thirty) of a wealthy contractor met Janie less than a year ago. She had

(Continued on page 32)



Jean Simmons' miniature French poodle just sniffed—at British custom of having tea on the set. Jean dropped in to visit husband Stewart Granger, who is currently working on adventure film, "Scaramouche"



Confidentially speaking: Three lovelies in a huddle at Jewish Home for Aged Benefit at Biltmore Bowl are Elaine Stewart, True Story's Cover Girl, now under contract to M-G-M, Margaret O'Brien and Barbara Ruick

Let Photoplay be your guide

Best Pictures of the Month

Singin' in the Rain

My Son John

Deadline—U.S.A.

Best Performances of the Month

Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, Jean Hagen in "Singin' in the Rain"

Humphrey Bogart in "Deadline—U.S.A."

Robert Walker, Helen Hayes, Dean Jagger in "My Son John"

SHADOW

BY SARA



Hollywood laughs at itself and the roaring 'twenties in a happy Technicolor musical starring Debbie Reynolds, Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor



Van Heflin prods Helen Hayes into a crucial choice between her son Robert Walker or her country in a bold anti-Communist drama

✓✓✓ (F) Singin' in the Rain
(M-G-M, Technicolor)

A BIG-TIME, good-time, gay-time musical with Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor and Jean Hagen to glitter up the story and send it on its glorious way. The unusual plot—which concerns the advent of "talkies" in Hollywood, plus the unforgettable tunes of that era—makes this a super-super production. Gene's wonderful dancing feet, Debbie's appeal as Jean's voice substitute, Donald's clowning in his "Make 'em Laugh" number are but a part of the entertaining whole. Gene's "Singin' in the Rain" routine and the numbers with long-legged Cyd Charisse are brilliant. The very atmosphere of Hollywood during those hectic days is emphasized in the performances of the entire cast, including Millard Mitchell as the studio head and Douglas Fowley as the harassed director.

Your Reviewer Says: A smash hit.

Program Notes: Even before "An American in Paris" was completed, Gene Kelly was dreaming up numbers to fit into this Adolph Green-Betty Comden story. With young director Stanley Donen (courting Elizabeth Taylor at the time), Gene took on the task of co-directing as well as staging the elaborate musical numbers . . . The dresses of that Charleston era were a delight to designer Walter Plunkett who has a feeling the middy-blouse effect may become the newest trend . . . Special effects men figure at least a ton of water poured over Kelly in his "Singin' in the Rain" number, considering retakes . . . The film completed, Kelly and his family took off for a two-year movie-making jaunt in Europe . . . The race to sign Donald O'Connor was won by Paramount, who plan to exploit the lad's wonderful talents.

✓✓½ (F) My Son John (Paramount)

A DEFINITE "cause" picture and a good one. An intimate, emotional, personal encounter with Communism and its effects upon a solid, average American family. Robert Walker is wonderful as the brilliant son of Helen Hayes and Dean Jagger. Slowly and with shattering heart-break, Bob's traitorous beliefs are perceived by his parents. Jagger, a *Babbitty*, home-loving, freedom-loving citizen, and Miss Hayes, an adoring wife and mother, are outstanding in their roles. The powerful impact of the film is hindered, however, by a too trite ending and the touches of overacting that creep in toward the climax. These are minor faults, however, and fail to detract from the picture in any serious way. Van Heflin is tenderly sympathetic as the F.B.I. agent. Richard Jaeckel and James Young play the two younger sons bound for Korea.

Your Reviewer Says: For Americans of all ages.

Program Notes: The cast journeyed to Washington, D.C., the nearby town of Manassas, Va., (scene of the Civil War's battles of Bull Run), and back to Los Angeles for outdoor shots. The last outdoor shot was made on the steps of the Black-Foxe Military Institute in Hollywood. The school served as a University with Walker ascending the steps while his two sons, pupils of the school, stood by and watched. Robert died suddenly before the film was edited . . . Sixteen years elapsed between Miss Hayes' last picture ("Vanessa—Her Love Story") and this one. Hollywood already is thinking up plans to lure her back again . . . This was produced and directed by Leo McCarey, whose last film for Paramount was the renowned "Going My Way."

to the best current movies

STAGE

HAMILTON

✓ Fair
✓✓ Good
✓✓✓ Outstanding
F—For the whole family
A—For adults

For Complete Casts of
Current Pictures See Page 96

For Brief Reviews of
Current Pictures See Page 98



Marshal Gary Cooper pits himself against quartette of outlaws in an adult and stirring Western. Grace Kelly plays Gary's young bride

✓✓ (F) High Noon (U.A.)

HERE'S a Western, unique in formula and adult in execution—a thrilling, chilling story of one man's courage against a town of cowardly citizens. And from beginning to end it has suspense. Gary Cooper is cast to perfection as the ex-marshal who, on his wedding day, resumes his duty to meet, head on and alone, a quartette of revengeful outlaws. Grace Kelly plays Cooper's bride, Lloyd Bridges is his ex-assistant and Katy Jurado, the Mexican woman. Others in the strong supporting cast are Otto Kruger, Thomas Mitchell, Henry Morgan, Lon Chaney and Ian MacDonald. But it's Cooper's show all the way and to him goes the credit for that different and wonderful Western you've hoped for.

Your Reviewer Says: The best of its kind.

Program Notes: When producer Stanley Kramer turned his talented hand to a Western, Hollywood raised its eyebrows. After viewing the finished product, the brows were still up in astonishment over the brilliant and different Kramer touch. The music was especially written to fit the mood, with a theme refrain accompanying Cooper's every action . . . No expense was spared in the casting. Important players willingly accepted smaller roles in order to play under Kramer's banner . . . Shot on a ranch site out San Fernando Valley way, most Hollywood at one time or another visited the set to watch producer, star and director Fred Zinnemann in action . . . Gary Cooper was hospitalized shortly after the film was completed. His emotions in relation to his personal life were said to have brought on his illness.



The "Cheaper by the Dozen" family returns with Hoagy Carmichael, Debra Paget, Myrna Loy, Jeanne Crain, Bob Arthur, Barbara Bates

✓✓ (F) Belles on Their Toes (20th Century-Fox, Technicolor)

GOOD NEWS for those who enjoy light, relaxing entertainment! That "Cheaper by the Dozen" crew—the unusual Gilbreth family—returns to the screen to the accompaniment of songs, steps and comical situations. Myrna Loy again plays the mother of twelve with Jeanne Crain her eldest daughter and Robert Arthur her eldest son. As before, the problem is how Myrna, widow of Clifton Webb, who passed away in the former film, can hold her brood together. Businessman Edward Arnold proves the Santa Claus this time. Jeffrey Hunter plays the handsome young doctor who falls in love with Jeanne. Martin Milner is the *rah-rah* college boy who courts Jeanne's sister, Barbara Bates, and Hoagy Carmichael is handyman Tom.

Your Reviewer Says: A warm, amusing family story.

Program Notes: Jeanne Crain was expecting her fourth child, Janine, born March 5, while making this picture . . . Myrna Loy became the bride of Howland Sargeant, of the State Department, between the making of "Cheaper" and "Belles." At a Girl Scout meeting in Washington, Myrna met the real Mrs. Gilbreth and was deeply impressed with the gracious woman. At seventy, Mrs. Gilbreth still works as an efficiency expert . . . Debra Paget, who sings and dances for the first time on the screen, went directly to the hospital for a tonsillectomy, once her job was done . . . With the money he earned for the movie, Jeff Hunter gifted his bride, Barbara Rush, with a brand new red convertible.

(Continued on next page)

new!

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by **CHERAMY
PERFUMER**

✓✓½ (F) **Deadline—U. S. A.**
(20th Century-Fox)

A GREAT newspaper dies but with its last breath valiantly fights gangsterism. There you have it. It's a movie that evokes sentiment with a wallop. It's a story of honest newspapermen fighting to the last final edition the very creeping menace that many papers are fighting today. Humphrey Bogart, wonderful as the managing editor, risks his life to carry on the crusade against hoodlums. Ethel Barrymore is superb as the widow of the publisher who fights the sale of the paper. Suspense, heartbreak, tragedy crowd the reels to the uncompromising end. Kim Hunter is seen too briefly as Bogart's ex-wife. Ed Begley is the city editor, Audrey Christie is a sob sister and Martin Gabel the gangster, Rienzi.

Your Reviewer Says: Today's news in today's movie.

Program Notes: A word of caution went out to all actors portraying newspapermen in the story: "Maintain dignity." No hat brims turned up, no "sassing" managing editors, no whisky bottles. Richard Brooks, the author and himself a newspaperman, insisted the story be kept factual with gentlemen of the press honestly presented... Lauren Bacall brought son Steve to the set to watch his daddy act but three-year-old Steve was much more interested in the bright set lights... An unusual switch occurred when Bogey's stand-in, Joe Connors, turned actor and Humphrey acted as his stand-in. Joe played a triggerman... Her last scene shot, Kim Hunter flew to New York to marry actor Robert Emmett. She was still in New York when she got the exciting news that she and Bogart were Oscar winners—she for "Streetcar," Bogey for "The African Queen."

✓✓ (F) **Flesh and Fury (U-I)**

TONY CURTIS, handsomer than ever and twice as effective, plays a deaf mute prizefighter who falls into bad but very pretty company. Jan Sterling is the schemer who promotes the mute fighter for her own selfish motives. Mona Freeman is the understanding miss who inspires Tony and almost loses him when, through surgery, he regains his hearing. The fights are excitingly done and the story, despite noticeable flaws, keeps the interest at a

comfortable level. Wallace Ford as the fight manager, Connie Gilchrist as his wife and Katherine Locke as Mona's mother, lend strength to the emotional tale.

Your Reviewer Says: A new angle to an old story.

Program Notes: During the first week of shooting, Tony wore a cast on his thumb, broken during a ring workout. This made it difficult for him to master the sign language. But he finally did it. Unable to register reaction to any sound in the film, Tony practiced not listening to his wife's chatter in the evenings. This, of course, drove Janet Leigh to despair... Some of the best welterweight boxers in the business served as sparring partners and five fighters turned actors were his opponents in the film bouts... Jan Sterling proclaims her role the meanest of her career and hopes her fans will understand... Eighteen pupils of a noted school for deaf and dumb children appeared in the scene when Tony enrolls in a speech school.

✓½ (F) **The Lion and the Horse**
(Warners, Warnercolor)

AN UNUSUAL, beautifully mounted story of three mammals—a man, Steve Cochran, a horse, Wildfire, and a lion, Jackie. Against the misty, purple hues of Western mountains, the three enact the story of a man's love for a wild, rebellious horse. Capturing the stallion from a wild herd, Steve attempts to buy control of the animal from his partners. Instead, they sell the horse to Ray Teal who callously commercializes on the horse's spirit at rodeos. Steve, locating the animal, smuggles him off to a small ranch where, with love and patience, he breaks him to the saddle. The lion, escaping from a rodeo, suddenly attacks Wildfire and in a fierce battle between the two, is killed. Little Sherry Jackson is Jenny and Harry Antrim her grandfather.

Your Reviewer Says: Make it family night at the movies.

Program Notes: Wildfire is actually "Supreme Wonder," a registered horse of the American Saddle Bred Association. Discovered by studio scouts on a California ranch, he was carefully trained for his role... The lion, skunk, crow and squirrel, trained
(Continued on page 26)



"Jet Pilot," filmed over two years ago, teams John Wayne, Janet Leigh as new twosome



If you spy a sliver in the fricassee —

- ☐ Sound off ☐ Starve in silence ☐ Inform your squire

A delectable dish — till you eagle-eye a sliver (or whatever). So . . . you tag the head waiter and sound off. Or do you? If you'd avoid disapproving glances, you'll quietly mention the snag to your date; let him arrange for a new order. If you're glance-conscious at trying times, scoff off anxiety with Kotex; those *flat pressed ends* defy revealing outlines. And your new Kotex belt gives added *comfort*. Made with soft-stretch elastic; non-twisting, non-curling. Dries fast!

Are you in the know?



Which hotel plan should you choose?

- ☐ American ☐ European

Maybe the American plan (meals included) appeals to you. But mornings, would you rather sleep than yawn into the bacon n' eggs? Or prefer exploring new dining spots to dashing back for hotel chow? Consider the European plan. When vacationing, being carefree's vital; so on problem days let Kotex help — with the *extra* protection that exclusive safety center assures you.



When a gal's "allears," what's the cure?

- ☐ Clam up ☐ A forward look ☐ Drop earbobs

'Tisn't the snooper type we mean — (just wanted to keep you guessing.) It's a gal with really outsize ears. The remedy? Ixnay on skinned-rabbit hairdo's. Cover ears with curls that turn softly forward. And for the softness you want and need in sanitary protection — count on Kotex. It *holds its shape*. You see, this is the napkin made to *stay* soft while you wear it!



How to spark your ailing allowance?

- ☐ Set up a service ☐ Mope and hope

Dad's deaf to your summer job plea? Well, you can earn extra "cabbage" at home. Start a service: knit baby sox; pastel Argyles instead of booties. Or offer to shop for busy Moms. Just put your special talent to work. Come calendar time, there's a "service" Kotex offers . . . 3 *absorbencies* to choose from . . . (Regular, Junior, Super). Try 'em! Find the "special" one for you.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

What assures daintiness on problem days?

- ☐ Bath salts ☐ Powder ☐ Occasional showers

Takes more than daily tubbings to stay dainty at "that" time. So, smart gals sprinkle a *powder* deodorant on their sanitary napkins. Choose Quest Powder! You'll find Quest best for napkin

use, because unlike most creams or liquids, this deodorant powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. It's safe. Soothing. Unscented. *Positively destroys* odors.



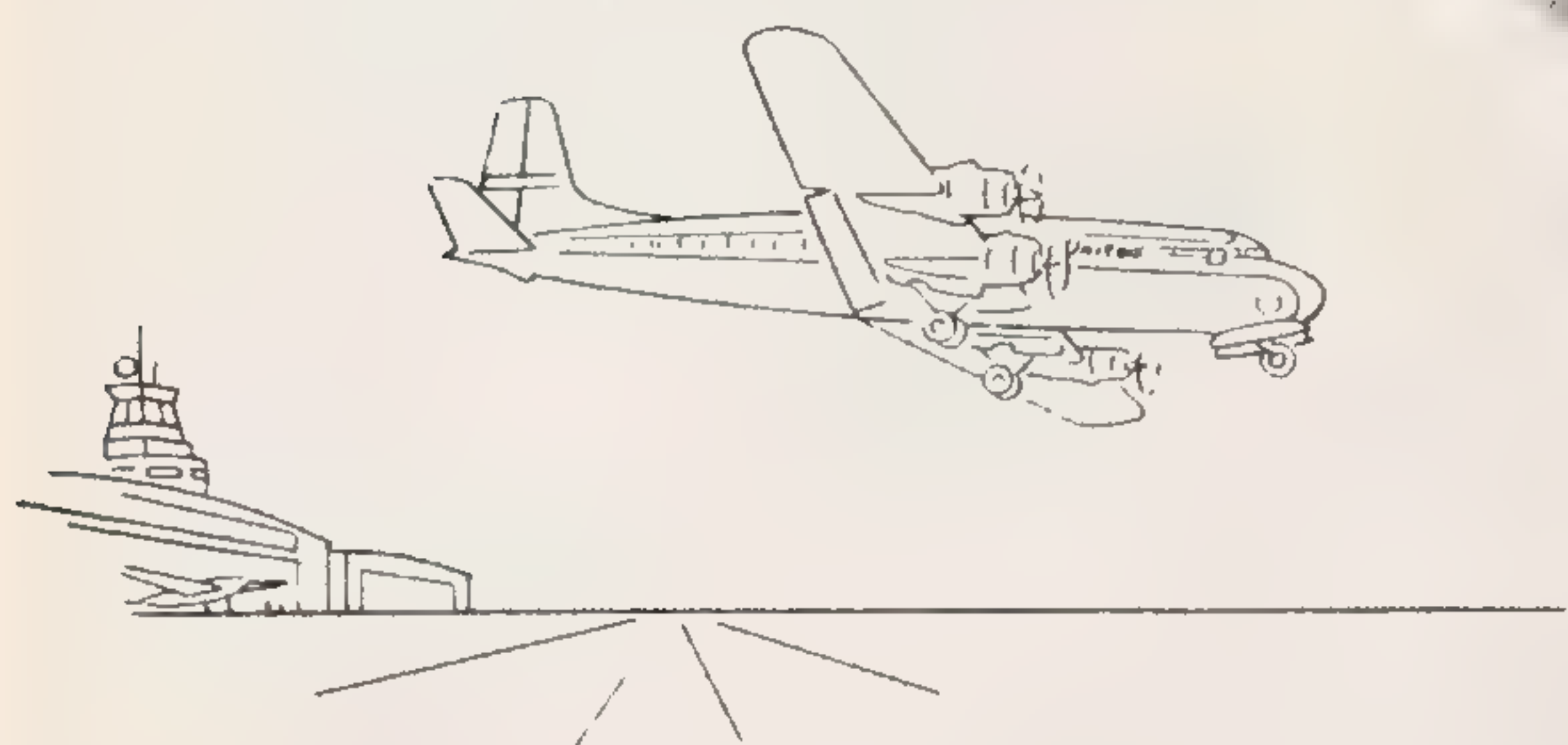
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(Continued from page 24)

in Hollywood, were flown to the location site near Kanab, Utah. The sudden switch to a high altitude threw the animals into such a state of lethargy, it was necessary to liven them up with oxygen . . . The knottiest problem was staging the fight between horse and lion. The pair were first trained to be friends and the rest came easy . . . Steve Cochran, gentle for a change, learned to ride while cowpunching through the West before his acting days.

✓ (F) About Face (Warners, Technicolor)

PERSONABLE Gordon MacRae tries hard to do something with this musical but alack, even he cannot. Gordon, Dick Wesson and Eddie Bracken are cadets (at their age, mind you) at a military academy. They get into all sorts of boyish scrapes, worthy of teen-age hepcats—sneaking girls into the dorm and palming off dye-tinted hair tonic on the chemistry instructor. One or two of the songs are catchy and Virginia Gibson, Aileen Stanley Jr. and Phyllis Kirk are pretty.

Your Reviewer Says: Not inspired.

Program Notes: Joel Grey, who plays plebe Bender, is a discovery of Eddie Cantor, who first heard the lad on radio . . . Gordon MacRae enjoyed his role of practical joker but hopes his next is a more romantic musical . . . Cliff Ferre's hair, colored green, orange and blue, created a sensation in the studio dining room and threw the UCLA campus into an uproar. Several scenes were shot on the college campus and on the sports field . . . Handsome John Baer, stuffy, rule-observing cadet, was discovered at the Pasadena Playhouse.

✓ (A) Without Warning (U.A.)

A PAIR of shears—sharp and deadly—flash again and again and still another psychopathic killer is on the loose. And for those who extract entertainment from the morbid doings of paranoid wretches, "Without Warning" offers pretty good fare. It solves nothing but warns that a casual pick-up can be dangerous, even fatal. Adam Williams plays the young gardener with a penchant for stabbing predatory blondes to death. Baffled police are stymied until a scissor spring is found near the third victim. After endless searching and quizzing, a nurseryman is able to supply a clue. And, just in time, need we say, to prevent the murder of his own daughter, Meg Randall. The picture moves at times with an amateurish gait but manages to sustain suspense.

Your Reviewer Says: Okay, if you want to be scared silly.

Program Notes: This story is as timely as today's headlines with more and more psychopathic killings in the news . . . Meg Randall, whose career at U-I was limited to playing light ingenues in comedies like the "Ma and Pa Kettle" series, welcomed a chance to do a more serious role. Meg is also working quite frequently on TV films . . . Adam Williams was working in the Thrift Drug Stores in Los Angeles when he was signed for his first screen role in the "High Diver" episode of "Queen for a Day." His former boss said he could have his old job back any time—but it's doubtful now if Adam will have to take up that offer.

✓ (F) Talk About a Stranger (M-G-M)

SUSPICION and gossip are the actual stars of this minor tale. George Murphy and wife Nancy Davis are orange ranch-

ers. With their son, Billy Gray, they comprise the family in whose home all the evil foments. It begins when Billy accuses a mysterious and ungracious stranger, new to the neighborhood, of poisoning his dog. Lewis Stone, editor of the local paper, tries to persuade Billy first to find proof for his accusations but the embittered lad takes matters into his own hands. In spite, he destroys the neighbor's reserve oil needed for smudging against frost, thereby subjecting the crops of his father and neighboring ranchers to failure. Kurt Kasznar plays the stranger.

Your Reviewer Says: A little lesson well set forth.

Program Notes: *This was photographed in the California citrus belt. A threatened frost arrived at exactly the right moment. Real orange ranchers acted as technical advisers . . . Young Billy Gray, who played young Jim Thorpe in "Jim Thorpe, All American" and Paul Douglas's son in "The Man Who Came Back," won the role over several dozen contestants . . . Nancy Davis, about to marry screen star Ronald Reagan, planned her trousseau between scenes . . . Davis Bradley, a former G.I. student at Northwestern University, was handed the job of directing after an M-G-M official caught his outstanding "amateur" school production of "Julius Caesar."*

✓ (F) The San Francisco Story (Warners)

BACK in 1850, according to this yarn, San Francisco was the "fightingest" town in the whole U.S.A. Citizens pounded each other and hanged each other like crazy people—all in the name of Vigilante law and order, of course. Right smack into the middle of all this rides miner Joel McCrea and he falls right smack in love with Yvonne de Carlo, who seems to be involved with ornery politician Sidney Blackmer. Joel is a cool customer who fights hard and gets what he wants—which in this case is Yvonne. Richard Erdman is Joel's pal, Florence Bates is Sadie and Onslow Stevens, the sheriff.

Your Reviewer Says: Them was the days, boys.

Program Notes: *Joel McCrea felt right at home among the Vigilantes, his grandfather having been among the first group of Vigilantes to clean up corruption in the San Francisco of 1850. Joel, suffering from laryngitis, was required to leap into the sea and then fight a terrific knockdown dragout in a waterfront saloon. At the end of that day's business he almost had to crawl home. McCrea, a rancher in real life, rides his own horse, "Dollar," in several scenes . . . The set took on an international flavor when visitors from Palestine, South Africa, Iran and the Near East called on Miss de Carlo who had made recent visits to their countries.*

✓✓ (F) Walk East on Beacon (Columbia)

IF YOU enjoyed the exciting film "House on 92nd Street," prepare yourself for another treat. This authentic story, based on J. Edgar Hoover's revelations of the F.B.I. in action, is a solid, interesting and exciting movie from start to finish. Told in semidocumentary style, the story shows the methods used by the Bureau in tracking down Communist plotters. Following a single anonymous phone call, the F.B.I. is able to crack open a well-knit Communist group bent on stealing one of our top scientific secrets. George Murphy as a Bureau head and Finlay Currie as the scientist are outstanding. But the real star of the picture revealed here for the first



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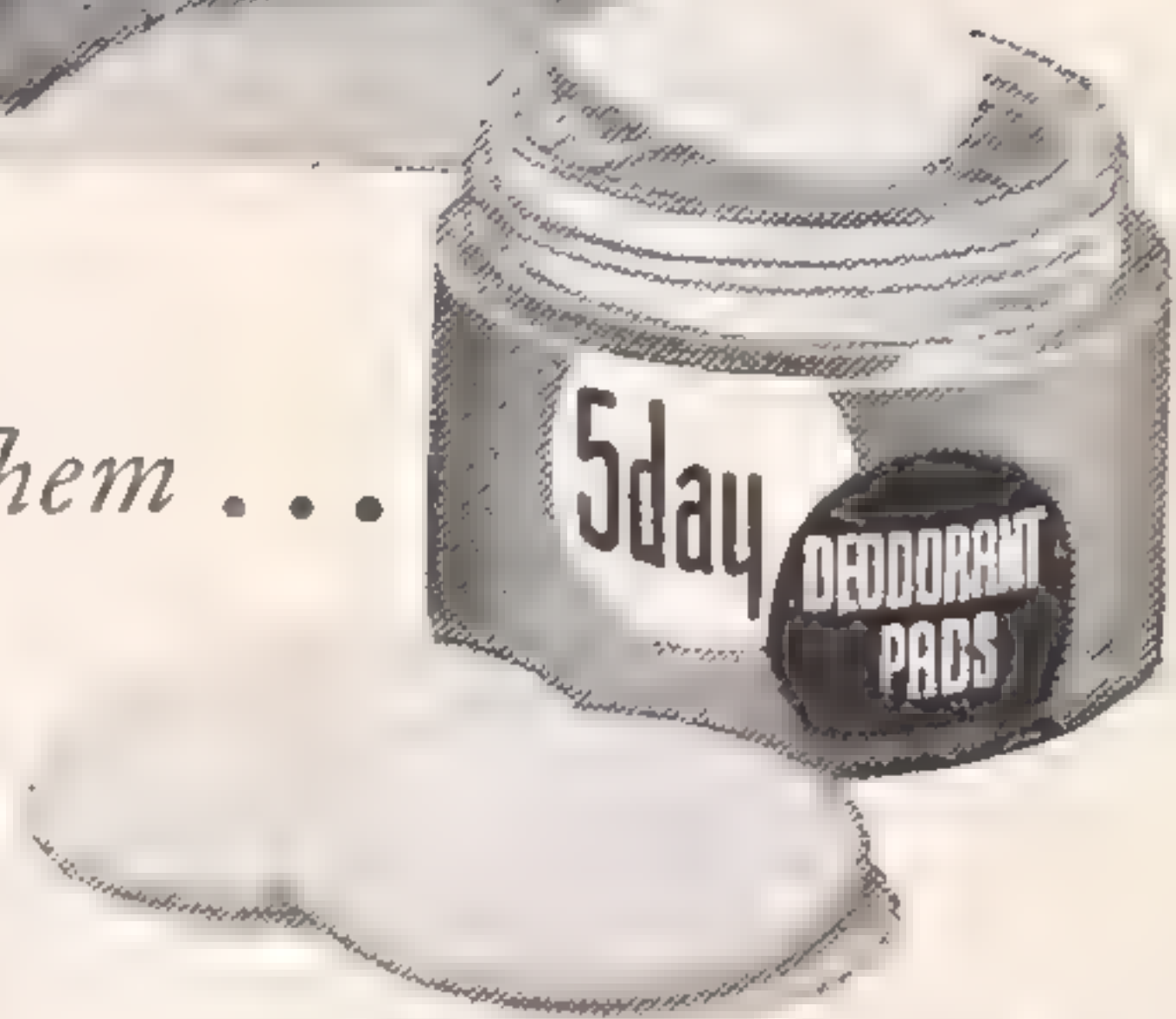
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time, is the new, exciting investigating technique of the F.B.I. Virginia Gilmore, Bruno Wick, Peter Capell, Karel Stepanek and Louisa Horton are the players.

Your Reviewer Says: Powerful and instructive.

Program Notes: Louis de Rochemont, producer of "House on 92nd St.," saw in this drama another suspenseful spy story. The innermost operations of the Commie spies are laid bare ... Scenes were shot in Boston; Portsmouth; Washington, D. C. and other eastern locales ... For several weeks the company shot around Finlay Currie who was detained in England making "Ivanhoe" ... The deaf, aiding George Murphy in one scene, were real lip readers, deaf students of the Plummer Institute ... The F.B.I. lined up municipal help and acted as consultant as well.

✓½ (F) The Captive City (U.A.)

BENEATH the calm surface of a small American city lies an unsuspected vein of gangsterism. As this is exposed by the local newspaper publisher, John Forsythe, we are treated to a story that boils down to one loyal citizen versus many willing to compromise with evil. At the film's conclusion, Senator Estes Kefauver himself warns that the duty of every citizen is to expose this besetting evil. The picture builds in suspense and keeps a tight grip on audience interest. Forsythe is splendid and is capably aided by Joan Camden, Ray Teal, Harold J. Kennedy and Marjorie Crossland.

Your Reviewer Says: Sound and solid food for thought.

Program Notes: The director and cameraman flew to Washington, D. C. to shoot the scene with Senator Kefauver who agreed to play this part in the interest of the Crime Commission. At his request, the compensation tendered him by the studio was donated to the Cordell Hull Foundation for World Peace ... John Forsythe returned to New York after the picture was completed for extensive television work ... Ray Teal stepped from his role of the honest but hampered police chief to the cruel and heartless rodeo owner in "The Lion and the Horse."



Laurence Olivier and Jennifer Jones in scene from "Carrie," a turn-of-the-century romance that takes place in Chicago and New York. The story is from a Theodore Dreiser novel

✓ (F) **Red Ball Express (U-I)**

THIS is the story of World War II—the U. S. Transportation Corps and the trucksters who drove ammunition to Patton's fast moving Army. Compared to the really splendid war stories of the past, it is no great movie. The premise itself is interesting but all the detours into personal enmities, quarrels between whites and Negroes and a quick-blooming romance, detract from the story of men and wheels. Jeff Chandler plays the lieutenant who keeps moving the trucks labeled "The Red Ball Express." Alex Nicol is the sergeant who hates and hinders Chandler. Charles Drake is the romancing Romeo and Jacqueline Duval is the French girl.

Your Reviewer Says: Courageous action told in routine fashion.

Program Notes: A cast and crew of 125 people flew to Fort Eustis, Virginia, headquarters of the Army Transportation Corps, for shooting where much of the "Red Ball Express" was filmed. Hundreds of men from the post were used as extras and in bit roles. The citizens of near-by Newport News formed their own "Red Ball Express," delivering actors to the set on time and hot lunches for all . . . Jeff Chandler felt at home in his role of first lieutenant, having been one during the last war . . . Jacqueline Duval, well-known French stage and screen actress, makes her American debut in this one.

½✓ (F) **Bronco Buster (U.I., Technicolor)**

IF YOU'RE a rodeo fan, a follower of bronco riders and fancy steer ropers, pay your money and get your fill. This story of a young rider who becomes big-headed with success, is almost a continual rodeo show. If you're not a rodeo fan it could be a bit boring. Scott Brady plays the overcocky, overdressed showoff who grows nastier as his rodeo points mount. And a right good job Brady does. John Lund is the steady-going champion who first befriends Brady and then turns on him. Chill Wills plays the rodeo clown who falls victim to Brady's conceit. Joyce Holden is Chill's daughter and the gal both men woo. It's the display of riding and roping skill that centers the interest. And this should more than please the kids.

Your Reviewer Says: Too much of a good thing unless you're rodeo-minded.

Program Notes: Casey Tibbs, handsome young 23-year-old champion bucking bronco rider, plays a featured role and several other rodeo stars play themselves . . . Camera crews traveled to Cheyenne, Phoenix, the Los Angeles Coliseum and other spots to shoot actual scenes in Technicolor . . . Still pictures are said to prove John Lund and Scott Brady actually rode those wild Brahman bulls. We have our doubts. Lund almost swooned when told he'd have to rope and tie a calf in so many seconds. After proper coaching from Casey Tibbs, Lund accomplished the feat. Brady's badly sprained back was testimony of his eagerness to perform his own feats . . . Joyce Holden, former Miss Southern California, gets her first starring role as the gal who loves Lund.

✓✓ (F) **Encore (Paramount)**

A GAIN we are treated to a trio of Somerset Maugham stories, unrelated in theme but all three of them delightful. "The Ant and the Grasshopper" tells of a crafty penniless man who succeeds without toil in contrast to his plodding brother, Ronald Culver. The second story, "Winter Cruise," charming and whimsical, presents Kay Walsh, a chatty, boring spinster whose good sportsmanship turns the tables



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on the ship's captain, Ronald Squire, and other cruise passengers. The best, to our notion, is "Gigolo and Gigolette" with Glynis Johns and Terence Morgan. Suspense, at times, perches uncomfortably on our shoulders as Glynis, a high dive artist doubtful of her husband's love, wavers on the verge of suicide, then decides to make the eighty-foot dive into a pool of flaming water, her last. The author, Mr. Maugham, as usual, opens the film with a charming speech.

Your Reviewer Says: A polished three-facet gem.

Program Notes: The success of the former Maugham films, "Quartet" and "Trio," inspired the filming of this third group of stories . . . For this one the producer and crew traveled to Maugham's fabulous estate overlooking the Mediterranean. There background shots were made for "Gigolo and Gigolette" which takes place along the Riviera . . . Other exteriors were filmed at the London docks and in a Buckinghamshire village. Interiors were shot in the Pinewood Studios in England . . . Glynis Johns, who shared honors with Jimmy Stewart and Marlene Dietrich in "No Highway in the Sky," is well known to American audiences.

½✓ (F) Macao (RKO)

DO YOU like stories of adventurers and questionable but alluring females and mysterious men on the prowl? This movie struggles to be exciting with such a recipe but misses. It begins with Robert Mitchum on a ship headed for the Island of Macao, losing his passport, ticket and wallet. Passengers Jane Russell and Bill Bendix take an interest in Mitchum (and vice versa, need we say), and the shenanigans the three get mixed up in on that island should really add up to keen entertainment—but don't. The identity of Bill Bendix comes as a bit of a surprise. Brad Dexter plays a bigshot gambler on the lam. Thomas Gomez, Vladimir Sokoloff and Gloria Grahame mess around and mess around. And Jane Russell sings.

Your Reviewer Says: Not what it could have been.

Program Notes: An RKO camera crew traveled to the Island of Macao, China, hide-out for the international crooks, to record every detail of docks, streets, gambling houses, hotels, etc. With these as a background, the actors went through their paces on a Hollywood sound stage . . . The songs sung by Miss Russell, "Ocean Breeze" and "You Kill Me," were written especially for the picture by Julie Styne and Leo Robin . . . Bill Bendix took time out from shooting each week to rehearse for his radio serial, "Life with Riley," which seems to go on and on.

✓ (F) Mara Maru (Warners)

ADVENTURE in Manila with Errol Flynn a salvage diver and business partner of Richard Webb. When Webb is murdered, Flynn is drawn into a nest of intrigue that involves Webb's widow, Ruth Roman, and smooth, double-dealing Raymond Burr. Engaged by Burr to dive for a box of diamonds lost at sea, Flynn finds himself not only in a lot of water but—when he finds the gems—about to be murdered. The Manila background seems authentic enough but the regeneration theme that clouds the climax seems a bit on the hokum side. Paul Picerni and Robert Cabal are outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: It has its moments.

Program Notes: Raymond Burr who dwindled from 300 pounds to 180, was besieged

on the set for his reducing formula. All he would reveal was his desire to play a romantic hero or villain, such as he plays here, simply melted away the pounds . . . The problem of steering the ship was no hardship for Flynn who, as captain of his own craft the Zaca, has stood at the helm for many sea-going hours . . . The Mara Maru of this story is actually the twin-diesel Malibu owned by a wealthy Californian and leased by Warner Brothers for the picture . . . Ruth Roman came through her adventures—fire, storm and jungle—unscathed, only to trip on the projection-room stairs, injuring her right arm.

✓ 1/2 (F) **The Girl in White**
(M-G-M)

FIFTY years ago, this story tells us, women were pioneers in the field of medicine. So, now, in biographical manner, M-G-M reveals what happened to one girl who determined against all odds to be a doctor. Incongruously enough they've chosen cute little June Allyson to play straight-laced *Emily Dunning, M.D.* June's fight against bigotry and prejudice makes up the bulk of the story. As the first woman doctor attached to a hospital, her work as ambulance surgeon and resident physician makes for some mighty interesting telling. Arthur Kennedy is the man who loves her through medical school and during their hospital days. Gary Merrill is excellent as the hospital director. The cast also boasts Mildred Dunnock, Jesse White, Marilyn Erskine, Gar Moore and Guy Anderson.

Your Reviewer Says: We learn while we're entertained.

Program Notes: Much research preceded the shooting, as hospitals at the turn of the century had to be faithfully duplicated. Surgical instruments, dressings and uniforms of that day were copied and used in the scenes . . . June Allyson spent weeks learning scientific names and terms and was finally able to rattle them off to please the surgeon-adviser on the set . . . Mildred Dunnock stepped right out of the emotional role of Fredric March's wife in "Death of a Salesman" to the quieter one of Dr. Marie Yeomans. Miss Dunnock and Arthur Kennedy renewed a friendship that began when both appeared in "Death of a Salesman" on Broadway.

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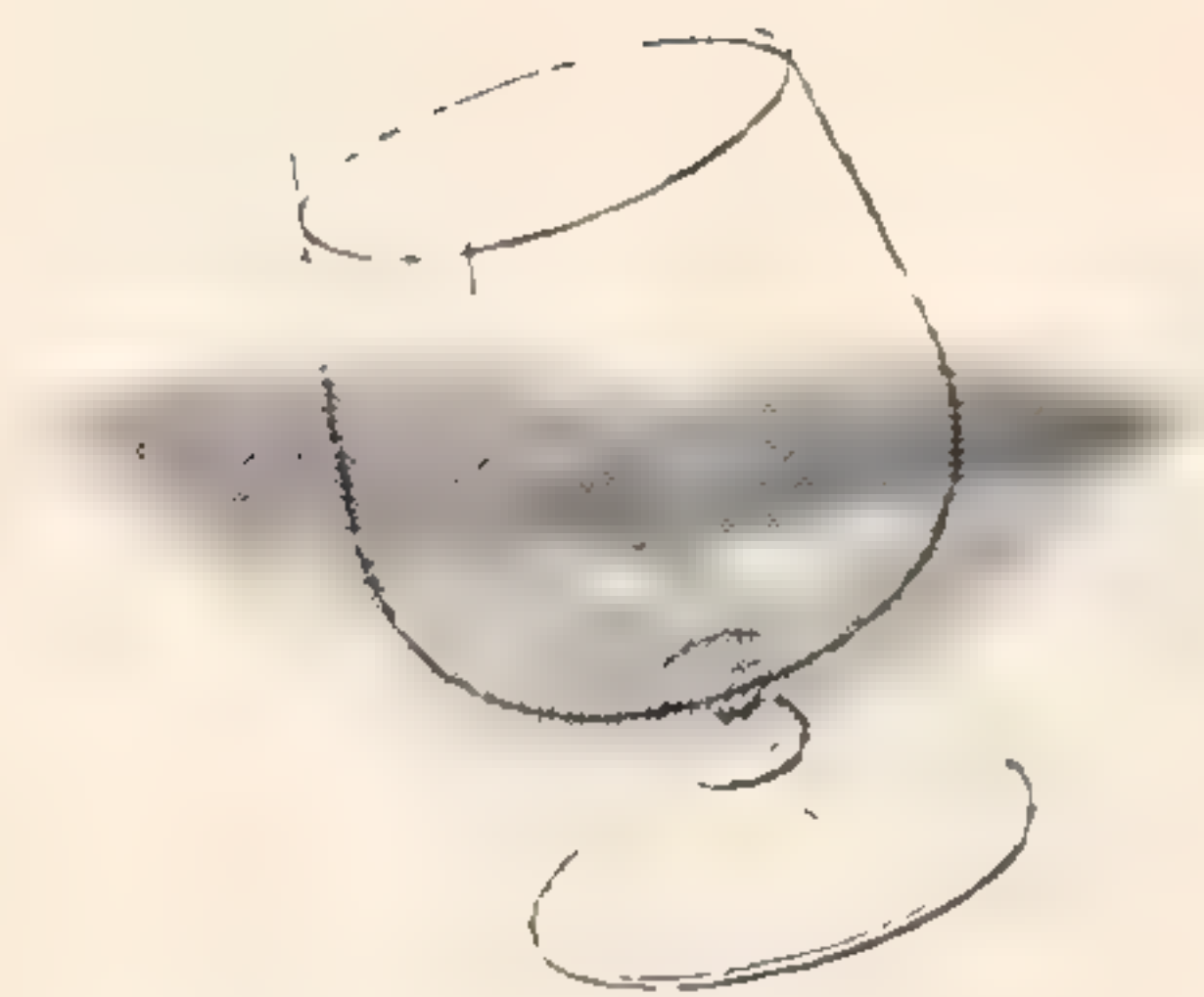
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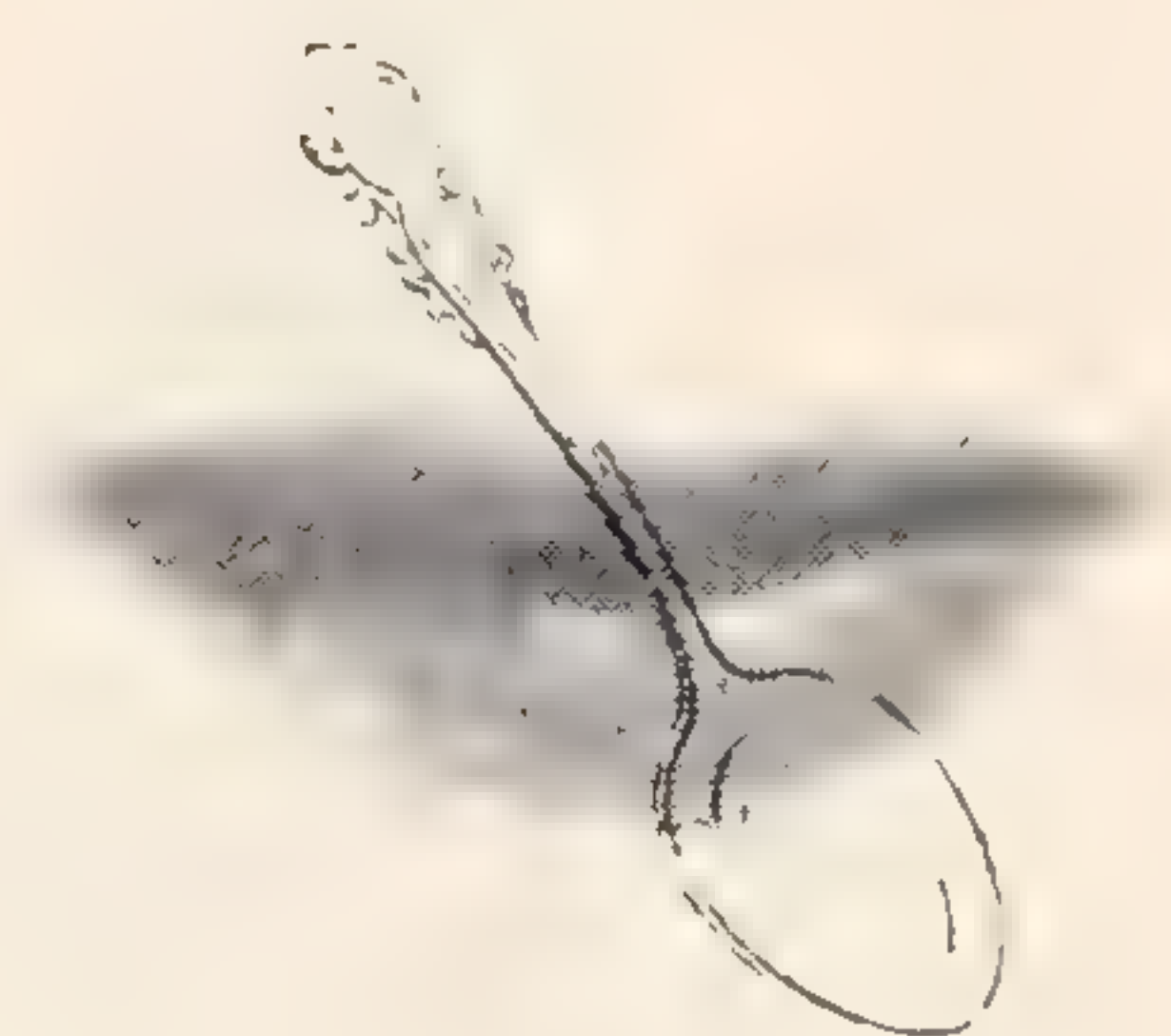
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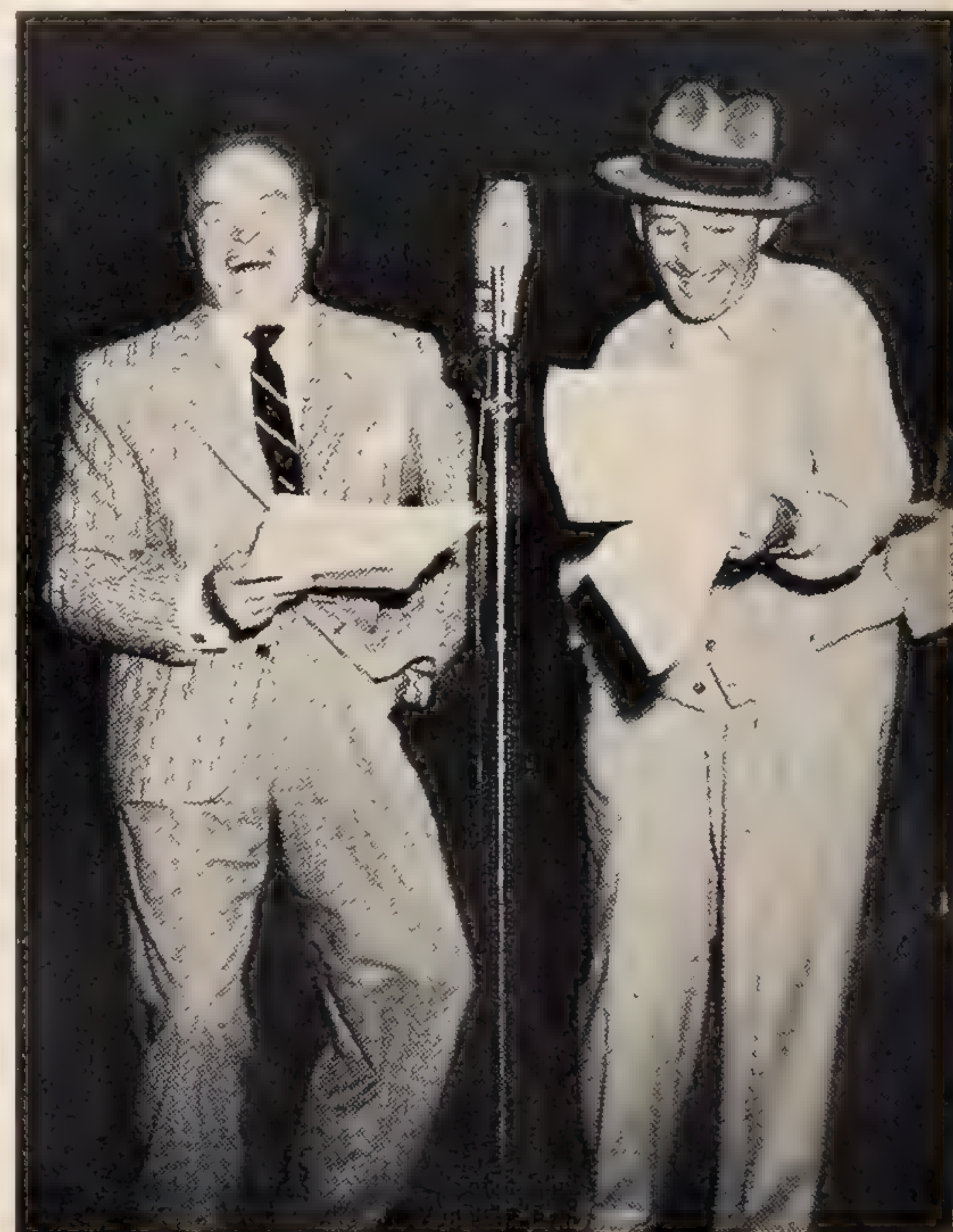
(Continued from page 21)

long since bid a fond farewell to Greg Bautzer. Ever since her divorce from Ronnie Reagan, Jane Wyman has stoutly maintained that marriage wasn't for her and she'd never try her luck again. For a period of several weeks, everyone thought Travis had changed Jane's mind on this score. They were seen everywhere together—Janie beautiful in the blue mink he had given her for an engagement present. Then Jane called the whole thing off. "It would be silly," she said, "to go into as serious a matter as matrimony without being perfectly sure." Obviously she wasn't.

It Happened in Hollywood: There was nothing they could do about it. The Walter Langs would just have to postpone their party! Guests had already been invited when the cook announced she couldn't work—her sister was getting married. The director's wife had reached the G's on her regret list. "Please tell Mr. Gable I'm sorry the party is off," she said over the phone, "we'll call him next week." Wide-eyed, the cook confronted her. "Ef that there Mr. Gable yo' all was referrin' to has a Clark in front of his name," she announced, "wed-din' or no weddin'—I'se stayin'." P.S. The party went off on schedule.

New Lease: A whole new world is about to open up for Joan Evans. Come July, Miss Dark-eyes celebrates her eighteenth birthday by saying goodbye to school books and on-the-set welfare workers. Legally Joan will be entitled to make most of her own decisions. Career-wise, a real nice thing happened recently when the studio ran the daily rushes on "Skirts Ahoy" in the projection room. Following Joan's dramatic scene, someone whose initials spell Esther Williams started the applause rolling. When this happens between two actresses, one has to be especially nice, the other especially deserving.

Repentant Sinner: Cal must confess he was wrong about Robert Wagner and this is to make restitution. We witnessed what appeared to be R.W.'s indifferent attitude toward his golden opportunity.



Gag-busters: Bing Crosby was special guest on Bob Hope's NBC air show at Fort Ord, following Crosby's Annual Pebble Beach Tournament



The Cornel Wildes—he's a happier guy since marriage to Jean—at Hollywood Foreign Correspondents Assn. 10th Annual Awards at Ciro's

INSIDE STUFF

Then we saw "With a Song in My Heart" and the poignancy of his talent touched us deeply. He has everything it takes for stardom and the screen is lucky to have him.

Love Tales: Cal can't think of two nicer Hollywood people more deserving of their happiness than the newly married Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Reagan. So typical of Ronnie and Nancy (Davis) who represent dignity, good taste and refinement in our town, they waived all spotlight attention. There wouldn't even have been wedding pictures, except that the Bill Holdens, who stood up with them, insisted. "You can't cheat us out of pictures for our den!" exclaimed Bill, after they got back to the Holden house after the ceremony. Bill called Paramount for a photographer and, while they waited for him, cracked open two quarts of champagne. The Holdens offered to give them a reception but the appreciative Reagans preferred no fanfare. After an Arizona honeymoon, they returned to Nancy's apartment where they'll live until they build on their ranch. The bride's wedding ring looked like a crown of emerald-cut diamonds. The first person Ronnie called after the ceremony was little Maureen Reagan, who already loves Nancy like a second mother.

Abreast of the Times: Cal was convulsed at Corinne Calvet, who was so excited because she had been asked to model a series of bathing suits from 1870 models to 1952 Bikinis. When the lush mademoiselle got a gander at those authentic flat-chested numbers, she screamed all over the Paramount lot. Finally, she settled for suits larger than her size and pinched them in at the waistline, which allowed her charms to bloom as nature intended!

Miss Worry Wart: Being the conscientious gal that she is, Doris Day wants each succeeding picture to be better than the last. Rushing through one and into another allows little time for the proper amount of preparation—all of which will be rectified when and if she signs her new Warner deal, which will specify that Doris does two pictures a year—only. Recently, when she was notified to report for "April in Paris," Do-Do had a

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INSIDE STUFF

serious talk with Ray Bolger. "It was real rough when I danced with Gene Nelson," she explained. "He's so good and I hadn't done anything but a time step in years. I think we should rehearse our dances as often as possible." Bolger beamed back at her and quietly remarked: "You know those tables Nelson dances on? Well, I just dust them off—so you have nothing to worry about!"

Flying High: Concerning those rumors that Robert Taylor is (a) carrying a torch, (b) pining away from loneliness, (c) miserable and unhappy: We caught up with our old friend on the "Eagle on His Cap" set and put the questions to him. "You've known me since 1937 when I made 'A Yank at Oxford' in England," he said. "I loved England then and I still do. I can't remember how many trips I've made since—but I'm getting ready to go again." When we asked Bob about his sweet mother, he answered, "I'm living in her house right now, because I didn't want to lease a place for such a short time. In fact, I'm living in the servants' room and it's so small I had to move out the double bed to make room for a rack to hang my clothes!" He grinned from ear to ear. Cal has never seen Bob Taylor in finer fettle.

Shelley-gram: Anyone would know that Shelley Winters was keenly disappointed when she didn't win an Oscar for her performance in "A Place in the Sun." But with typical bounce she turned her thoughts to future plans, said plans being marriage to Vittorio Gassman and a readjustment of her U-I contract that would allow her to live six months out of the year in Italy. Kidding-ly, she cracks: "I love the relaxed way of living there. I've always hated to get up early and besides, I'd better get Vittorio back to his native country. He already speaks better English than I do!" Apropos of losing the Academy Award, some voters say they didn't vote for Shelley because—"her behavior proves she lacks respect for an industry that has given her such wonderful opportunities." Cal always thought nominees were supposed to be judged by their performances on screen—not off!



The Spencer Tracys at brilliant Derby Ball held in Beverly Hills Hotel. Proceeds went to John Tracy Clinic. Mrs. Tracy is founder, director

THE LOVELIEST WOMEN IN THE WORLD TAKE AYDS

now TALENT goes on RECORD



At Pasadena Playhouse, the 1952 winner will meet Virginia McGuire, who won Photoplay's 1951 Scholarship, here with students John Radeck, Felix Masarachia

The stage is set for the second act of the Photoplay

Pasadena Scholarship Contest. Soon, with

thousands of recordings, eager contestants

will make their bid for Photoplay's great prize

BY KATHERINE PEDELL

THE RESPONSE to Photoplay's talent search of 1952 has been wonderful. And now many of you, who have written hopefully, telling of your dreams of an acting career, soon will be asked to take your place in the second stage of the Photoplay Pasadena Playhouse Scholarship Contest with a recording of your voice.

Once again, for those who further prove their talent with voice recordings, there will be country-wide auditions in August. And once again, from these auditions, three finalists will be chosen to visit Hollywood as Photoplay's guests. At the Playhouse, the three finalists will be auditioned by the final board of judges: Barbara Stanwyck, James Stewart, Dore Schary, Mark Robson, Charles F. Prickett of the Pasadena Playhouse, and Lyle Rooks, Hollywood Editor of Photoplay. The winner will remain to study for two full years, with all expenses paid, at the famous playhouse-workshop-college.

Many who take part in the auditions, even though they are not among the three finalists, will find themselves on their way to a career. They will receive invitations to join summer theatre groups, to guest star in national television or radio shows and to audition before name producers. All these things happened to many among last year's top hundred contestants—and they will happen again.

Who are your competitors in this contest?

Many are still in high school—about to be graduated this June. Others have been working awhile. A few are in college. Applicants live in all forty-eight states with Texas, California, New York and Michigan producing the largest number of hopefuls, in just that order. Theatrical experience ranges from being a member of the senior class prop committee to leading lady. But all have in common an intense, almost desperate desire to act. There are a few whose ambitions reach only for (Continued on page 97)

It's the
Growing-Up,
Falling-
In-Love
Story of
the "Cheaper-
by-the-Dozen"
Family!

They're learning
about **L-O-V-E**,
winning Charleston
contests, filling home
and heart with song
and laughter and
utter delight!

Jeanne CRAIN
Myrna LOY

20th
CENTURY-FOX
presents
*Belles
on their
Toes*

Color by
TECHNICOLOR

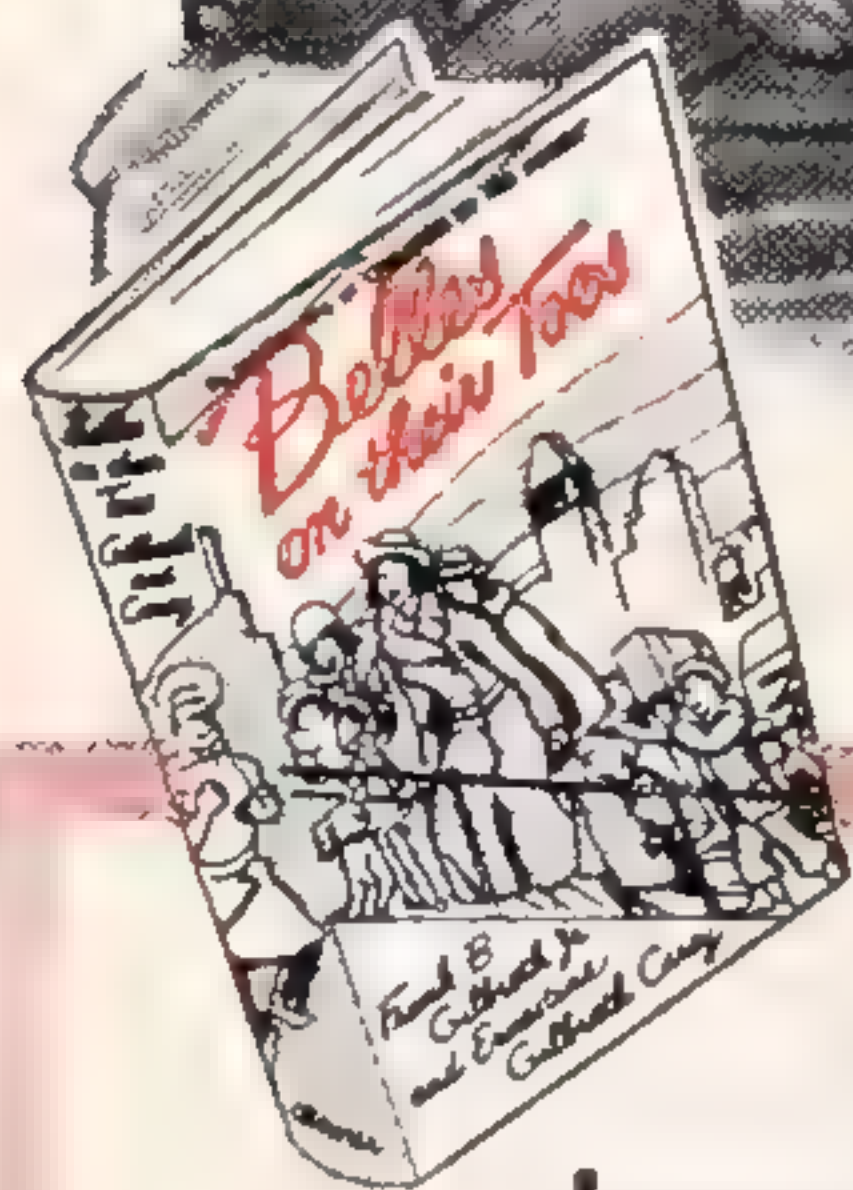
Also Starring

DEBRA JEFFREY EDWARD
PAGET HUNTER ARNOLD

with HOAGY CARMICHAEL · BARBARA BATES · ROBERT ARTHUR · VERNA FELTON

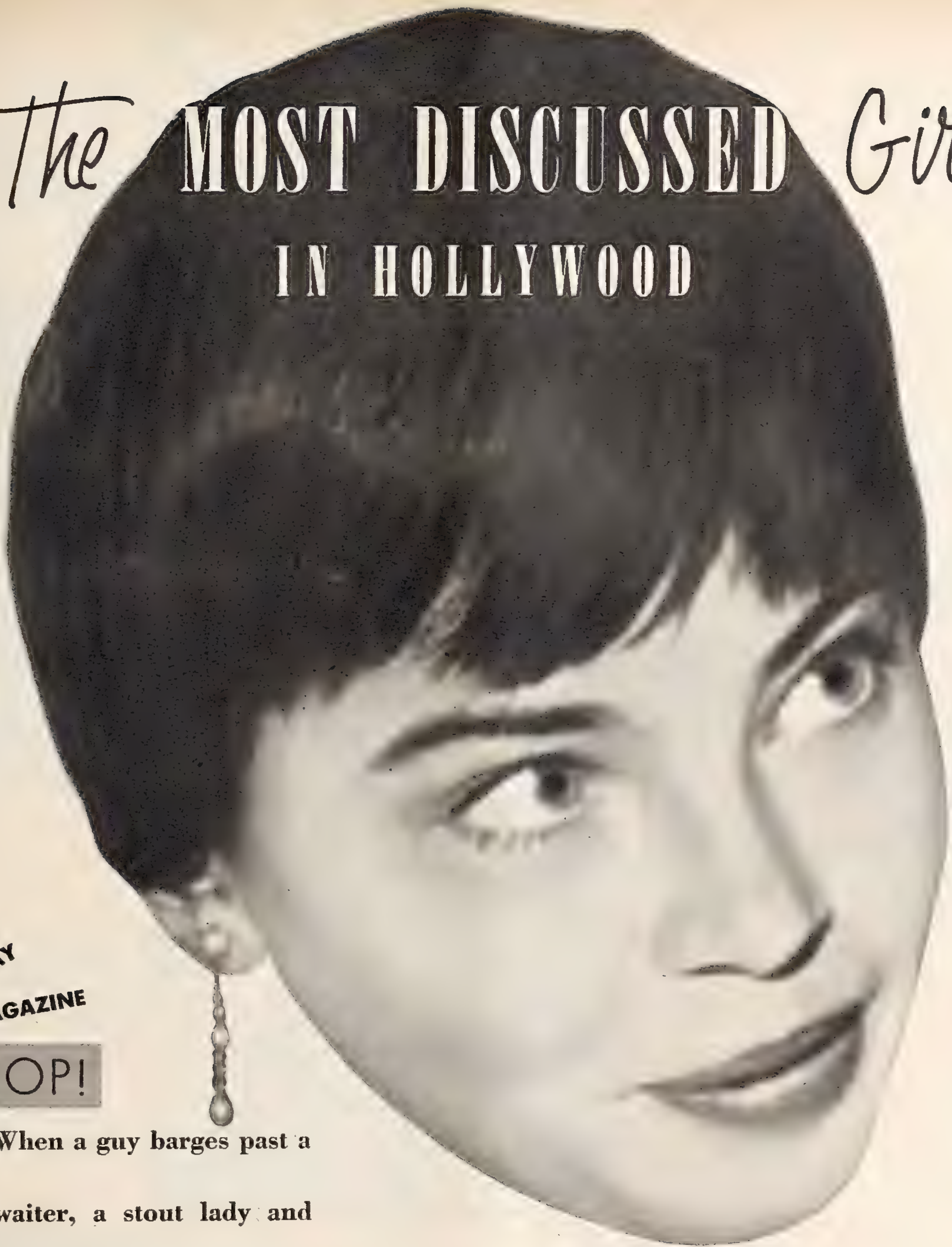
Produced by **SAMUEL G. ENGEL** Directed by **HENRY LEVIN** Screen Play by **PHOEBE** and **HENRY EPHRON**

Based on the Book by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr., and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey



From the
best beloved
Book-of-the-Month
sequel to "Cheaper
By The Dozen"

The MOST DISCUSSED Girl IN HOLLYWOOD



PHOTOPLAY
MAGAZINE

SCOOP!

When a guy barges past a waiter, a stout lady and a plate of *hors d'oeuvres* to reach the kind of girl he thought he'd never marry—brother, that's *l'amour*!

BY GEORDIE HORMEL

As Told to Ruth Waterbury

Leslie Caron of "Glory Alley"

(Those who know Leslie Caron either like her tremendously or do not like her at all. Which is one way of saying Leslie is a very definite individual—a fact her husband, heir to the Hormel Packing Company's fortune, confirms in his story. The Editors.)

I LOOKED across the noisy, crowded party at the girl in the French bathing suit and I flipped completely.

A split second before, I had been just another guy. The split second after, I was a character in love. Not that I realized it then. How could I? (Continued on page 72)



Frank used to be jealous. Now Ava is. She has insomnia. He sleeps like a rock. She likes to advise him about his career. He prefers to make his own decisions. But that's only half of the story. (Ava appears next in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro." Frank is appearing in "Meet Danny Wilson")



PHOTOPLAY
MAGAZINE

SCOOP!



WHY THEY ARE

THE

BATTLING

SINATRAS

AT A recent Hollywood party all eyes turned as Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra came in. Ava wore a stunning gown and looked beautiful, as always. And Frank, with his arm about her, was beaming. They were a handsome, happy pair and, sitting with friends, they seemed to be having a marvelous time—until Frank left the table to talk to other friends seated some distance away.

The big tent that had been put up in the garden was crowded. So Ava couldn't see where Frank had gone. When he came back they began to argue. Whether they argued because he had left the table or because of something else, equally silly, no one could be sure. Whatever the reason, the tension mounted. Ava left the party, stalked out alone. And a few minutes later Frank followed.

You hear stories like this about the
(Continued on page 82)

That Ava and Frankie are fighting is not news. But why they fight—as hard as they love—is a dramatic story!

BY SUSAN CLARKE



Do you look as if you just
stepped out of a beauty parlor . . . fish
for compliments . . . fix his tie . . .
keep his line busy? If you do, you're
off your romantic track!

GIRLS RUIN ROMANCE

BY FARLEY GRANGER

GIRLS ALL OVER the world, I think, should change tactics, unless they want the romantic going to get tougher and tougher. Men, since the world began, have always been the real romantics—but I think women inspire that mood. Only today some women kill it before it gets half started, with the result that we're both losing out, both male and female.

If girls want to get married, ideally, and stay married, ideally, so do men. Everything proves the male heart is as sentimental as a lace Valentine: Who writes the love songs? Who writes the poetry? The man.

Many times, I think the distaff side nips knighthood in the bud. It's just a little thing, but when a girl straightens my tie, even before I have time to take off my hat, I want to turn on my heel and run. This type of girl is also capable of reminding a man that he has very poor taste in neckwear. Even if it's true, she could exercise a bit of diplomacy in letting him know. Don't ever forget; a man's necktie is just about the most important part of his wardrobe—and he's mighty sensitive about it.

There's also the type of girl who continually tries to milk compliments out of a man. I once dated a girl who was a better than average driver. She could operate a car as well as most men I know.

But she was quite aware of this and constantly saw fit to remind me of it. Not only that; when we went out she invariably insisted that we take her car so that she could drive. Talk about slaughtering a male's ego! Granted, these are seemingly insignificant characteristics, but somehow they linger in a guy's memory. Someone once said: "It's the little things that count." They certainly add up.

(Continued on page 94)

Farley Granger appears next
in "Hans Christian Andersen"

VALESKA



Memo to Marge

"Where we love is home,
Home, where our feet may leave, but not
our hearts."

THOSE WORDS are as wisely true today as when Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote them. In this streamlined way of living, our feet may leave a little faster—but our hearts still stay.

I, in a mellow mood, was reminded of this philosophical fact this evening, when we were alone together in the den. You were reading, and I was surveying, with some sense of satisfaction, the window-seat I'd built and upholstered with foam rubber.

But it was really the cover of the window-seat that stopped me, and that indirectly brought all of this on. It matches those floral drapes we bought when we were first married, which are hanging even now a step away in the living room. They pack a sentimental hook to the heart for me. And they were a welcome sight, believe me, when I first came home to this strange house with you.

That was the night we drove back from the airport together . . . We stopped in front of a two-story Colonial white house with green shutters just off Sunset Boulevard, into which you had moved during our separation . . . We turned into a driveway, under an unfamiliar white lattice arbor.

"This is my husband," you said to the housekeeper, a woman strange to me. I must have acknowledged the introduction. Funny, I don't remember. I wandered around the place for a few minutes like an outfielder who (Continued on page 88)

Marriage, I've discovered, is a lot of little things . . . like the first word your daughter speaks . . . the living room drapes . . . the cans of paint you never got around to using. A guy misses a lot when he leaves home

BY JEFF CHANDLER

PHOTOPLAY
MAGAZINE
SCOOP!

they're in love with

Some stars are always behind the romantic eight ball. With good reason, says

SHEILAH GRAHAM

Will Frank Sinatra be able to stem the restless tide in Ava Gardner's romantic heart?

As long as Bette Davis is Mrs. Gary Merrill, she won't look elsewhere. She's a one-man woman. But she has to be a married one



HOLLYWOOD is the most moral place in the world. People are always getting married! That's the trouble. They love so easily here. And divorce so quickly. June rhymes with "soon." There's a yearning, burning vapor in the air that isn't smog. It's Falling in Love with Love!

This explains why Shelley Winters went to Europe with Farley Granger and came back engaged to Vittorio Gassman. Why Bette Davis was in love with Gary Merrill such a little while after she left William Grant Sherry. Why Lana Turner "loves" Lamas.

Love is the beckoning finger that calls Joan Evans to so many cocktail parties. Maybe he will be there. It's the reason Rita Hayworth succumbed to Prince Aly Khan and Ingrid Bergman to Roberto Rossellini.

It explains the hopeful look in Hedy Lamarr's eyes. The wistfulness of Ann Miller. The desperation of Joan Crawford. (Cont'd on page 85)

LOVE



When Shelley Winters's trip to Europe didn't turn into a honeymoon with Farley Granger, her heart leaped—at this handsome Italian actor, Vittorio Gassman

Maybe Clark Gable, above left, would be luckier in love if he'd take another look at his long-time girl friend, Virginia Grey

Scott Brady averages a different girl every month. But his heart might settle down if Dorothy Malone, shown with him at left, would come back from her home in Texas



Love! they're in and out of it all the time!

Who started the poodle cut? Who should wear it? How much care does it take? What can you do when it's growing out? Hollywood has the



Betty Grable isn't worried about the time when she will decide to let her hair grow—Hollywood has many attractive answers to *this* problem!



Elizabeth Taylor says, "The poodle cut makes me feel at once carefree and sophisticated. I'm mad about it!"



WHERE did the poodle cut come from?

What type should wear it? And what type should not?

Is it difficult to keep groomed?

What can be done about it when you've had enough of it?

Is it here to stay?

Hollywood knows all the answers!

Shelley Winters will tell you, "I had my hair cut this way long before there was a poodle-cut fashion—because it seemed most becoming to my peculiar style of face."

Judy Holliday, too, has been wearing her hair like this for a (Continued on page 74)

Judy Holliday has worn this hair-do since she was in grade school, never changed, even when the page-boy bob, shingle, other styles were popular

answers for the style that's clipped the nation

CURLY Tops

BY KATHERINE ALBERT



"My objection to the poodle," says Linda Christian, "is the fact that once you have it you can't change it until you decide not to have it any more"

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY
ENGSTEAD, COBURN, JONES AND SMITH



Shelley Winters is among many who believe the poodle cut's here to stay. She's worn it for years—intends to keep it

Bette Davis says the problem with any drastic cut is your decision to have it done. "When that hazard is past you feel great!"



He put his foot on
the brakes. It was
useless. A truck's
horn scolded violently
as the MacRae car
shot by and—with gath-
ering speed—raced
down the hill

BY GORDON MACRAE



The MacRaes, Meredith, Heather, Sheila, Gordon, Gar. Their adventure began when they planned a two-day weekend

Terror

ON ROUTE 99

ONE OF THE WAYS an actor has to escape from the heavy responsibilities of a daily studio routine is to get away on a weekend to Palm Springs. But it's a three-hour trip at best, and six hours chopped out of a two-day weekend doesn't leave much time for sunning and resting.

So my wife Sheila and I pored over the maps for a short cut to the resort. Usually everyone takes Highway 99, but there are many other roads which can be used. We found one good cut-off which we figured would save us time, gathered the children into the car, and started off.

It was a beautiful day, one we could appreciate even more because it had rained the day before. All along there were deep puddles, and the kids got a boot out of the splashings as we drove along through them.

The miles began stretching out behind us. In no (Continued on page 78)

Gordon MacRae appears next
in "About Face"





Friends climb rickety stairs, brave musty odors to reach the Hestons' unheated flat



Charlton is familiar figure on playground next to his house, where Kids, attendant greet him with: "Hi, Chuck—how about refereeing a game?"



The Hestons' cream-colored Packard convertible, which Charlton parks in front of house, is pride of neighborhood. Their garage rent comes to more than they pay for the flat.

Open window divides living room and combined kitchen-bedroom. Only ventilation comes from two living-room windows

I WAS THERE

Charlton Heston lives in a thirty-dollar-a-month tenement in Hell's Kitchen.

Why? "It's convenient," he says

BY BEVERLY LINET

THE CHARLTON HESTONS live in a thirty-dollar-a-month unheated New York tenement. As I climbed the three flights of stairs to their two rooms, I could smell the mustiness that pervades old buildings, combined with many cooking odors.

The Hestons have lived here six years now, since 1946, when Chuck—just out of the service—was looking for a job on the New York stage and his actress wife, Lydia Clarke, worked as a model. Their budget in those days allowed them six dollars a week for food and occasionally, by dint of rigid economy, the celebration of a fifty-cent dinner.

The door to the Heston apartment opens into the kitchen, a spotless (Continued on page 77)





The Hestons moved into these two rooms in 1946 when he came out of service, bought their furniture from the Salvation Army



Local kids barge in to ask if Charlton's really "the movie actor in that circus picture!" (He plays circus manager in "The Greatest Show on Earth.") Front door opens directly into kitchen. When the Hestons invite friends to dinner, all eat at kitchen table

facing street. Charlton's next picture is "The Savage," pioneer story of early West



There are no partitions between bedroom and kitchen. Hestons slept on floor until Charlton built bed—trapped himself into bedmaking chore when he nailed it to wall. Background sketch by Toulouse-Lautrec





June used to be afraid of everything. She was afraid of life, actually



Love can work miracles.

That's what the corny senti-

mentalists say. And this

story about June Allyson

proves they're right

The heart grows up

BY HYATT DOWNING

CALIFORNIA sunshine, thick as yellow cream, lay over the grounds of the spacious estate where Dick Powell and June Allyson were giving a reception. The wide lawns were dotted with tables shaded by enormous umbrellas, the poles of which were festooned with bunches of freshly picked green grapes. Above the umbrellas floated clusters of frosted white balloons. Eager waitresses bearing platters of *hors d'oeuvres* hurried back and forth. An orchestra throbbed softly in a leafy bower. Among the tables strolled groups of Hollywood's most distinguished actresses and actors—Lana Turner, lovely and serene; Irene Dunne, Loretta Young, Jane Wyman, George Murphy, Johnny Green, the composer; prominent studio executives and many, many others. And among them all, eager, a little breathless yet completely assured, moved June Allyson.

My thoughts moved back to the day in the summer of 1943 when I had first seen June hurrying (Continued on page 75)



With George Murphy, composer Johnny Green, at the garden party where June's old friend Hyatt Downing rejoiced at the woman she had become

Happy days: June Allyson with husband Dick Powell, daughter Pamela and baby son Rickie. June appears next in "The Girl in White"



debra paget

Family picnics in the park . . .

a sleeping Juliet . . . a birthday cake with pink icing . . .

spring breezes in organdy curtains . . . a wild rose, clinging to a garden wall

Color portrait by Powolny. Debra's next, "Belles on Their Toes"





Color portrait by Welborne. Marlon is in "Viva Zapata!"



marlon brando

Steel girders against a Manhattan

skyline . . . shyness masked by insolence . . . magnetism in dungarees . . . a jet

plane, roaring into the sunset . . . nonconformist giving life the shock treatment 55

OUR FIRST YEAR

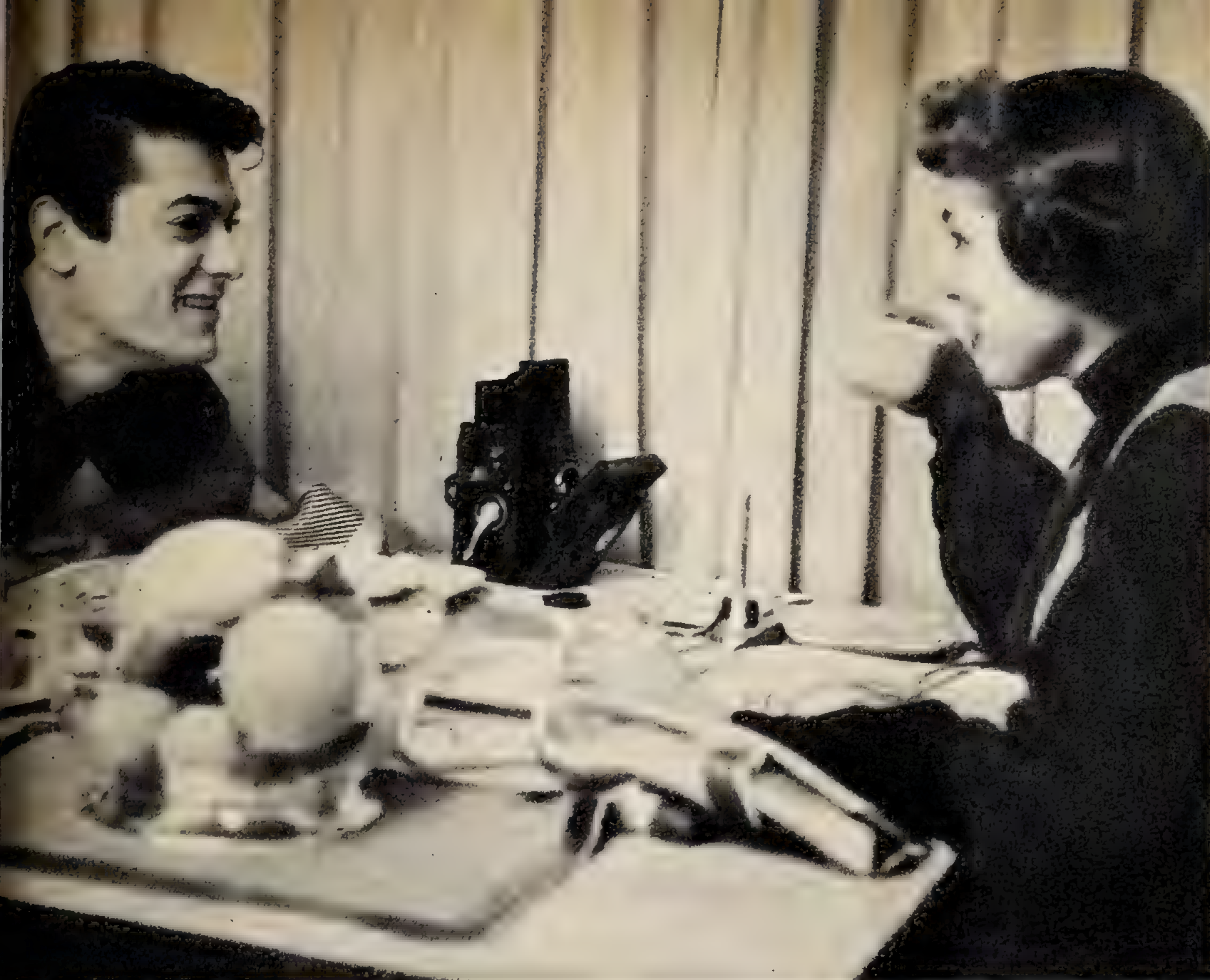
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ORNITZ



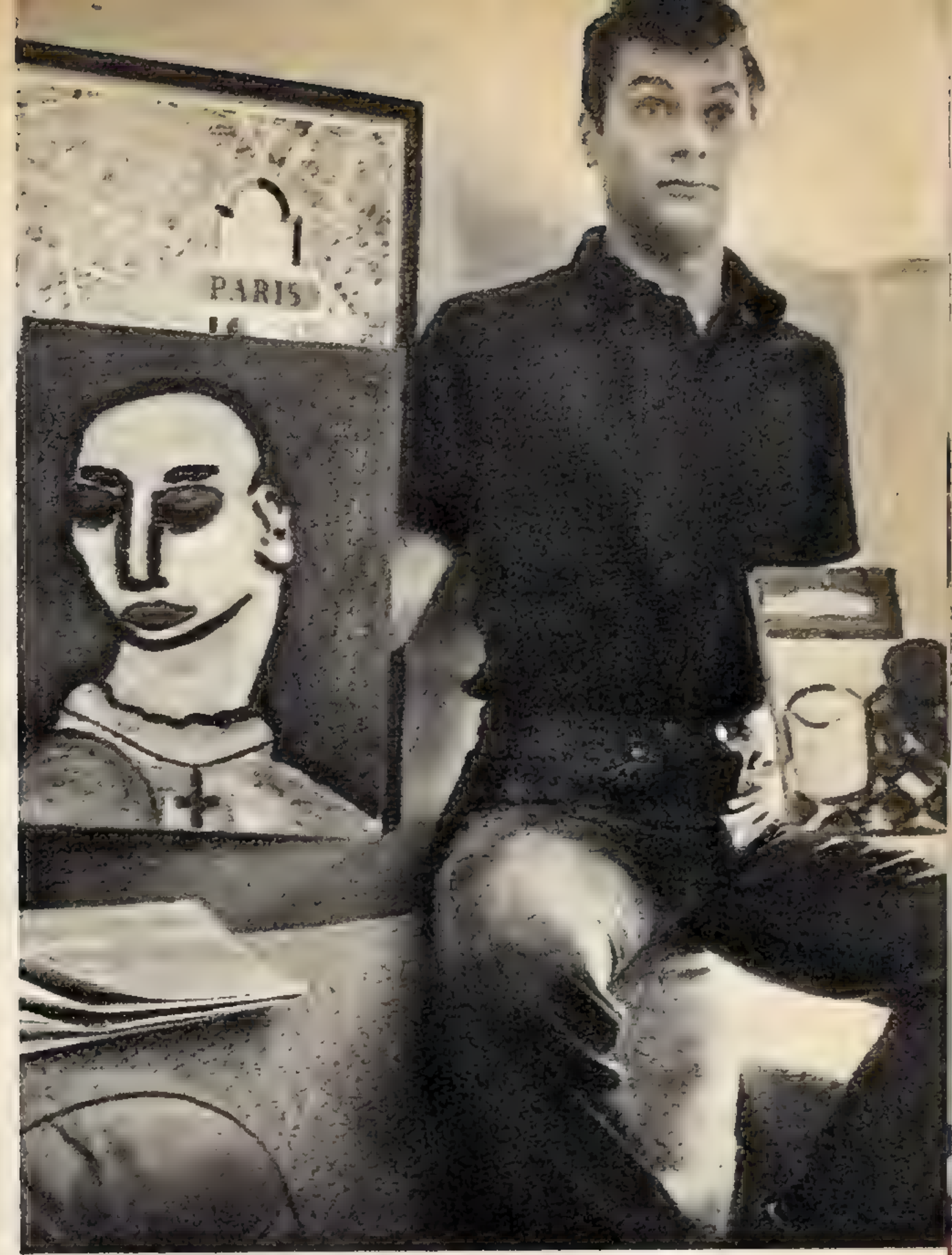
Janet's helped me a lot—has me organized so I don't make three appointments for the same time. I've become the most dependable guy in town. But I still don't concentrate too well when I'm reading and Janet starts fooling with my hair! (Tony's in "No Room for the Groom." Janet Leigh's next is "Fearless Fagan")

Me and my girl—we've had our ups and downs. But we've had our

laughs too. Marriage? It's crazy! It's wonderful! says **TONY CURTIS**



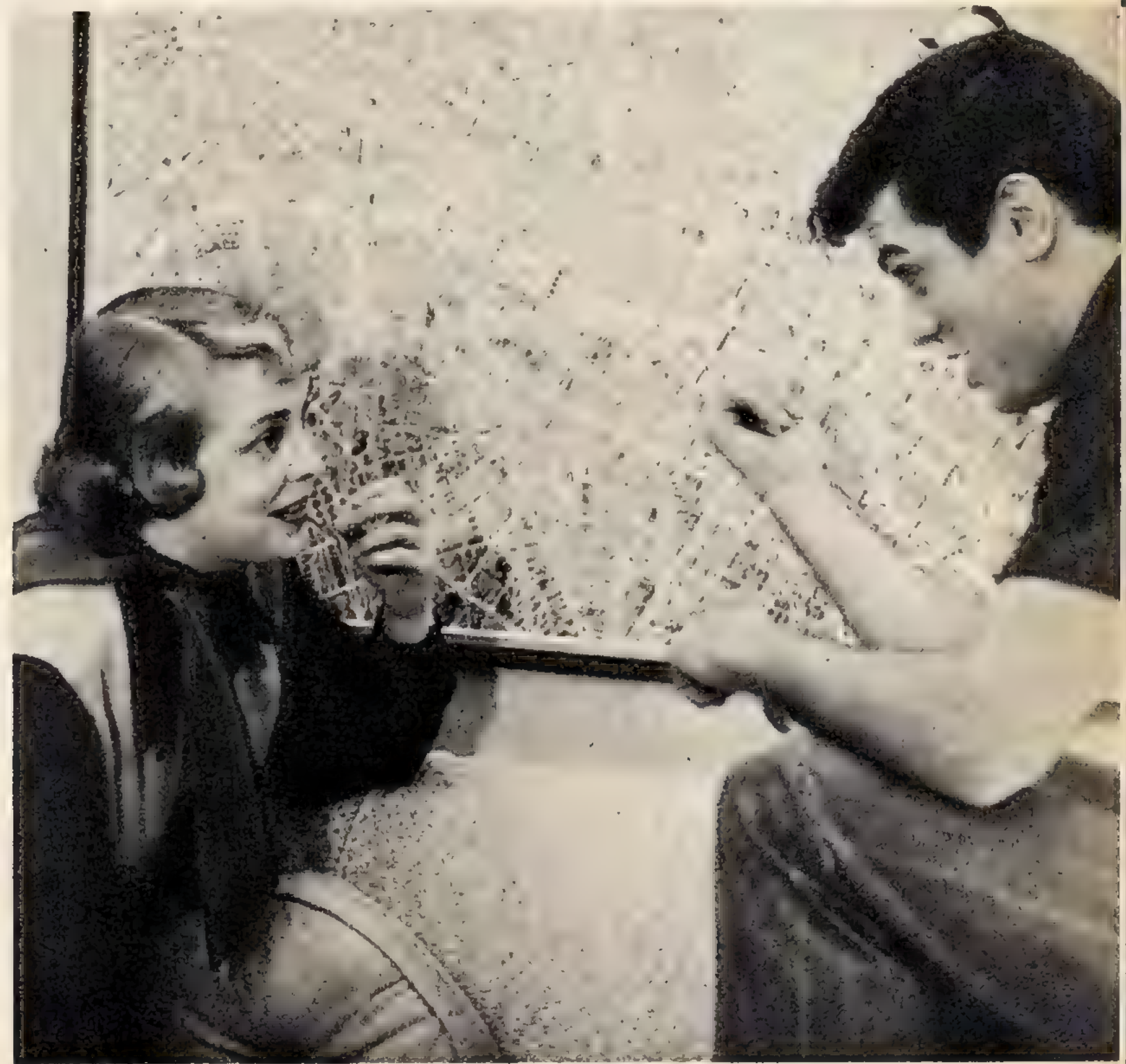
Food used to be just something I ate—when I was hungry. Breakfast I used to skip. But no more. Janet makes me eat regularly. If she has an early call at the studio, she leaves the table set, the coffee perking. All I have to do is plug in the toaster



I like to paint—did the one on the left in Paris. Janet wants to frame and hang everything I do. I tell her nobody can be that good!



Janet's as big a kid as I am about the European scale model trains I bought in Germany. Anyone who drops in has to watch his step—we usually have trains going in all directions over the floor



We're still talking about our trip to Paris. George Rosenberg, my agent, gave us the map. Here I'm showing Janet the spot where we bought six paintings from sidewalk artists

THEY SAY the first year is the toughest! I wonder about that. Ours has been great—in spite of such dark spots as the separations caused by our work, the worry about my Dad's illness. But through it all we've had a chance to grow up together. And that honeymoon in Paris! I bought Janet the craziest hat. It sits on top of her head! And we bought my camera, too, a real beauty, in Germany—at the Army PX. I like taking pictures, even if I'm not too hot, especially pictures of Janet. Poor kid, she never knows when I'm going to shoot her! A home of our own? Definitely. But we have to think of the future and not step out over our heads. Meantime, anywhere with Janet is okay with me.



Tony Curtis loathes bathing caps that are worn half on, half off. So does wife Janet Leigh



Vera-Ellen thinks Tony's so right about the dropped-shoulder-strap routine. She avoids it, solves another problem, too, with strapless suits

— STAR FISH —

THE QUICKEST way to a man's heart is usually through a two-weeks' vacation. If there's a beach involved and you are heart hunting don't think you necessarily are on the way to your main objective just by getting into a dreamy bathing suit. A dreamy bathing suit helps enormously. But there's much more than meets the eye, even in the skimpiest cut Bikini, to being a real bathing beauty. Photoplay, always helpful, herewith rounded up four of the most he-man males in Hollywood—to tell you what brings (Continued on page 76)



Jane Russell agrees wholeheartedly with Burt Lancaster's gripe against would-be sand sirens. "You set up a date hazard with clanking bracelets, too heavy make-up," warns Jane, "especially if your man is outdoor type"

Our jury of beach boys, Tony Curtis,

Burt Lancaster, Gordon MacRae

and Tony Dexter reveal the things that

give them those bathing beauty blues

BY VICKY RILEY



Sally Forrest goes with Tony Dexter's preference for the romantic. "I always pick fancy suits—sequins, embroidery are such fun"



Virginia Mayo agrees with Gordon MacRae that a girl with shaggy hair on the beach is most unattractive. Virginia wraps a white towel, turban-fashion, around her hair when it's wet

An unpredictable

redhead, Rita. But the

Hollywood men are

agreed life is more exciting

since she came home

THE GIRL WHO CAME BACK

BY ELSA MAXWELL



Back in her own world, a happier Rita chats with photographer Bob Coburn on set of "Affair in Trinidad," and dates Kirk Douglas, left

It's good to see pictures of Rita Hayworth at the Hollywood night spots again; talking with Charles Feldman, dining with Cy Howard, dancing, cheek-to-cheek, with Kirk Douglas.

Says Kirk, all enthusiasm, "All the good things I could say about Rita would be understatement. She's a wonderful girl!"

I doubt Rita's dates with Kirk are any more serious than her dates were with Charlie Feldman or Cy Howard. But all these things are good because they prove Rita has found herself again.

She's not going back to the Aly Khan. In fact, by the time you read this, she should have her divorce. And old-fashioned as I am about marriage—and even though it was I who introduced Rita and Aly—I am glad. The reconciliation rumors were disturbing. The Aly, no doubt, feels far safer when he is married. For he cannot resist beautiful women. And neither can beautiful women resist him—any more than Rita did when she followed him across the world. At this moment, in fact, two attractive ambas- (Continued on page 84)



Rita Hayworth
star of "Affair in Trinidad"

Photoplay Magazine

Pin up #13

Color photograph by Coburn



Ten years: The Alan Ladds, above with David, Alana and the boxer Jezebel, love their home. Sue decorated the house—gave it the comfort Alan likes. Both prefer to entertain here—ask friends to Sunday lunch at the gay parasoled tables beside swimming pool

Going



Ten years: Gene Nelson likes to telephone while he's eating, lives in the shower. But that's all right with wife Miriam who frankly adores him

SOME Hollywood marriages don't last long enough to be marriages at all. But many stars are old married couples, with the same daily problems of children, in-laws and money that exist everywhere. The Autrys have no children, the Ladds have four, the Pecks and the Holdens, three, the Barry Sullivans, two and the Gene Nelsons, one. The budget limitations these couples know often are pressing. Taxes leave them less than fifty per cent of their star incomes. Almost all have business managers who keep them on strict allowances. Schooling, orthodontist bills, the new dress a wife must have for an important dinner party; all these things often are real concerns.

These stars have no time to make sensational headlines—they're too busy building good lives for themselves and their children.

(Alan Ladd is in "Shane"; Gene Nelson in "She's Working Her Way Through College"; Bill Holden in "Stalag 17"; Gregory Peck in "The World in His Arms"; Barry Sullivan in "Skirts Ahoy"; Gene Autry in "Barbed Wire.")



Eleven years: The Bill Holdens live comfortably—on a budget—in a big house in the Valley. Brenda gave up her career, concentrates on Bill's; considers home-making a full-time job

Steady

Meet Hollywood's homebodies—the
married couples who have learned
how to stay put in their family circle

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SMITH AND ORNITZ



Nine years: Gregory Peck lines the halls of his sprawling ranch house with his amateur photography, some of it good, some not so good. Greg says he and wife Greta settle their quarrels by battling them out—and grow closer with the years and the family crises they inevitably bring



Fifteen years: Barry Sullivan applauds his wife for being able to sleep through his nightly reading, typing sessions



Twenty years: Gene Autry's business keeps him traveling, mealtimes uncertain. Wife adjusts her schedule to his



Photoplay Fashions

Summer Belles *Debra Paget, Barbara Bates
and Merry Anders of "Belles on Their Toes," Twentieth
Century-Fox's gay Technicolor comedy, model Photo-
play's choice of junior summer fashions*

Debra Paget, far left, makes a decorative picture in a polished cotton bathing suit with cuffed boy pants. Double shoestring straps tie halter style. Rich scroll-work adds interest to waist-hugging bodice. Pockets give shorts a peg-top effect. Available in blue, pink or black. By Bestlyne, in sizes 9-15. Price around \$15.00

Carnival striped cotton separates worn by Barbara Bates are young and gay. Pedal pushers have back zipper, button trim, tapered leg. Around \$5.00. Matching bra is around \$3.00, is topped by a button-up-the-front spencer jacket. Around \$4.00. By Beacon Hill, in blue, coral or gray stripes with white. Available in sizes 9-15

*Photoplay's Summer Belle
Fashions are available at the
following stores:*

Baltimore, Md.

Hutzler's

Boston, Mass.

Wm. Filene's Sons' Co.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Abraham & Straus

Chicago, Ill.

Carson Pirie Scott

Cincinnati, O.

The John Shillito Co.

Cleveland, O.

Higbee's

Columbus, O.

The F. & R. Lazarus Co.

Dayton, O.

The Rike-Kumler Co.

Miami, Fla.

Burdine's, Inc.

Milwaukee, Wisc.

The Boston Store

New York, N. Y.

Bloomingdale's

Philadelphia, Pa.

Strawbridge & Clothier

Richmond, Va.

Thalhimer's

St. Louis, Mo.

Stix, Baer & Fuller

FOR STORE NEAREST YOU WRITE DIRECT TO MANUFACTURER LISTED ON PAGE 71

Summer Belles

Fresh as a summer breeze is the sun dress pictured below on Merry Anders. Dress, of a striking plaid in a combed cotton, bares the shoulders to the sun (See small picture at right). Belt, bodice cuff are in same white Birds-eye pique as spencer jacket, which can be worn with other dresses. By Faye Robin, 9-15, in various color combinations on white. Around \$15.00



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ENGSTEAD

Debra Paget models a saucy swim suit in checked gingham with crisp, frosty white pique trim at the neckline of flattering, waist-hugging bodice and cuffs of little-boy shorts. Two rows of buttons, giving a double-breasted look, march gaily down to outline handy hip pockets. By Juniorite, it comes in white with red, blue, black or green checks. In sizes 9-15, it's around \$9.00

Photoplay Fashions

CONTINUED



Debra shines in the sun in a dress with a double purpose. Wear it with its full skirt of unpressed pleats, as a sun dress. Remove the skirt and you have a youthful, flattering swim suit (shown at left). Rows of pique piping on the overskirt are repeated on the suit, which has the new lowered waistline. In plaid cotton by Juniorite, in red with green, blue with white, blue with green. Skirt around \$6.00, bathing suit around \$9.00. Sizes 9-15



ENGSTEAD

Photoplay Fashions

CONTINUED

A terry cloth beach robe to keep you warm when the sun dips behind a cloud or to ward off sunburn. This robe, modeled by Merry Anders, has tapered push-up sleeves and comfortably deep armholes. The attractive shawl collar is buttoned at the neckline. Two large pockets offer ample storage space for beach accessories. By Juniorite, sizes 9-15, in white only. Around \$6.00

A one-piece bathing suit to keep you in the swim this summer. The above, worn by Barbara Bates, takes to the water like a duck. Flattering to the figure is the softly shirred front, intriguing cuff effect around gracefully draped bustline. In wide range of wonderful colors, it's made by Jantzen, in Sun Taffeta. Available in sizes 9-15, it is an attractive buy for around \$15.00

FOR STORES CARRYING THESE FASHIONS SEE PAGE 65. FOR STORE NEAREST YOU WRITE DIRECT TO MANUFACTURER LISTED ON PAGE 71

Photoplay Pattern of the Month

Mona Freeman models the original beach ensemble designed by Bill Thomas for her role in Universal-International's "Flesh and Fury"



Sure approach to summer—a practical, charming swim suit with matching beach coat. Cute little-boy swim shorts, halter-neck bra can be trimmed with the same material as the coat—whether it's terry cloth or crisp Birdseye pique. You'll adore the coat, with its full, easy skirt, convenient pockets. We suggest making the suit in any one of the attractive sea-going fabrics which are now being displayed at the stores



Photoplay Patterns
Box 229, Madison Square Station
New York 10, New York
Enclosed find fifty cents (\$.50) for which please
send me the Mona Freeman "Flesh and Fury"
pattern #10 in size 10-12-14-16-18-20.

Name..... Size.....

Street

City..... State..... Age.....

NOTE: For speedy delivery, enclose five cents
extra for special handling

For detailed pattern drawings see page 71



BY JOAN CRAWFORD
Star of "Sudden Fear"

If you want to be charming



Frowning Fanny was a pretty girl
until she let those lines sink in

THIS MONTH my desk has been buried under an avalanche of desperate "what-to-do's" for facial lines—crow's-feet, deep lines from nose to mouth, neck lines and droopy chins, and, as one nineteen-year-old, shuddering quite properly, puts it: "Premature wrinkles!"

Facial lines before thirty are indeed "premature." (I'll except the squint-lines around the eyes of some sun worshippers and a few cases of contour lines which are inherited.) And, like so many of the charm problems we have discussed in this space, they demand a three-way counter attack to get at their interior, exterior and psychological causes.

Let us consider the psychological department first—for you can't start too soon to remedy mistakes which come under this heading. We draw the lines in our own faces, remember, with chronic facial expressions which are, in turn, reflections of our mental attitudes. Crow's-feet and forehead lines are tension lines—sign of the chronic worrier. So are the vertical lines which dig (Continued on page 92)

Gloomy Gertie was a
picture before she got
into the worry groove



Sullen Susie kept swallowing
her rage—now her face re-
flects the state she's in!

DRAWINGS BY SHORTALL

WHEREVER YOU LIVE YOU CAN BUY
PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

If the preceding pages do not list the stores in your vicinity where the Photoplay Fashions are sold, please write to the manufacturers listed below:

Bestlyne swim suit

1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Beacon Hill separates

108 West 39th St., New York, N. Y.

Faye Robin sun dress and jacket

1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Juniorite swim suits and beach coat

1359 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Jantzen swim suit

Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.



DETAILED DRAWINGS OF THE MONA
FREEMAN—BILL THOMAS PATTERN
ON PAGE 69

ONLY LIFE BRAS BY FORMFIT ARE
"Triple Fitted" to You



... **Because a vital new measurement has been added**, you no longer need be content with a bra that fits *almost* right. For now Formfit, and only Formfit, takes the ultimate step to bra perfection. Fits you for *degree of separation*, as well as size and cup! . . . Only LIFE BRAS by Formfit are "Triple Fitted" to (1) your bust size, (2) your cup size, (3) *your separation*—wide, medium or narrow. That's why a LIFE BRA means far lovelier lines. Far more comfort and freedom. Be "Triple Fitted." You'll know then why more women demand Formfit than any other make.

Life Bras from \$1.25

THE FORMFIT COMPANY, CHICAGO, NEW YORK



For a Sweetheart of a Figure

The Most Discussed Girl in Hollywood

(Continued from page 37)

I didn't know the girl's face. I didn't know her name. And I didn't get a chance to meet her.

To be accurate about all this, in that first moment, I didn't see her face. And even if I had been introduced to her, her name would have meant nothing to me. Leslie Caron? I'd never heard of her. France's gift to the ballet and M-G-M? It all would have been news to me.

The time was August, 1951. The place was the residence of Roland Petit, recently of Paris, and always of the Ballet de Paris, but now of Hollywood. If any one had told me that afternoon that six weeks later that beautifully stacked bundle across the room would be my bride, I would have asked them where they were getting their stuff.

Up until then, I had always been a slow and awkward wolf. What's more, I am in the Coast Guard. My time, in other words, was not my own.

Since September 23rd, however, Leslie has been my own. Think of us. Mr. and Mrs. Geordie Hormel—or, if you insist, Mr. and Mrs. George Hormel II, as frantic a married couple as ever a frantic town has seen.

To illustrate. We live in a small house in Laurel Canyon on a street that is no longer there. Honest. In front of our house there is a sign which reads, "Horseshoe Lane"—but there's no lane.

Or consider the matter of breakfast. I stir up the eggs and bacon and try to get Leslie to down them. This is usually sometime around dawn when I am just going to bed, as she is just getting up.

Left to herself, Leslie would go to bed at sundown and get up at sunrise. Left to myself, I would do exactly the opposite. So we often do. Left to herself, also, Leslie would eat chocolate cake for breakfast. As she bakes it herself, about all I can say when she advances her fantastic idea that this gives her energy is, "Yes, dear."

Our host, that first afternoon when I didn't meet Leslie, was Roland Petit. He and I are old friends, but he had never mentioned her to me.

This is understandable; however. Leslie is definitely the kind of secret any man would keep to himself as long as he could.

It had been a swimming party that afternoon. Leslie had dunked herself in the pool by the time I arrived. After my first awareness of her, I began trying to get across the room to her side. A waiter with a drink got in my way. I took the drink. Then a stout lady with a long anecdote was in my path. I listened. Then, as I once more advanced, Roland stepped up with a plate of *hors d'oeuvres*. By the time I got around that, Leslie had changed into her street clothes and departed, and I didn't have her name, her phone number or her address.

I went home, sore over the fact that I had only one day left before leaving with the Coast Guard for Alaska.

I can always cheer myself up by making music. This wild habit began when I was a hot nineteen living in Nebraska. Back there, I had a tape recorder, a piano and too much nerve. So I started doping around with multiple recording, not only being my own one-man band but my own vocalist—sometimes my own quartette—as well. To get unusual sound effects, I put tacks in the piano hammers, blankets under the strings. This is not good for a piano but it does make distinctive noises.

Thus, on this night, as I couldn't pursue a girl I hadn't met, I stayed up till dawn, evolving a new type of recording. That's how it happened that I was still asleep

when my kid brother came in to our joint bedroom to dress for an early evening dinner date. I opened one eye and saw that he was giving himself the full treatment—his best tie, my most expensive toilet water, his most costly sport jacket.

"Where are you off to, all shined up?" I asked.

He told me he had a date with two girls from the ballet. "You can't handle all that by yourself," I said. "Besides, how do you rate such attention?"

"We fixed up the date at Roland Petit's party yesterday," he said.

That made me sit up fast. "What do they look like," I demanded. Two sentences of his description of the first girl and I was out of bed and dressing. "You need an older man in a situation like this."

I was not wanted. Jimmy made this quite clear by going off alone and at once. But not before I'd found out where he was going, which for no good reason was a barbecue joint.

A ROUGH ten minutes later I, also, was there. I spotted my brother and the two girls at once. But I saw only Leslie, sitting quietly back and listening. I began noting that her hair was dark brown, that her eyes were deep blue, that she couldn't be more than five feet, three, or weigh much over one hundred ten. I crossed the room, and there was nothing Jimmy could do but introduce us.

She smiled, and I suppose we both said how-do-you-do. I suppose I spoke to the others, too, but I can never prove it. There was some music floating around the room, from a juke box, I suppose, but I'm not positive of that either. Nothing really got through to me except this girl.

It was appalling food. It was so horrible I called the waiter and asked him to wrap it up for my dog. When he brought the package, I put it in my pocket and then, I looked at Mlle. Caron sitting there and thought she would undoubtedly think I was a barbarian acting that way.

Instead I saw a gleam light up her eyes with approval—a sapphire shaft of true French approval of thrift. At that sight, my heart raced like the motor of a stratoliner.

You see, I am half-French. However, Leslie couldn't know that I was half-French, any more than I knew at that moment that she, like me, was half-American. It's her father and my mother who are French; so there, without our knowing it, was a bond between us.

Crazy, crazy, a moment like that—but it comes up love when it happens. I am

not, usually, much of a talker and one of the things I admired about Leslie that night—beside her figure, her face and her charm, was her listening attitude. Later, I came to understand that her limited English was helping keep her quiet. Later, too, she found out I spoke French, not too well in the accent department, but French.

I argued Leslie—and necessarily, the rest of the party—into going downtown to see "Finian's Rainbow." My idea on that was that I'd corral Ella Logan, the star, and an old friend of ours, to come out afterwards and have a drink with us.

Ella joined us after the final curtain, and we went on to a party. When I saw Leslie's eyes getting tired with sleep, I suggested I take her home—and Ella, too. Where did she live, I asked subtly. She told me. It was about four blocks from where we were. I knew where Ella lived—out in Brentwood a good six miles away. "We'll drop off Miss Logan first," I said nobly.

Ella acted as though it were the most natural thing in the world to drive miles out of your way to go four blocks. And when we landed at her house she said, "Miss Caron, I'd like to call you for lunch sometime. May I have your phone number?" When Leslie gave it to her, she made like she didn't quite hear it and asked for a repeat, so I could memorize it.

In a second, it was burned into my brain though I didn't say a word. In fact, little Miss Pixie-Face and I were too shy to say anything as we headed toward her place. There we exchanged smiles, I was given a neat, quick handshake—and that was that. Next day, I stalled till late afternoon before I called. No answer. At six-thirty there was still no answer. At eight-thirty there was. Mlle, it seemed, had been working all day. But she really flipped me when she was not surprised at my call. "I was expecting it earlier," she said.

I told her my lousy news that I had to sail for Alaska. I asked if I could write her. She said yes. I startled myself at the type of love letters I was able to turn out.

Our first port of call on the return voyage was Victoria, Canada. I put in a long-distance call to my brother and said, "If you should happen to bring somebody to meet me when we anchor at Long Beach, I wouldn't mind." When we hit San Francisco I called again. "In case somebody is with you in Long Beach, ask them not to have a date for that evening."

When we arrived in Long Beach I saw my brother. He was alone. I yelled, and he saw me; he indicated his car, alongside.

BETTY GRABLE'S FAVORITE CAKE FROSTING—



and very easy—

is made by melting one package of chocolate chips and six marshmallows in the top of a double boiler, and when melted and partially cool, adding half pint of sour cream, blending thoroughly

Inside I saw the blur of a small pixie face. My heartbeats began sounding as loud as Big Ben.

I have the impression that even before I got into the car, I asked Leslie to marry me. Gruesomely, I heard her replying about how important her career was to her, that she barely knew me, and stuff and stuff. That's when I decided that I must enlist my whole family into the act. I have the kind of family in which everybody likes everybody.

That night, I took Leslie to meet my mother. It was excellent. They jabbered together in French and plainly went together like right and left gloves. I learned that my father was due back from the East in the morning, so with mother's connivance, we decided to cook up a joke that would let him meet Leslie in a rather distinctive way.

Father is a breakfast nut. He has exactly the same breakfast every morning and it couldn't be more formally served were he Louis, the Fifteenth. We all breakfast together. Dad has to start with orange juice. Then he must have his own special cereal. This must be followed by one fried egg and two strips of Hormel bacon.

Mother went along with our gag. Father was due in at eleven-thirty. Leslie came over about ten. When fully briefed by mother, and clad in a maid's uniform, she walked downstairs; it really was something.

The moment Dad got in, we all took our places at the breakfast table and as Leslie came in from the pantry with the orange juice, the rest of us did a dive into our coffee, trying to keep our faces straight.

He's too smart, my old man. He drank his orange juice and made no comment, as Leslie's legs twinkled out toward the butler's pantry, and she returned with the cereal. He said nothing about that either, as she headed out for the egg. He ate every crumb and broke all precedent by wanting extra toast. We knew then that he was hep and we broke and introduced him and Leslie. Whereupon he insisted he had been going to ask what new employment agency we were using.

When it was time for the family to make its trek back to Minnesota, mother asked Leslie to join us as our house guest. A real pal, my mother. This made it possible for me to see my girl ten days in succession, without all the telephoning and waiting, but instead of my breaking up her resistance during that period, she broke up mine. I'd always sworn I'd never have a wife with a career of her own. I always in-

tended to fall in love with a night owl, like myself. I believed that the only girl who could interest me would be one who knew the last word in popular music.

So I was in love with a girl who was a musical highbrow, a long-hair from way back. I was in love with a girl who was a dawn getter-upper and who had a career she adored so much she fully expected to go on with it. Me? I gave in.

By the time we got back to California, in late September, Leslie was at least talking about what her terms of marriage were. "I wouldn't want a big wedding," she said in her serious way. "You are just getting started making records. I am just getting started in movies. We should marry small."

"All right," I said. "Let's elope. Nothing elaborate about eloping."

"But your family," said Leslie. "You always do everything together."

"Okay. We'll elope with the family."

So we did. All my family was there when Leslie and I were married on a Sunday in the Little Church of the West, so-called.

Next day, Leslie was due in Florida to do a layout in connection with "An American in Paris." "We will make this our honeymoon trip," said my French bride.

"Okay, and when you finish, we'll go to the Virgin Islands so I can meet your parents," I said.

I thought her family was as nice as mine, and I know no higher praise.

We came home to our rented house on the street that isn't there. And I made my first commercial record for MacGregor Records in two days, up in San Francisco. It's "Chinatown, My Chinatown" on one side, "Sheik of Araby" on the other. If you listen carefully, you will hear in this oldie, the new verse I wrote for Leslie. I played it to her over the phone from San Francisco and, nice girl, she went for it. And later, when I made "Crazy Rhythm" and "Twelfth Street Rag," Leslie found she could dance to it.

Pleasant this, very pleasant.

We haven't quarreled yet. When I didn't think Leslie was eating enough, I started evolving special breakfast dishes and discovered I had some faint talent for cooking. Leslie dutifully eats them all—and doesn't put on an ounce. For most of her things, she shops at the cheapest place in town. She comes home with a \$3.92 number and looks better in it than most gals in their Adrians.

Now do you know why she's all I want?

THE END

Summer Empress

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... a gently curved and gathered swim suit with enchanting Empire influence for added femininity. Fascinating details to enhance and flatter your figure. Styled in Laton taffeta lastex. Black, navy, shocking, cotillion blue, lotus yellow, emerald green, lilac, pumpkin.

Sizes 32 to 38. About \$11.

BRILLIANT SPORTSWEAR, INC.
1410 Broadway • New York 18



Leslie Caron with her new husband, Georgie Hormel. Heir to the meat packing company family fortune, he's making name with his recordings

Curly Tops

(Continued from page 46)

long time, ever since she was in grade school. "I've clung to it while I've watched the pageboy bob and shingle and other styles come and go—" she says.

Not that Hollywood pretends Shelley or Judy started the poodle cut . . .

Jean Paul, associated with the famous House of Westmore, cut Mrs. Ernest Hemingway's naturally curly, ash-blond hair in this fashion back in 1942. Her husband, the author, liked it so well that he gave it to his heroine, *Maria*, in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." And when Ingrid Bergman made the movie she had her hair cut to follow Hemingway's vivid description.

Go back further. Thirteen years ago Metro's Sidney Guilaroff cropped the tresses of Joan Crawford and Garbo, in what he called "a baby cut." Everyone was then wearing the long glamour bob and he wanted to give these stars a different look.

"And in the Twenties," laughs Nellie Manley, hair stylist at the Paramount studios, "we called it 'the pineapple bob.' The screen's first flapper, Clara Bow, wore her hair that way."

But, according to Perc Westmore, counselor to the stars at his House of Westmore, the poodle cut was in fashion over one hundred and fifty years ago. "I have a drawing of a lady of Bonaparte's court with the cropped hair we now call a poodle," Perc says. "Bonaparte brought this fashion back from his Italian junket, having admired the statue of Mercury."

It was Mary Martin, of course, who launched the current poodle fad. When Mary read the script of "South Pacific" and learned she had to shampoo her hair on stage every day—and twice on matinee days—she cut her hair to two and a half inches, had it tightly curled, and clipped the nation!

"I'm not a vain woman, but I do know my hair is beautiful," says Bette Davis, "so it was a big gesture for me to go in for even a modified version of the poodle cut. But I love it because, among other reasons, Gary likes it so much."

"The worst thing about any drastic cut like this is your decision to have it done. When that psychological hazard is past, you feel just great."

The last time Bette's hair was sheared, prior to the recent cutting, was ten years ago when she made "Now, Voyager." Her

current bob came about after Gary took her to see Lili St. Cyr at Ciro's. With one eye he observed the gorgeous St. Cyr. With the other, he watched Bette scrutinize Lili's chic hair-do. "Okay, Gary," Bette said on their drive home. "You win! Take me to Westmore's tomorrow morning, while I'm in the mood!"

Perc Westmore, who cut Bette's hair, says, "Women of all ages can wear the poodle. But the poodle cut does one of two things, gives a woman a wonderfully groomed look or makes her appear downright common. Too many women mistake a sheep-dog look for a poodle, insisting upon a thick bang—"

Perc has a test that will tell whether or not a poodle cut will be becoming: "Girls with low foreheads should be wary," he says. To find out if your hair line is high enough place the first three fingers of your right hand together on your forehead—with your middle finger barely touching the top of your eyebrows. If your top finger just touches or misses your hair line you're okay for a poodle. Otherwise, no."

The Hollywood experts agree that girls who have round faces or large features should skip the poodle.

BILL TUTTLE, director of make-up and hair dressing at Metro, points to Liz Taylor and Janet Leigh as two girls to whom the poodle cut is singularly becoming.

Elizabeth is absolutely mad for her poodle. "I'd like to keep my hair like this forever," she says. "It makes me feel, at once, carefree and sophisticated."

Linda Christian, Mrs. Tyrone Power, agrees with Liz that it is a chic hair style. "It's French looking," she says, "and we always think of anything French as chic."

Linda, however, knows she will not wear her hair this way too long because: "Once you have it you can't change it. It bars the fun of variety."

If you're thinking about having a poodle cut take heed:

"Be sure your hair is cut so it does not disguise the shape of your head," says Nellie Manley.

"A poodle should be feather edged and back combed," warns Jean Paul.

"Your hair should be cut two or three inches long all over your head. And to be most charming it should drop over your forehead not quite like a bang but just

to cover the hairline," says Bill Tuttle.

Now for the care of the poodle:

Average hair cut in a poodle requires a permanent about every six weeks, according to Bill Tuttle. "If your hair is fine, a poodle cut will make it seem thicker. But fine hair has to be pin-curled every couple of days—whereas coarse hair, which takes a better permanent, needs pin-curling only every four or five days."

Nellie Manley suggests your pin-curls stand up and that the circle of the curl be as large as possible, so the ends will not frizz. "When you have shaggy ends," Nellie says, "get out the old curling iron."

Betty Grable, who has a modified poodle, is another star who rates this a most comfortable hair style. "Nevertheless, if I didn't think it was right for me I would want no part of it," she says.

Any concern over the "growing out" period is unnecessary, according to Perc Westmore. "If your hair is feather edged properly in the original cut it will mould to the head," he says. "You can then part it on the side or in the middle and, as it grows out, it will be first a medium bob and later a long bob. Since a poodle is the same length all over it is the easiest of all hair styles to change."

As to how long this fashion will last there is no doubt in Hollywood that it will continue in high favor at least throughout the summer. For what other coiffure could be as ideally suited to swimming, sailing, or driving in a convertible, say, with the top down. . . .

Moreover, Hollywood believes, the poodle cut may well remain the vogue long after summer has passed. For, far from being the overnight fad many think it, actually it's a renaissance of a hair style favored back through the years to Bonaparte's time, even—if Mercury's sculptor is to be believed—to that distant day when gods and goddesses roamed the earth and the celestial set buzzed about Mercury's new hair do.

THE END

(Betty Grable's gown is by Angovar, her jewels by Joseff. Betty Grable is in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," Judy Holliday in "The Marrying Kind," Liz Taylor in "Ivanhoe," Linda Christian in "The Happy Time," Shelley Winters in "The Untamed" and Bette Davis is in "Phone Call From a Stranger.")



In Clara Bow's day—she was famous flapper of the Nineteen-twenties—this hair cut was called the "pineapple bob"



In 1939, long glamour bob was popular. So Sidney Guilaroff, hair stylist at the M-G-M studios, originated "baby cut" to give Joan Crawford and other stars a different look



In 1943, when Ingrid Bergman made "For Whom the Bell Tolls," her hair was cropped the way author Ernest Hemingway described the heroine's hair in his hit novel of the same name

The Heart Grows Up

(Continued from page 53)

across the patio of the apartment house on Wilshire Boulevard where my wife and I were then living. The telephone in the public booth had been buzzing like a blue-bottle fly against a window pane, and she was flying to answer it. Simply because she was lonely. Any voice, even a strange one, would be welcome. She was wrapped in a voluminous brown robe; her honey-colored hair was wind-blown and wild.

A moment later she emerged, her cute face a little empty, a little sad. She saw me smiling at her and said in her husky, throaty voice, "Wrong number."

A few days after this there was a timid knock on our door. I opened it and saw the same little elf, poised as if for instant flight. "The Red Cross just called," she gasped. "Your son is coming home on furlough from the Army."

"Bless you, child," I shouted, "that's the best news I've had in a year. What else did they say? Come in and tell me about it." I reached out, grasped her hand and drew her into the apartment.

When she left, my wife told me that she was a starlet at M-G-M; that she and her roommate, Penny Porter, had been brought out from New York; that they sat all day in their tiny room, listening for the phone to ring. "They're lonely," my wife said, "we ought to have them in."

That night they both came to our apartment, sat crosslegged on the floor, and sang some of the songs they had sung as chorus girls in New York. June's voice possessed no lyric beauty, but it had something better—warmth and vivid vitality. "I don't sing, I just shout," she explained. "Even from the second row I could always get a song out into the audience."

THE shadows were lengthening over the lawn, and dusk, like soft blue smoke, was drifting down through the trees. Here and there couples began to move along the driveway to where their cars were parked. Irene Dunne came up to June and murmured enthusiastically about the party. "But you're not leaving?" June cried in dismay. "We're going to have a wonderful buffet supper. What if it is getting late? Who cares about the dark?"

She led Miss Dunne away to a merry, chattering group, then hurried off to others, marshaling them adroitly, maneuvering individuals into dancing on the platform, dropping down at a table to talk for a moment to people who called to her eagerly.

Remembering her words, "Who cares about the dark?" I thought of a time when June cared about it very much.

We had moved to Beverly Glen and soon thereafter June followed, taking a bachelor apartment on the floor below us. This was mid-winter and darkness came early. And nearly always when June was forced to work late at the studio, I would hear the sound of her newly purchased, secondhand car on the driveway, then the rush of her feet coming up the stairs. The door would burst open and there was June, hair tumbled about her face, eyes wide with fear. "There was a m-m-man walking up the driveway," she stuttered one night. "He made me think of the milkman."

The night the milkman came she never will forget. She and Penny, naively credulous, had been listening to the man's stories of difficulties along his route, giving him their impulsive, unguarded sympathy.

One night, after his day off, the milkman, lit up like a new saloon, appeared at the window of their ground-floor apartment, blithely waving a quart of whisky. He demanded admittance.

Penny howled and June screamed and legged it for our door. Half asleep, I heard whispered ejaculations. A moment later my wife left with her. She had difficulty, she told me the next morning, in persuading the solicitous milkman to leave. Hearing the screams, he had barged in, ready to do battle, and he had insisted upon remaining for the night.

There were no friendly conversations with the new man who came to deliver milk. The door was double-locked and a chair propped beneath the knob.

"But I got over being afraid a long time ago," June says now. "Fear generally has its basis in insecurity, and heaven knows, I felt insecure enough during those days. I was afraid of everything, afraid of dark closets, afraid my studio would not pick up my option, afraid of life. Now I have Richard and Pamela and little Rickie and this big, comfortable home. How can one person be so lucky?"

Yes, fear has gone and so has the naivete, the charming helplessness in matters concerning her career which characterized her early years in Hollywood. This is sharply illustrated by an incident which happened a short time ago when June called at her agent's office.

They were on her favorite subject, babies. Suddenly, at the conclusion of an anecdote, June paused and said thoughtfully: "About that clause in my contract about time off—you know what I want?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Can you get it?"

"I believe I can."

"There mustn't be any just believing," June said sharply. "If you can't get what I want, I must find someone who can."

This incident is cited to portray the maturity which June Allyson has achieved, not to indicate that she has grown hard. She hasn't. June is now, as she always will be, a hoyden with a heaven-sent streak of pure genius. On the set she calls grips and technicians by their given names, lifts her cheek to the director, listens thoughtfully to last-minute instructions and then goes to work. After that she is a dedicated actress, employing skill and intelligence, but something else too—a puckishness that is inimitably hers.

It was deep dark now, the Romanesque torches bordering the grounds had been lit, shedding little pools of yellow light. Now Dick Powell came up, an exquisite little girl clasping his hand. "Say good-night, Pam. It's bedtime."

She dropped us a curtsy, then walked away beside her father. "Look at him!" June burred. "Right now Richard is the most important man in the world. And

how expertly she manages him."

She was silent for a moment and then went on indulgently. "Don't let that sweet little face fool you. She's a schemer. For a long time Pam has been pleading with us to take her out to a restaurant. I have managed to avoid this by telling her that since she never eats the food on her plate we can't take her out because the restaurant people wouldn't like that. At her very next meal she cleaned up everything, then looked at her father archly. 'Now can I go to the restaurant, Daddy?'"

"Of course Richard gave in. The next day while I was at the studio, she got the nurse to call up all her friends. When they came to the phone Pam took the receiver and invited them to dine out with her. It ended with Richard paying the check for a dozen hungry youngsters."

June rose to speed departing guests. The reception was over. Light from the guttering torches gleamed palely on the long table. Enough food remained to provision a small army. I thought of the two-burner gas plate in June's bachelor apartment on Beverly Glen, her frank enjoyment of bacon, eggs, toast and good coffee on Sunday morning when she sometimes breakfasted with us. I thought of the great Tudor house in which she now lived, its broken roof-line sharp against the stars. Yes, she had come a long way since those early days of struggle.

"She hasn't changed," my wife said as we drove home. "She's just the same."

That is true, of course, in the essential qualities which comprise the real human being. June still possesses the old, buoyant effervescence, the gamin-like, irresistible charm. But she has new qualities, too—an awareness of her own value as an actress, the dignity she has acquired as mistress of one of Hollywood's most elaborate houses, and as the mother of two lovely children. She has a clear-eyed knowledge, too, of what she wants, tempered with humility and thankfulness that she has been given so much.

"I shall quit motion pictures long before the studio wishes I would," she says now. "I don't want to be one of those sad women reaching for something that is gone."

"She'll do it, too," remarks John Sturges who directed June in "The Girl in White," the story of the first woman physician ever to intern at Bellevue. "For all her light-hearted gaiety, she has one of the coolest, most objective minds I've ever encountered."

If this be true, she has reached the ultimate goal for which we all strive but rarely attain. That is the beginning of wisdom.

THE END

*you're undecided now . . .
so what are you gonna do?*

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MMR



(Continued from page 58)

them down or sets them solid when a girl is standing in for Neptune's daughter, 1952.

Tony Curtis, looking at the bathing beauty picture of Janet Leigh, said: "Now, here's a living doll who doesn't do any of the things at the beach that bring me down. When we're lolling around in the sand, my Janie is not pretending. She's wearing a one-piece suit in a solid color, usually. Her hair has not been freshly "done"—but neither is it uncombed or unbrushed. She's got one coating of baby oil on her arms, legs and face. She's got one coating of lipstick on her mouth. She's brought along one pretty towel that makes a good contrast to her suit, and she's got a sweater with her, in case it suddenly turns cool.

"Her bathing cap fits so well that the water can't leak into it. She puts it on at the water's edge as she dives into the first wave. She takes it off at the water's edge, as she heads back toward where we were sitting. She does not sit around with it half on and half off, and neither does she go in without a cap, and come out looking like an unwashed rug.

"The beach is a place where you have to be yourself—or look mighty foolish. I hate girls who roll up the thighs of their bathing suits, and let down the straps and coyly leave the top of the suit at the lowest possible point. Why? And what's the gag about pulling up that leg line that one-quarter of an inch? If a girl wants a suit shorter, why doesn't she get it that way in the first place?

"Financially, too, I think a girl is a cube if she gets her hair done before a day at the beach and then has to sit in mortal terror that some little kid may throw a handful of sand her way and spoil it all. I once dated a dish like that. Once! I said.

"To me—and I think to most fellows—the feminine body is a beautiful thing—even the one whose measurements aren't perfect. What if a girl is a little too heavy or a little too thin and you notice it when she comes out in a suit that fits her? She's being herself. That's why you're with her—for herself. If you wanted to be merely with a perfect body you could go with a dummy. As for the frails who wear falsies, it's themselves they're fooling.

"While I'm making with the advice, I'd like to say that if any girl has a guy tell her after seeing her at the beach that he's not going to date her again—because she's not built like Venus—she's lucky. The sooner she can unload a cornball like that, the better. He's got a muscle-bound heart and he's strictly for the birds."

Vera-Allen giggled when she heard about Tony's beach blues. "He's so right about that shoulder-strap routine," she said. "But any smart girl knows the way around that. She gets a strapless suit. Not only does this make sense at the beach but it prevents any white patches on your summer tan."

Burt Lancaster said, "Any man with any athletic background can tell by a glance at the muscles, or the lack of muscles, where a girl's chest joins her shoulders, whether or not she can swim. So if she has those muscles and she asks you to be a 'big mans' and show her what to do against the frightening water, well, my impulse would be just to drown her. On the other hand, if she hasn't got those muscles and can only swim a stroke or two, but goes about that at a depth of water where she can't get into danger, I have much admiration for her, know she's for real.

"As for picking suits, I wish more dames remembered they are observed both advancing and retreating. I do not like a girl's retreat to be only half-covered. I also do not like girls in suits they have to

keep pulling down in the leg department, and up in the chest department. If this is supposed to be a sexy maneuver, I can assure them no man regards this as any big hypo.

"I like girls to stay clean, too. If they can pack lipstick, they can also pack a cleansing tissue, so when they go for Cokes or popcorn, they can wipe their mouths, and hands. The girl who comes out of the water, sits on the sand, then gets up a little later coated all over with it, should be buried quietly in it.

"Deliver me, also, from the girl who, to assure her perfect sun-tan, brings a stop-watch to the beach and turns faithfully over, front to back and back to front, every few minutes. For this is a doll entirely in love with herself."

Jane Russell, being married to the pro football king, Bob Waterfield, and knowing what goes with athletes, couldn't agree more with Burt Lancaster's sand-and-sun summary. "Too many girls forget how most men respond to just plain good health and vitality," Jane insists. "To go clanking around in bracelets or to cover your face with so much make-up you look like a Technicolor Western is just setting up a losing game for yourself if your man is the outdoor type."

Gordon MacRae wishes more girls would underplay their facial color schemes when they are out in the midday sun. "Here's the perfect spot for any charmer to be forever amber," says Gordon. "Lipstick that shows up purple, rouge that turns cheeks into a polka-dot design and eye-

.....
"There's one good thing about traveling faster than sound, you can't hear the back seat driver."

... JIMMY STEWART

.....
 lashes black as a villain's heart are depressing rather than exciting.

"My favorite peeve at girls, after swimming, whether it's poolside or seaside, is that so many of them don't comb out their hair. Even if their hair is dripping wet, a comb can make it look slick and neat. Esther Williams has false braids she wraps around her head and I think that is effective if you can afford it.

"When a girl is in bathing togs, I notice good manicures and pedicures. And I like legs that are perfectly smooth. I'm also not one bit averse to liberal dashes of some good toilet water. Perfume, I think, is too heavy, but a light, fresh, flowery odor pleases me.

"While I know there are a lot of girls, city girls in particular, who have very little chance, except for a two-weeks' vacation, to get out in the sun, I'm still off the girl who turns up at the beach lobster red in some spots, lily white in others. Either that, or on her first day at a summer resort, tries to make up for 364 unbleached days a year, and burns herself worse than a bride's toast. If I were such a girl and couldn't get any pre-vacation sun, I'd go where I could lie under a sun lamp. You can rent these for your home, I know. All I mean is that I wouldn't start my tanning in public—unless I was going to start in easy stages, early in the season. As for the girl who circulates socially while peeling—well, all I can say is any smart doll should know that every man notices a girl's skin long before he sees her eyes, her legs or what have you."

Virginia Mayo, the pet of all Hollywood and definitely in the "friendliest star"

division, agrees utterly with Gordon when it comes to the hair department. "I don't even like to watch a girl comb out her hair," Virginia insists. "It looks unsanitary at a beach or around a pool. A girl who is going to dress her hair should go into a dressing room. If this isn't possible, the smartest trick is to wind a clean, white towel around your head, turban fashion. It takes a simple flick of the wrist to do, if you get a towel that isn't too thick and is sufficiently long. Your reward is a nice Oriental look that my husband assures me gentlemen find quite appealing."

Tony Dexter, talking of girls on the beach, said, "Romance is always a little reticent, I think. I like the bathing girl who doesn't reveal all her charm at one glance. For example, at a recent Hollywood party I saw a girl sitting beside a pool in what looked like a cocktail dress. Actually what she was wearing was a strapless, very functional bathing suit, and over it an ankle-length skirt of net, like a ballerina skirt. It—the skirt—was simply hooked at the waistband so that when she did decide to go in swimming, she stepped out of it rapidly and easily. And when she had finished her swim, she stepped back into it again—since it was nylon net and the water wouldn't harm it. This girl happened to be an excellent swimmer, so that was worth more than a glance. And by shifting from her skirt into the water, and back again, she was constantly delightful to look at, and any man, I believe, would have been intrigued by her. She was of course both intelligent and subtle.

"I don't like open coquetry at a beach. I do like it very much when it's subtle. The girl who mounds up the sand beneath her back, so that when she lies down, her waistline and hips are flat and the rest of her isn't, is being obvious. But to me, at least, the girl who wears sun-glasses in gay colors or made like flower petals or something similar is revealing a sense of humor and charm that delights me.

"I don't like to see 'dressmaker' suits in the water, on an active swimmer, but I also do not like real swim suits on figures that shouldn't be thus revealed. I saw Mrs. Tony Curtis not long back in what Tony told me was his favorite of her suits—a form-fitting lastex, dotted over with rhinestones. I go for that, too. I also saw Diana Lynn at a swimming party where she had done up her wet hair into pin curls, and to hide them had pinned a flower in each one. That I applaud also.

"As for Bikini suits, I've heard it argued that on a fine figure they look good. I would like to say that anything on a fine figure looks good. Or nothing."

Sally Forrest happily applauded Tony Dexter's sand witch appraisal. "I always pick fancy suits," she confessed. "I love being feminine and fortunately my husband responds to exactly the styles I like best. I've never wanted a little-boy look about me. Sequins seem such fun to me, and embroidery and soft fabrics."

All of which is happy news for any girl who wants to be in the swim on the beach this summer, even if she doesn't go in the water.

THE END

(Vera-Allen is in "The Belle of New York," Jane Russell in "Macao," Janet Leigh in "Scaramouche" and "Jet Pilot," Virginia Mayo in "She's Working Her Way Through College," Tony Curtis in "No Room for the Groom," Burt Lancaster in "Come Back, Little Sheba" and "Crimson Pirate," Gordon MacRae in "About Face" and Tony Dexter in "The Brigand.")

I Was There

(Continued from page 50)

cubbyhole with modern appliances, a small stove, sink and two refrigerators. One refrigerator serves as a pantry in which Lydia stores dry foods against any invasions by vermin.

In the winter Chuck lights the stove jets for warmth. And once the landlord accused them of trying to heat their rooms by running the hot water. He wrote: "I wouldn't believe that college *bread* people would do such a thing."

The kitchen "window" opens on the living room. And behind the refrigerator is the bedroom with the bed Chuck built. Lydia protested the design.

"I told him I'd never be able to get the covers on smoothly with the framework nailed to the wall," she says. "But he promised he'd make the bed each day—and he does."

"I trapped myself," Chuck smiled.

Opposite the bed is a sliding-door cabinet which Chuck copied from a \$250 original. He has not painted this because it's the one piece of furniture the Hestons plan to take along when they finally settle in California. They'll finish it there to complement the decoration scheme. In this cabinet, Chuck keeps his scripts and photographic equipment—two three-dimensional cameras and a Bush F.40; plus his view-finders and dozens of color slides.

The only ventilation in the apartment comes from the two windows in the 13' by 10' living room. These look out over a crowded side street of "Hell's Kitchen."

"We furnished the living room with old pieces we picked up at the Salvation Army warehouse," Lydia explained. "The desk cost two dollars and fifty cents. And the end tables were less than that."

In striking contrast to the other furnishings is Chuck's ivory chess set. "Lydia gave it to me," he ventured. "After she took over the lead in the stage version of 'Detective Story' she refused to be practical."

The Hestons don't have to be practical these days. Chuck makes over a thousand dollars a TV show and has a generous yearly guarantee from his movie contracts with Paramount and producer Hal Wallis. It was from Hal Wallis that Cecil B. DeMille borrowed Chuck for the role of Brad in "The Greatest Show on Earth." And Lydia, too, has an income now—from stage work, TV and her film debut in "Los Alamos Story."

Why, I asked, didn't they move to more comfortable quarters?

"Why should we?" Chuck countered. "We're comfortable enough—and convenient to the heart of the theatrical district. Our friends are used to this place. And we're able to put the money we save living here into the things we've always wanted, a seal coat for Lydia, the original Toulouse-Lautrec sketch that hangs over our bed, my new Packard convertible, and our acreage and old hunting lodge in Michigan."

The neighborhood attitude toward Chuck and Lydia is the same as it was in the old days. The grocer still tells Lydia about his "specials." The attendants at the next-door playground greet Chuck with "Hi, got a minute to referee the game?"

Only one thing has changed. The neighborhood kids now stop and watch when Chuck goes by. And sometimes one or two of them, friends from school in tow, will knock on the Hestons' door.

"Ain't you the actor in that circus movie?" they'll ask.

And when Chuck nods in agreement, they'll nudge their skeptical companions and boast, "See, we told you!" THE END



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fragrance men love!

(Continued from page 48)

time at all we were well on our way, on the open highway, approaching the long low hills and dips, going about fifty. I noticed my gas gauge was approaching the quarter mark. I decided to slow down and fill the tank. I put my foot down on the brake slowly— There were no brakes!

If you've ever had the experience, you know what panic this can cause you! I put my foot all the way down, but the car leaped away faster on the long downgrade. The water in the puddles had made the brakes useless.

I tried pumping the brake pedal, but it did no good. Now, although I had stopped feeding any gas, we were almost flying, even on the short stretch of straight road that led to another dip. I prayed there would be no curves ahead.

We sped through a ten-house town and ironically the sign, "Slow—Save a Life—Yours" whizzed by. I winced. A tired old chugging truck loomed ahead of me. I shot around it. The driver's scolding horn faded fast as we leaped through the desert scenery.

I knew it was senseless to try the emergency brake. It wouldn't hold. I had been meaning to fix it for a long time. Only the day before, starting for my garage, I had decided to go shopping instead.

I had read there was an answer to just such a situation—you push the gears into reverse. I pulled at the gears but at that speed they wouldn't budge. The car was now careening. I could tell that Sheila, too, was frightened.

The speedometer now read "70" and we were picking up speed. The children were being bounced around on the back seat like bits of popping popcorn. Cars coming up the long grade whizzed by us, as if they were the speeding offenders.

Then, as if a prayer had been answered, I could see ahead, a long rise up a hill. But would it be long enough and steep enough to slow me down?

The car started to climb, not losing speed. We were fast approaching the peak. Then we slowed, almost imperceptibly, and the careening stopped.

I knew if I could just slow up a little more when we hit the top I could drive off the side of the road into the soft sand, where the car would automatically be halted. A white and yellow line suddenly appeared in the middle of the road—no passing, it signified.

"No passing," I said to myself. "What do I do if a car gets in front of me? Vault over it?"

Slowly the speedometer needle sagged. Just as we hit the summit, with only a glance at the long steep decline ahead which would be treacherous and probably fatal, I swerved.

The car ground into the sand, throwing a spray of dust, but it held the ground, slowed up and stopped. We were safe!

The kids loved it, they were shrieking for joy. But Sheila and I just sat there while I mopped my brow.

We bundled the kids out of the car and walked slowly to a near-by garage and cafe called "Summit House." There we arranged for a man to look at the car.

We all marched to the counter for sodas. While we sipped the drinks, I told the owner about our near accident.

"Brother," I said, "it's lucky I took the short cut to the Springs. If it wasn't for that good old hill, we never could have stopped."

The man scratched his head. "Why," he said, "young fella, you're not on the short cut. You must have taken the wrong road. The cut-off has no long climb like this. No, sir."

THE END

"**DRY SKIN** is my problem," says Virginia Kavanagh of New York City. "Noxzema helps my skin look smoother and it is so refreshing. It's a pleasure to use it!"

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See for yourself if Noxzema's Home Beauty Routine doesn't help your skin look smoother, lovelier!

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Blemishes*: "I always use Noxzema under my make-up and I'm delighted with the way it helps heal blemishes*," says Paulette Hendrix of Savannah, Ga.

"Creamwash": "My skin looks smoother since I 'creamwash' regularly with Noxzema," says Phyllis Riggs of Brooklyn. "I recommend it to my friends."



Want to look lovelier?
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Morning: 1. Apply Noxzema liberally to face and neck. Then with a cloth wrung out in warm water wash your face with Noxzema instead of using soap. See how fresh your skin looks when you "creamwash" with Noxzema! 2. Apply Noxzema as a powder base.

Evening: 3. "Creamwash" again. See how make-up and dirt disappear! 4. Now apply Noxzema as night cream to help skin look softer, smoother. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them.

*externally-caused



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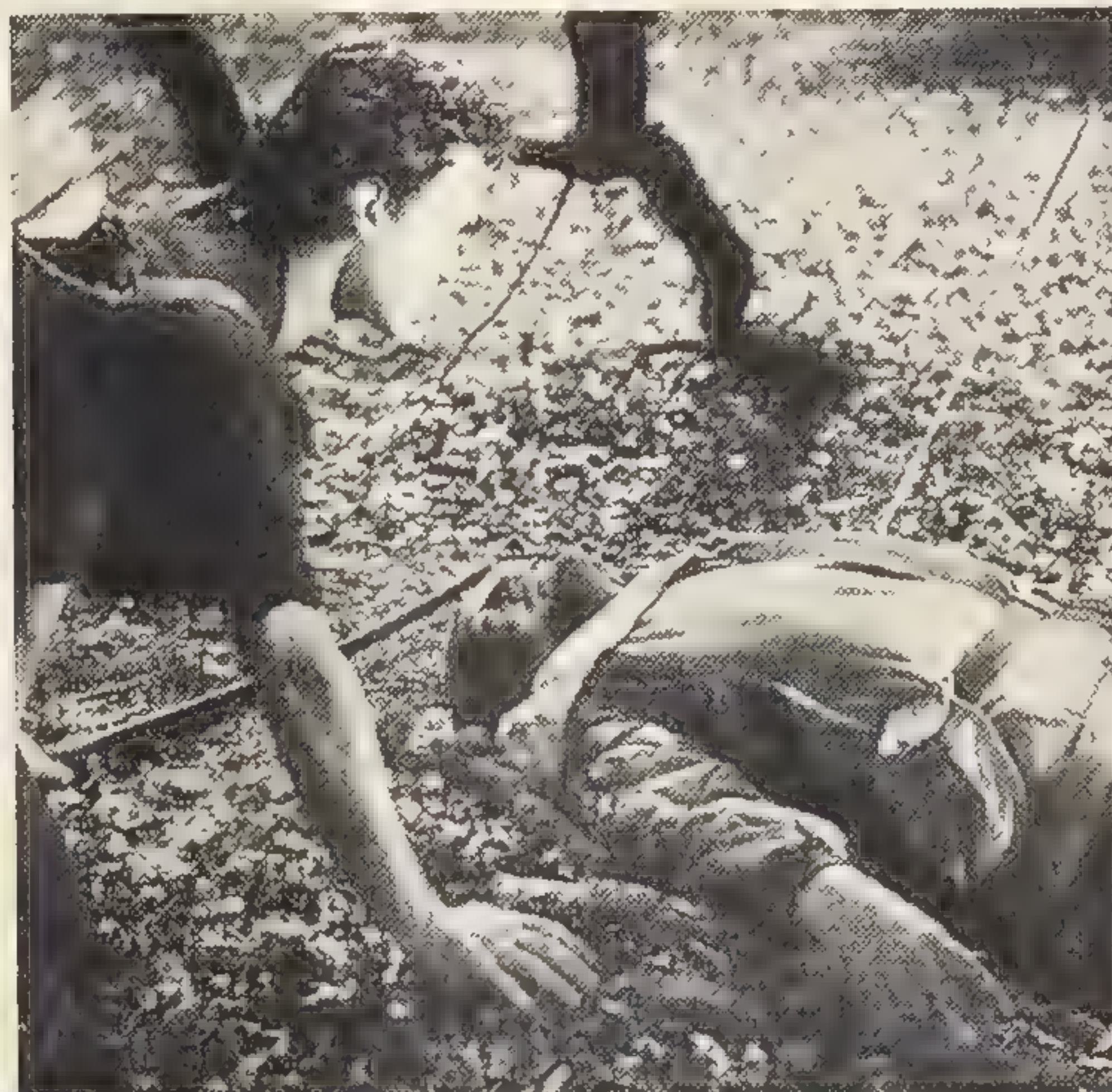
photoplay sneak previews

"THE STORY OF ROBIN HOOD"



Maid Marian (Joan Rice) and *Robin Hood* (Richard Todd) have been sweethearts since childhood. *Robin*, outlawed because of his loyalty to the absent King of England, hides in Sherwood Forest from *Prince John*, who plots to usurp the throne

Robin avenges the murder of his father. And the bowmen hired by the *Sheriff of Nottingham* learn to fear him and his men



Two years before this Technicolor movie went into production, Walt Disney and his staff began a study of 12th Century ballads and folk stories. Out of these songs and stories a new and exciting version of "Robin Hood" was born, with *Robin* revealed, not as an outlaw but as a rebel against the tyrannies of his time.

This movie, filmed in England's Sherwood Forest, has an all-English cast, headed by Richard Todd, known to Americans for his "Hasty Heart," "Stage Fright" and "Lightning Strikes Twice," and Joan Rice, fiery young newcomer, in her first starring role.

"The Story of Robin Hood" is a forerunner of the many live pictures Walt Disney plans to make—at least one a year, in addition to his full-length and short cartoon features.

Maid Marian meets *Robin Hood*, *Friar Tuck* (James Hayter) and the band to tell them ransom is needed to free the King from a German prison. They succeed in raising the money. Freed, *King Richard* (Patrick Barr) knights *Robin*, who marries *Maid Marian*



YOUR PHOTOPLAY

Photo-Plays

According to Gene Nelson of "She's Working Her Way Through College," eggs are strictly for the birds! Poached eggs, especially. Gene plain doesn't like them. Neither does his son, Christopher. Which worries Gene's wife, Miriam, who believes growing boys should have an egg a day.



Every morning she'd coax Chris to eat his egg, tell him that his idol, *Hopalong Cassidy*, never started a day without having one. But Chris, unimpressed . . .



. . . went right on pushing away his plate. Finally, Miriam insisted Gene must do something about it. For Chris adores his father. If Gene ate an egg, Miriam was convinced, Chris . . .



. . . would too! Gene finally agreed to make the supreme sacrifice. The next morning, groaning inwardly as Miriam served breakfast, Gene exclaimed brightly, "My, my! Poached eggs! . . .



. . . Son, let's see who can finish them first." Forcing a smile, he popped a forkful into his mouth. Chris just sat and looked at him. "Hey," said Gene. "These eggs are good—I love them!"



"Do you really?" asked his son. "You bet I do!" answered Gene. "Okay, Dad!" said Christopher. And, piling his fork high with egg, he reached over and thrust it—into Gene's open mouth!

She's Engaged!

For Elinor Warren, 1952 is a year of dreams come true. In February—her debut as a singer. In June—her wedding to John Troy Small of Washington, D. C. They will be married in the lovely Congregational Church in New Canaan, Connecticut. There will be four bridesmaids, a maid of honor—and Elinor, a happy and entrancing bride.

She's Lovely!

Elinor Warren has light golden hair and sparkling hazel eyes. Her skin is exquisite, so very soft and smooth. It would be any girl's dream complexion. Elinor's face speaks out to you the minute you see her—shows you the gay, unaffected charming girl that is her Inner Self.

She uses Pond's!



Elinor's ring

Elinor Warren—Her complexion is a delightful rose-and-white. "I couldn't do without Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing," she says, "and it makes my skin feel so soft."



"The prettier you look—
the happier you are" — ELINOR says

ISN'T IT WONDERFUL—the way you have the *nicest feeling* of confidence when you know you look your very loveliest.

Elinor feels a fresh, soft complexion is one of every girl's beauty "musts." For her delicately lovely skin, she uses Pond's Cold Cream. "I can't imagine a *nicer* cream than Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It leaves my skin feeling just wonderful, so fresh and smooth."

Your skin can give you an extra touch of loveliness when you help it with this special Pond's cream care.

Every night, and for day cleansings, too, cream your face with Pond's Cold Cream, as Elinor does. *This is the way:*

Hot Stimulation—a good hot water splashing.

Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream over face, throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's Cold Cream now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off—*lightly*.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

Now—can't you see how fresh and lovely your skin looks? And doesn't it feel soft, wonderfully clean?



IT'S NOT VANITY to want to show your prettiest face. When you know you look your very nicest, you gain a bright new confidence that attracts friends to you *on sight*.

Elsa Maxwell's Etiquette Book



Elsa Maxwell

Elsa Maxwell, the famous hostess to world celebrities, is being showered with praise by Hollywood stars for her splendid etiquette book. In Hollywood they are calling it the most useful and entertaining book on the subject ever written.

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Here are the answers to all your everyday etiquette problems. By following the advice contained in this book you know *exactly* how to conduct yourself on every occasion. Here you find important suggestions on good manners in restaurants—in church—in the theatre—on the street—and when you travel.

Engagements and Weddings

In this book Elsa Maxwell covers every phase of engagements and weddings. The bride-to-be, as well as the father of the bride, will find the exact information they want in the fresh approach of this book. Here is everything you need to know about invitations, announcements, the wedding dress, the attendants, the reception, etc. The bride who follows the suggestions contained in this up-to-date book need have no wedding fears. She will be radiant in the knowledge that her wedding is correct in every detail.

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Why They Are the Battling Sinatras

(Continued from page 39)

Sinatras all the time. But you hear other stories about them, too, if you listen.

Take, for instance, the other evening when the Sinatras were entertaining friends at their house down at the beach. Someone asked Frank to play his recording of "I Am Loved." While the record was playing, Ava, looking over at him, all but melted. And when it was finished she said, "My boy isn't kidding."

It's only when you have both sides of the Sinatra story that you know what really goes on. Listen only to the stories of their battles and you well might think their marriage was on the rocks. It isn't, even though the going may continue to be rough for a time.

Ava and Frankie always have fought. During their tempestuous romance they had hot and heavy arguments in Hollywood and in New York and, when they were separated, over the long-distance telephone. It was because of a big fight a few days before their wedding that the time and place of the ceremony was changed and they nearly didn't get married.

In the beginning, jealousy was Frank's problem. Now it is Ava's. When the "green-eyed monster" takes hold of her she doesn't stop to think—can't think, probably—just blows up, which is curious. Jealous people, of course, are possessive and possessiveness is a quality Ava detests in other women.

A SHORT time before she and Frankie were married, she arrived alone at a big Hollywood party. Frank was in New York, with many problems still to be worked out before he could be free. And she was taking plenty of criticism because of her romance with him. This night she was exceedingly moody. The room was crowded with big stars, producers and agents. All were laughing, having fun—all but Ava. She went into a corner and curled up in a large chair, almost melting into it, the way a kitten does. A couple of friends joined her and she began talking about her life. She spoke in a low, relaxed voice, practically thinking out loud.

"I have everything," she said, "except the things I want most—Frank and a home and kids. And, in a sense, these are the same things I wanted before I ever came to Hollywood, before I ever knew there was anything else to want!"

She sat quietly for a while, smoking a cigarette and running her hand through her hair as she observed the party proceedings. She watched a great dramatic actress, the center of a gay group, who had married and divorced two famous actors. Her eyes narrowed. "I hate those girls," she said, "for what they do to their men. They're so possessive they practically take away a man's manhood. They rob men of independence, push them around until they destroy them. Then they kick them out."

And now, of course, Ava is being overly possessive herself.

Frank's friends insist he gives Ava no cause whatever for her attitude, that he's devoted to her and most attentive—lighting her cigarettes, coming home with surprise gifts, always noticing how she looks and most concerned as to her welfare.

Not that Frank doesn't have a temper at times. His former battles with the press, for instance, are well known. But since his marriage he's really tried to keep his dander down. His outlook has changed really, he's more reserved, almost passive at times—and so most concerned over all the public explosions.

Some of the Sinatra troubles undoubtedly can be chalked up against that "old Hollywood debil"—careers. Since their

marriage Ava is supposed to have advised Frank about his professional life. And he doesn't always agree with her opinions. Lately, too, Frank has faced certain career problems. Among other things, in April his TV show was cancelled. He's never been the most emotionally stable person in the world and often before his actions have been erratic where his career has been concerned, with him being extremely touchy and quick to fly off the handle or sulk, when things weren't going well.

Ava's career currently, of course, is soaring and that, no doubt, adds fuel to both of the Sinatras' temperamental fires.

There's also another bone of contention: Ava tends towards insomnia. Frank sleeps like a rock. He is willing to say goodnight at a reasonable hour—especially if he has to work the next day. Ava blooms at night.

The curious thing about Ava and Frank is that when everything is fine between them, they couldn't be happier. They spend a lot of time at their Palm Springs home, one of the show places of the desert resort. Often they're there without servants. Ava cleans and cooks. Frank putters around, hammering and fixing things. There are two extra bedrooms for guests. But one of these rooms they refer to as "the nursery." Ava insists she wants a baby more than anything, says she understands children because of her own sensitive childhood.

She would do anything, too, to be friendly with Frank's three youngsters.

Which brings us to one of their latest wham-bams, when Nancy Sinatra was in New York with Barbara Stanwyck and Frank invited little Nancy to have dinner with him and Ava. He fetched little Nancy to the house and the dinner began on a gay note. But a few minutes later, according to rumor, there was an argument. Who knows about what trivial thing? This time it was Frank who stalked out of the house, leaving Nancy and Ava to finish dinner without him.

Their battles currently are very trying on their friends, their careers and no doubt on their marriage. But those closest to them insist they're truly in love and that the marriage eventually will work out fine.

THE END

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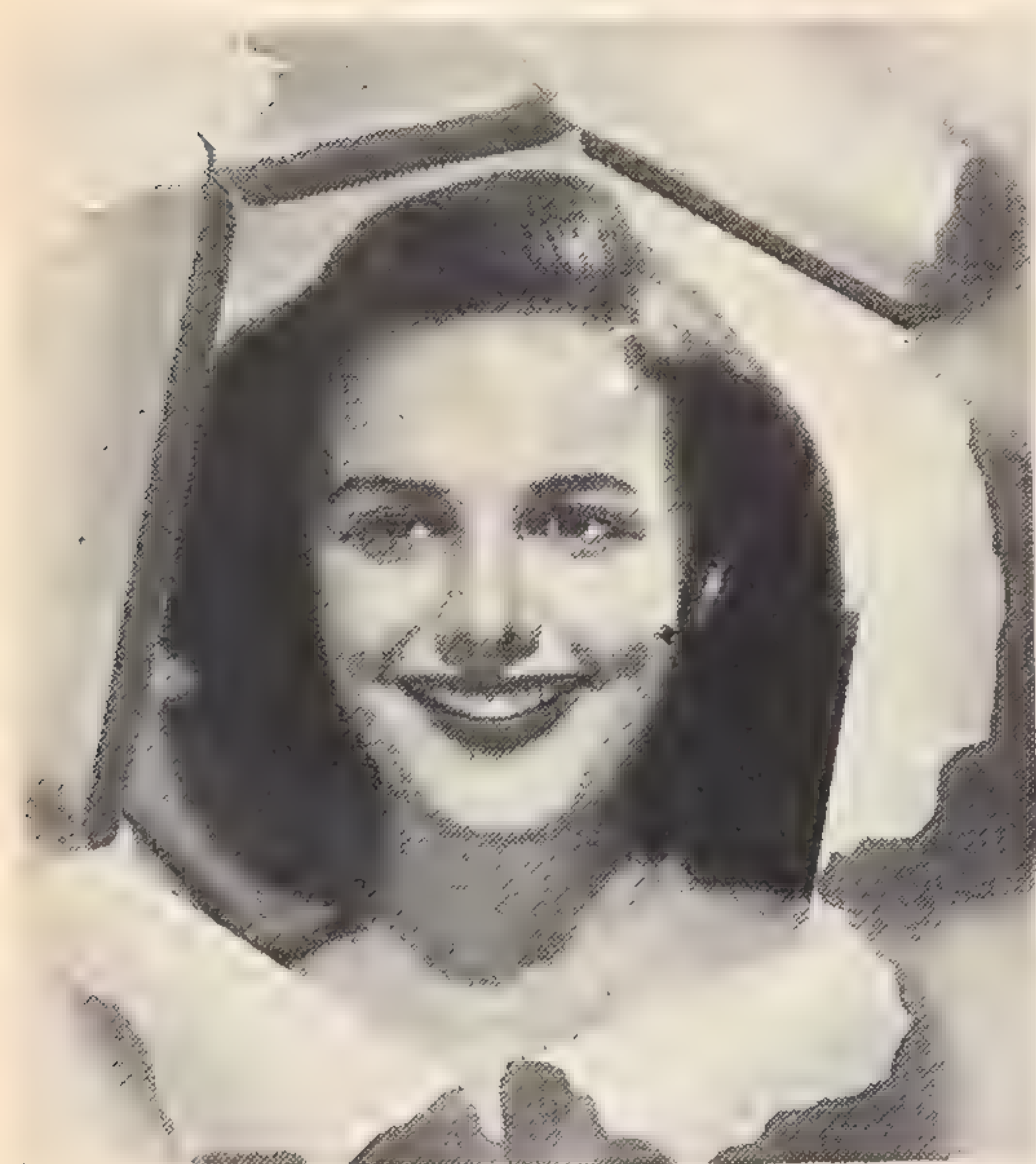


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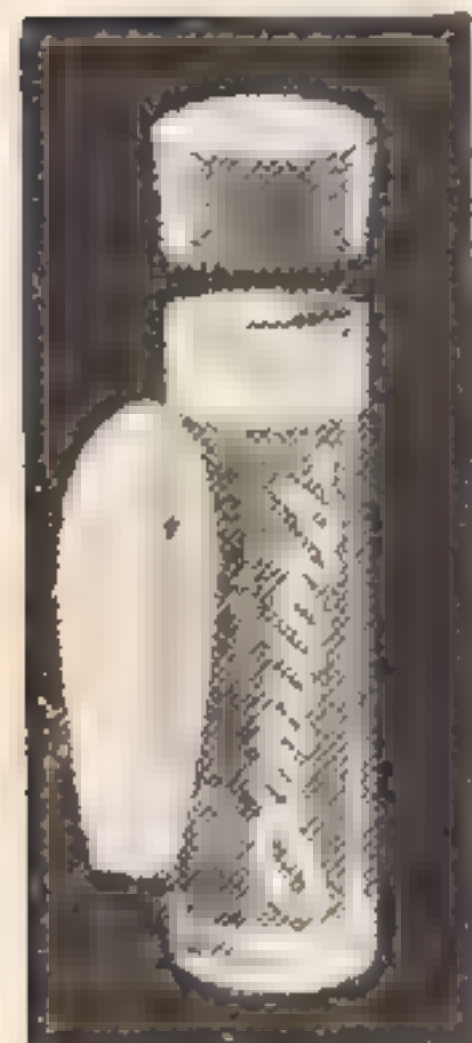
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The Girl Who Came Back

(Continued from page 60)

saddresses are fighting over him while their husbands are busy ambassadoring.

All of which leads me to believe the Aly should marry a woman of the world. He needs a wife with enough humor and sophistication to take his charm or his faults—whichever you will—in her stride, while she enjoys her position as his princess and all its perquisites.

Rita never was and never will be such a woman. I used to watch her at the lavish dinner parties the Aly gave and, more than once, I thought she looked scared, as if she did not know where to turn or what to do. She knew nothing of statecraft. And political talk didn't register with her.

Often she would not speak at all to the gentlemen on either side of her. I think this disturbed the Aga Khan, worldly wise and most cultivated. He likes beautiful women, just as Aly does. But he also likes brilliant women. Rita is very sweet and very beautiful, but she is not brilliant. To do her credit she never pretended to be.

For a long time before Rita went to India she had, I think, been homesick for California and the studios. But it was her experience in India, I'm sure, that finally caused her to pack her bags and sail with Rebecca and Yasmin—to Aly's surprise. I believe the thought of Aly one day becoming the Aga Khan, whereupon she would be the Begum, filled her with horror.

SHE'S far happier with studio grips and electricians hollering, "Hi, Rita!" when she comes into the studio in the morning than she ever was with thousands of Moslems prostrating themselves before her. She married Aly, as I said at the time, not from ambition but from love. He is still all she thought him when she walked out on a picture, went on suspension, deserted home and friends and took up her life in a foreign land. But he also is other things which make it pretty certain he never will be a stay-at-home husband.

Aly, I know, still writes to Rita. And always he wants to know not only about his Yasmin, but also about Rita's elder daughter by Orson Welles—Rebecca. And faithfully on birthdays, at Christmas, and in between times carefully chosen gifts for the children arrive from him.

Towards Aly, Rita exhibits no bitterness. "He is Yasmin's father," she replies to those who criticize him, just as she has always said to those who criticized Orson, "He is Rebecca's father." Also, she takes frequent pictures of both the little girls to enclose in her letters to Aly.

If Rita is bitter towards anyone it is, I think, towards herself for allowing all of this to have come to pass. She knows now what she did not know before she married Prince Aly, that it is one thing to be a famous and beautiful movie star and another thing to be a Moslem princess and to preside over a Mediterranean villa that is a crossroads for Moslem political leaders and British bigwigs, with twelve guest rooms constantly full of guests and frequently sixty guests at dinner. To Aly all of this is perfectly normal, something he's known since infancy and will continue to know until the day he dies.

It never was normal to Rita. She may have lived in a goldfish bowl most of her life but always she has been able to go home, close her door and take off her shoes.

As Princess Margarita this was impossible. Also, much as she enjoys dancing and parties, she was not up to them seven days a week, all year 'round. Moreover, genuinely shy, she has been guided all of her life by somebody—her father; her first husband, Edward Judson, who was thirty years her senior and who acted as her manager; and then Orson Welles, her second husband, a magnificent extrovert who was only too happy to take the center of the stage and let her tag along. All her life actually there's been somebody in the background saying, "Do this, do that, smile, sit down, don't cross your legs, smile . . ."

CERTAINLY today Rita gives every evidence of being much happier than she was when she returned to America, frightened and confused. Or, for that matter, much happier than she was for a long time prior to her return. It's been good for her to be at work in the studios. They are her world. She knows what is expected of her in this world. And that she can deliver what is expected. She works like a demon when she works. Dramatic scenes find her nervous, unwilling to have outsiders on the set. But when she is dancing, the whole of Hollywood could be there and she would not care. She's still Rita, not Miss Hayworth, to every propman and grip on the Columbia lot and 99 per cent of them she knows by their first names. Also, as before, she is glamorous only when on display. At other times she wears levis and moccasins, covers her hair with a bandana, and ties her shirt-tail in front. She likes to sit with her feet up, to be comfortable.

Often, late in the evening, she will call up the George Laits—George is an advertising and publicity executive at the studios. "What are you doing?" she'll ask. "Eating hamburgers," they'll say, likely as not. "Well, make me one . . ." And, within a few minutes, as long as it takes her to drive over, she'll be sitting with them in the kitchen, yaking . . .

She has rented a house high up in Beverly Hills with a swimming pool lying below a little woods. When she's not working she sleeps late. By the time she has had her breakfast the kids have had their nap and all afternoon they play together. They swim and they climb up and down their hillside singing in French. Yasmin, going on three, is as lively as a bouncing ball. She spoke only French when they came to Hollywood but now, with Rebecca's help, she is beginning to understand English. Someone says, "Hurry" and Rebecca translates, "Vite, vite . . ."

The studio executives, in order to compensate for Rita's more than three years' absence from the screen, want her to have at least two pictures in quick succession. "Affair in Trinidad" was filmed in black and white so it could go into release late this summer, without stay or delay. "Salome" will be a more pretentious production in Technicolor.

The studio executives are very happy indeed that Rita, an unpredictable red-head if there ever was one, has come home. So are the Hollywood gentlemen—even those who have only an occasional date with her. There's something about her, with her bright tumbling hair, her vivid laughing face and her figure, so unforgettable on the dance floor, that makes life a little more exciting.

THE END

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They're in Love with Love

(Continued from page 44)

They're all looking, oh, how they are looking, for LOVE.

The men too. Clark Gable was never going to marry again. He wishes he hadn't! Robert Taylor went to Europe hoping that his marriage to Barbara Stanwyck could be re-knit—until he tangled with Ludmilla Tcherina. Errol Flynn's heart is a much trampled battlefield. Scott Brady is ready to swoon at sight of a new pretty face. Even Gregory Bautzer, lawyer par excellence, and adorer of those lovely, lonely ladies, Jane Wyman, Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers, etc., etc., even Greg's corrugated heart is a naive instrument in the great Hollywood passion play titled "Falling in Love with Love."

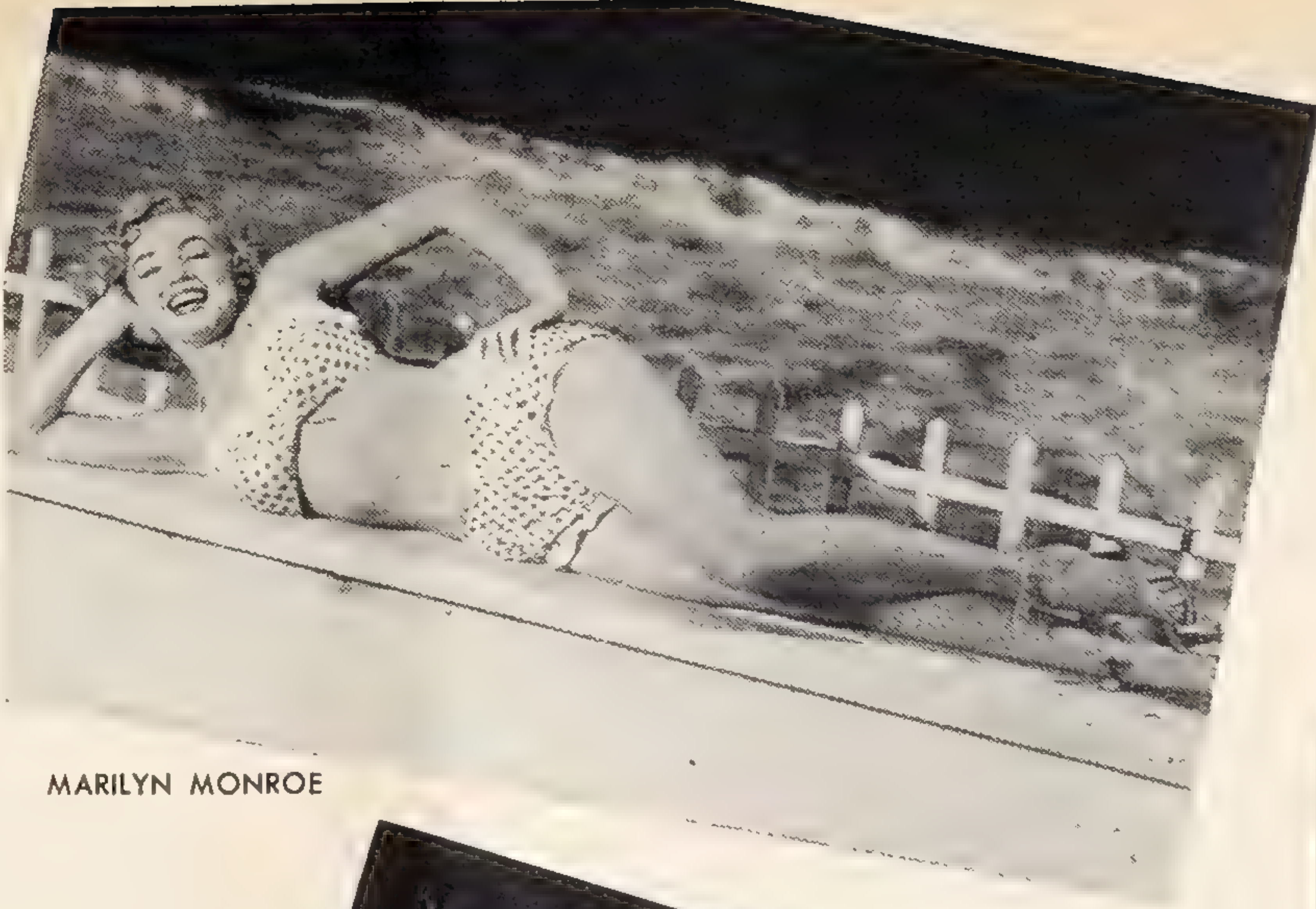
Let's get down to cases:

When Lana Turner told me at her wedding reception with Bob Topping, "This marriage is forever," I almost believed her, although she had made the same statement with slight variations when she was in love with Turhan Bey, Tyrone Power, Steve Crane, Artie Shaw, Greg Bautzer, etc. I guess I was fooled by the hams with their gelatin "I Love You's" at the wedding reception. The marriage proved as wobbly as the gelatin. Because Lana never was in love with Bob. She couldn't have been. It was too quick after her Great Love for Tyrone. Lana was in love with a dream, a fifteen-year-old girl's dream of a knight in shining armor who would rescue her from her unloved state and carry her off into the blue yonder, to live happily ever afterwards. That's the way it happens in Lana's movies. In real life, love is a delicate plant that to thrive must be nourished with understanding, patience and more understanding and more patience. You don't stop when the lights go up.

I'VE never believed in the seriousness of Lana's romance with Fernando Lamas. Heaven knows he's handsome enough to fit any girl's adolescent dreams. And Lana might marry him. But Lamas came as close on the heels of Topping as Topping came on the heels of Ty. He served as a straw to clutch in Lana's hot little hands when she was going down again for the



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11. Elizabeth Taylor
14. Cornel Wilde
15. Frank Sinatra
17. Van Johnson
18. Rory Calhoun
19. Peter Lawford
20. Howard Duff
21. Bob Mitchum
22. Burt Lancaster
23. Bing Crosby
24. Shirley Temple
26. June Haver
27. June Allyson
29. Ronald Reagan
30. Dana Andrews
31. Glenn Ford
45. Bob Ryan
46. Kathryn Grayson
48. Gene Kelly
50. Diana Lynn
51. Doris Day
52. Montgomery Clift
53. Richard Widmark
54. Mona Freeman
55. Wanda Hendrix
56. Perry Como
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59. John Garfield
60. Bill Williams
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63. Barbara Lawrence
64. Lon McCallister
65. Jane Powell
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67. Ann Blyth
68. Jeanne Crain
69. Jane Russell
70. John Agar
71. John Lund
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74. John Wayne
75. Yvonne de Carlo
76. Richard Conte
78. Audie Murphy
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82. Larry Parks
83. Macdonald Carey
84. Janet Leigh
85. Wendell Corey
86. Farley Granger
87. Louis Jourdan
88. Tony Martin
90. Cary Grant
91. John Derek
92. Guy Madison
93. Ricardo Montalban
94. Mario Lanza
95. Joan Evans
97. Kirk Douglas
98. Gail Russell
101. Keefe Brasselle
102. Dick Contino
103. Scott Brady
104. Bill Lawrence
105. Vic Damone
106. Shelley Winters
107. Richard Todd
108. Vera-Ellen
109. Dean Martin
110. Jerry Lewis
111. Howard Keel
112. Susan Hayward
113. Barbara Stanwyck
114. Hedy Lamarr
115. Betty Hutton
116. Coleen Gray
117. Terry Moore
118. Ruth Roman
119. Patricia Neal
120. Arlene Dahl
121. Tony Curtis
127. Piper Laurie
128. Debbie Reynolds
129. Penny Edwards
130. Carleton Carpenter
131. Jerome Cortland
132. Polly Bergen
133. Marshall Thompson
134. Gene Nelson
135. Jeff Chandler
136. Rock Hudson
137. Stewart Granger
138. John Barrymore, Jr.
139. Debra Paget
140. Dale Robertson
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142. Leslie Caron
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145. Marlon Brando

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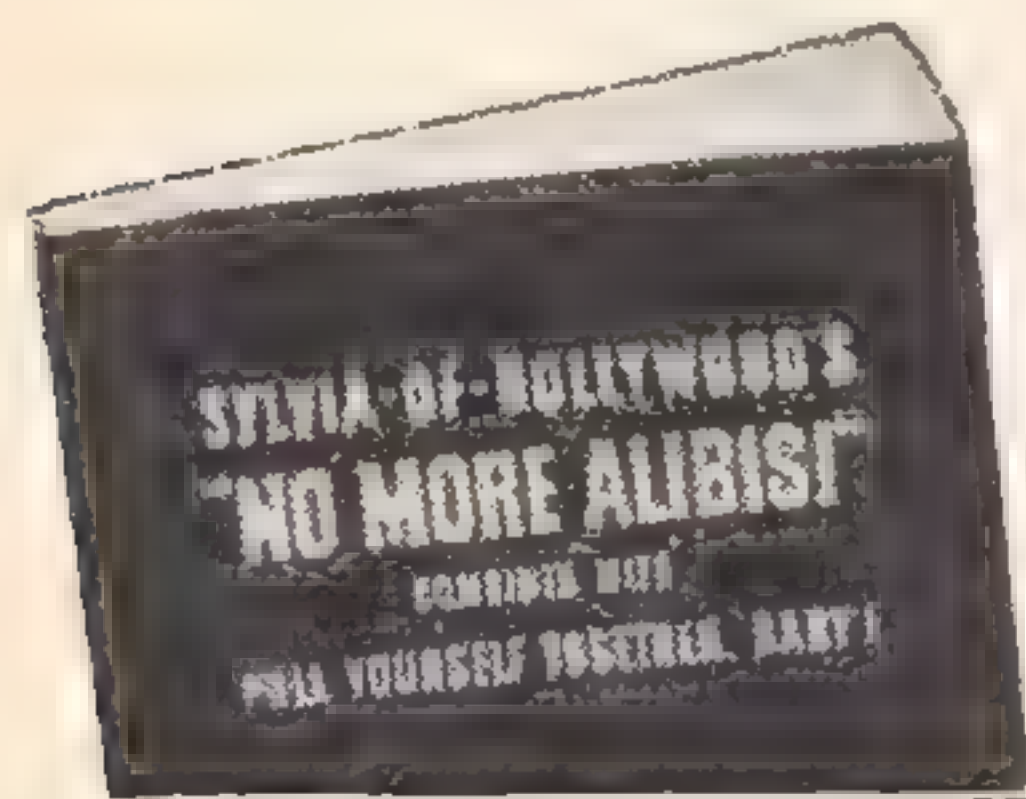
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love count. A straw is not the best material on which to build abiding love.

Shelley Winters on the romance prow always has been a fascinating sight. She sets her love sights with the same go-getting-ness that she does for a role in a picture, and directors tell me it is easier to give Shelley the role in the first place. I believe Shelley was in love with Farley Granger. She made enough statements about the boy to convince even me. But even when she was saying she loved him most, she kept a weather eye open for new prospects. The trip to Europe was to have been a honeymoon with Farley. When there was no wedding, Shelley was a cinch to fall breathlessly into the arms of the first interesting man who said, "Will you marry me?"

ELIZABETH TAYLOR has been fed a steady diet of masculine admiration since she was fourteen, when she began to curve into womanhood. Now it's a habit, a craving that isn't as health-wrecking as other habits, but which can be just as destructive.

What shall it profit Elizabeth if she gain all the adulation in the world, if she loses her chance for permanent love? She was so in love, she said, with Glenn Davis, so heartbroken when he was sent to the Orient. So in love again with Bill Pauley. And it was the real thing with Nicky Hilton. She would have married Stanley Donen if they had been free in time. Next came Michael Wilding, now her second husband. The human heart isn't capable of so many gyrations. So you have to use an artificial pump to keep spinning. Comes the final spin, and what do you have? Elizabeth is too innately nice to be left with a trunkful of tired memories.

Bette Davis tailors her love to fit the guy she wants to marry. Bette has to be married. She was one jump ahead of a collapse and one small step without a husband when Gary Merrill walked into her life via their picture, "All About Eve." For as long as this marriage lasts, Bette won't look elsewhere. She's a one-man woman, but she has to have one man.

Betty Hutton says she's an impossible person to be married to when she is working, which is most of the time. But Betty is much more impossible without a mate. This tense, emotional dynamo explodes into the deepest depression when her life is minus an adoring male. She used to want to marry them all—from her first Hollywood fiance Perc Westmore, right down the line to Norman Krasna. But with two small daughters, Betty wouldn't rush into matrimony until she was convinced the guy would also be a good father.

So evidently Charles O'Curran, Betty's new husband, was able to convince her on this score.

Hedy Lamarr doesn't look for a man, she looks for a husband. And the tragedy of her romantic life to date is that after she gets the husband, she doesn't like him as a man. Hedy's non-stop dissatisfaction with life makes me hope my daughter will not be as beautiful. It's too blatantly true that beauty and the worship of men doesn't spell happiness for a woman. It's thrilling, of course, to be admired, but that's how it seems to end, just a thrill that weakens with every new dilution.

Ann Miller says she does not want to marry again. I don't believe her—in spite of her unhappy marriage with Reese Milner. There isn't a premiere, a nightclub opening, a private party where I don't see Ann with one of her males—to name a few of them: Connie Hilton, Dan Dailey, Bill O'Connor and Charles Isaacs. And I've heard her swoon for each one at different times. It was the same when she dated Ernie Byfield. Her theme song, then as now, "He's wonderful, he's wonderful." Ann's pretty wonderful herself, and I hope the right man finds her before Ann loses her zest for falling in love.

Joan Evans is on the sunny side of eighteen. She is second only to Ann Miller in the number of functions she attends with the town's attractive eligibles: Carleton Carpenter, Chris Randall, Bob Arthur and Lee Kirby, with whom some say she's really and truly in love—at least as of now.

Ingrid Bergman fell in love with Rossellini before she met him. She saw one of his pictures and penned him the famous "T'amo" note. If Mr. Joe Doakes had directed "Open City," or "Paisan," Ingrid could very well be signing her name Mrs. Joe Doakes. Ingrid has always been in love with love—the man, whether actor, director or writer, is merely an accessory to the fact.

When Joan Crawford is in love, lights go on. There is a fierce intensity underneath the surface light camaraderie in all of Joan's romances. Also terrific possessiveness. But there has been only one man—I don't mean Mr. Bautzer—who has measured up in every department of Joan's dream of the Ideal Man.

Nowadays, Joan isn't quite so determined to be in love. Her children are growing up. Christopher and Christine are a pair of charming escorts. She is busy. She's still a little lonely, but something new has been added to Joan's personality—a sense of humor, especially in regard to men. Recently, when Bautzer, his neck in an iron

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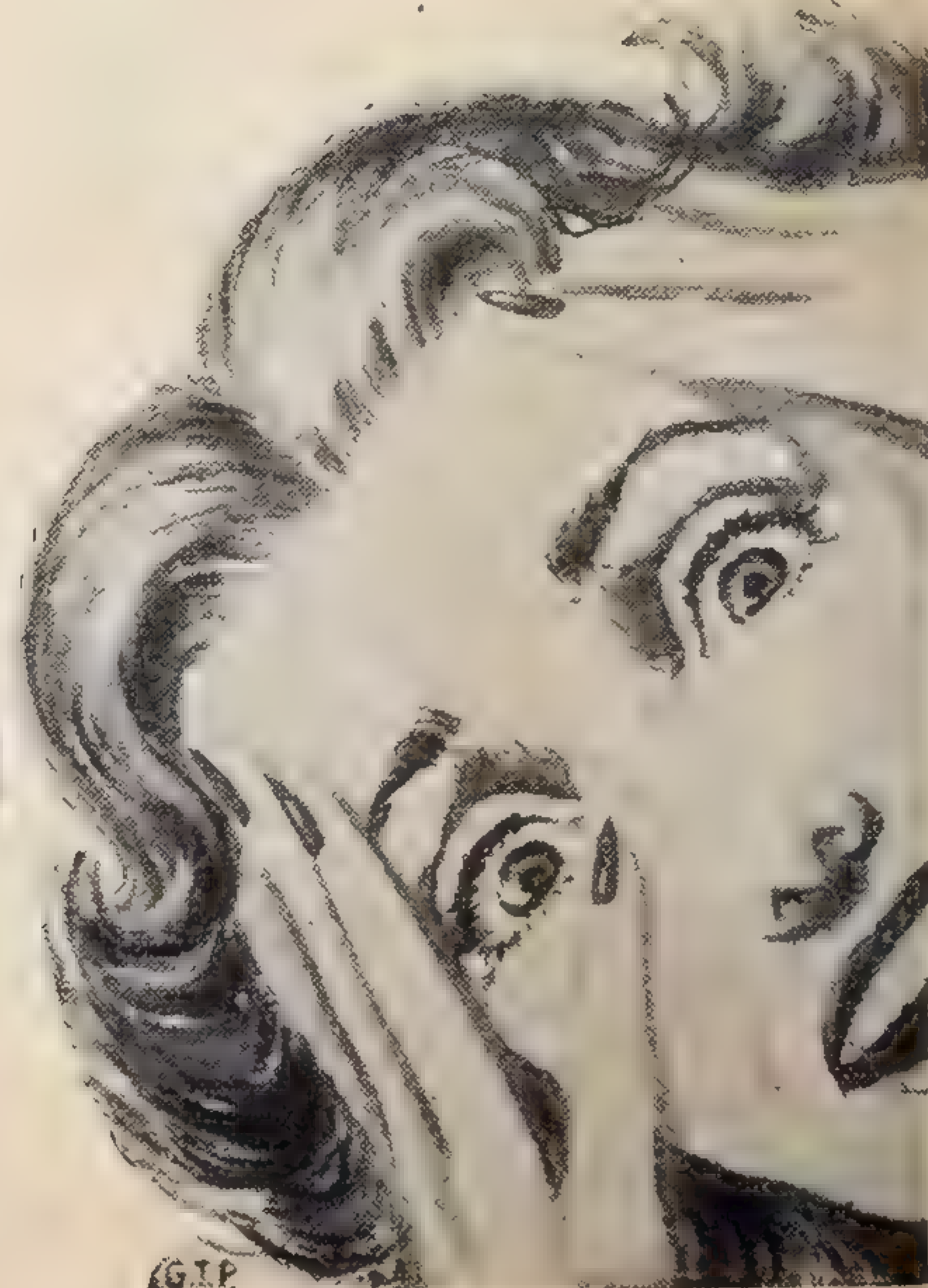
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brace, danced with Jane Wyman at Mocambo, Joan turned to her escort, the always reliable Cesar Romero, and laughed. At one time she would have left the night club in a huff and puff. This time she even managed a peck on Greg's cheek when he passed on the way out. Believe you me, this is the new Crawford. And I'm rooting for her. What for? To fall in love again, of course.

Ava Gardner's love dreams have too often turned into nightmares. Whether Frank Sinatra can stem the tide started by Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw, only time and tide can tell. Ava has repeatedly told me that she wants a man who will make a real home for her, and give her children to fill it. But what Ava says and what Ava wants aren't always one and the same thing.

I believe she wants children. All normal women do. But I'm not sold on the quiet family life. It's like Howard Duff used to tell me—"Ava says, 'Let's go to the beach today—do nothing—see no one.' Halfway there she says, 'Let's turn back, call on so and so—do such and such.' She's terribly restless, doesn't seem to know what she wants."

Well, Ava wanted Frankie, and got him in the face of a million-to-one odds. Frankie isn't famous for staying put in a place long enough to warm the back of his jacket. But if he can generate enough excitement to hold Ava's interest, she might be willing to stop falling in love with love and settle instead for a dream in Sinatra clothing.

Errol Flynn talks so tough, but he's a sissy in the heart department. I never saw a guy so determined to marry again as Errol after Nora gave him the old heave-ho.

The first pretty girl he laid eyes on in

Europe, Princess Irene Ghika, he proposed to. Even brought her to Hollywood. The next pretty girl he saw, Pat Wymore, he married. She looks very much like Nora, but is nothing like first wife Lili Damita in temperament or looks. How long she can hold him, I wouldn't guess, but she's doing all right, giving him his head, not rushing into the divorce court when he leaves town, or when she hears he has been seen with another girl. "I'm the only woman who understands him," Pat says with all the assurance of her twenty-four years. Maybe she does.

The candlelight shone softly on the

.....

When Ethel Barrymore was asked what she thought motion pictures needed most today, her reply was: "Faith in the people, not popcorn."

.....

blonde head of Lady Sylvia Ashley Fairbanks Stanley, and for Clark Gable it seemed as though Carole Lombard were alive again. Clark fell in love with a memory. Sylvia was never Carole. But which of us hasn't stared across a crowded room or a dinner table, stirred by a sudden memory revived in a new or even a familiar face?

Clark says he is through with love. I doubt it. He'll get lonely again, he'll want a companion again. And he will fall in love again—this time, I hope, with his eyesight unimpaired.

And if he uses my eyeglasses, he will see Virginia Grey, his long-time

pal who lives close by in Encino.

Scott Brady was the raw, crew-cut awkward younger brother of Lawrence Tierney when Larry first introduced him to me at Lucey's restaurant four or five years ago. Ever since, he's been proving that he has what it takes for stardom—and with the ladies. He averages a different girl every month. Elaine Stewart this month—Suzan Ball last. But I believe he'd forget 'em all if Dorothy Malone would stop playing hide and seek in Texas and come back to marry him.

Robert Taylor has been married or in love ever since I've known him. He was engaged to Irene Hervey (now Mrs. Allan Jones) when I came to Hollywood. Bob needs the companionship of a woman less than most men I know. I'm amazed that his marriage to Barbara Stanwyck lasted as long as it did. They had nothing, not even food, in common. Bob likes to eat and to cook. Barbara doesn't care for either. He's the outdoor type. She prefers the great indoors. Now I hear Robert is ready to try it again, with the incredibly beautiful Russian dancer, Ludmilla Tcherina. If you saw her in "Tales of Hoffman," you'll know why Mr. Taylor can't get the gal out of his mind.

There are several married men and women who should be included in this story of Hollywood Love; they are in and out of it all the time. But it is more charming to keep them anonymous. Briefly, there's that debonair, handsome older star who makes a rendezvous with every young actress on the lot. And that beautiful blonde star actress who succumbs so easily to the love patter of her directors—and leading men. And—and I could go on, but I might be too revealing. I guess this is a good place to write—

THE END

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Memo to Marge

(Continued from page 43)

can't find home plate for that big throw. Finally I sat down in the living room surrounded by foreign pale blue walls. Then across the way I spied those old floral drapes we'd picked out together and I was in familiar territory again.

It's been six years since we were married—the first time.

You wanted to be married in a long white dress, and by candlelight—and on you they both look good. I can still see our friend's home, the white fireplace banked with flowers, with an angel on the mantel and candelabra on either side. But the picture far eclipsed the frame. Later you told me you'd "cheated a little" on the accepted traditional bridal attire. Me, I had no complaints. You wore a long white jersey gown that nobody but one with your specifications—tall and well-contained—should attempt. On your hair was a gold coronet creation, "an original," you said. You had designed it. And you looked every inch the bridal queen. It was a sentimental ceremony, attended as it was by only a small intimate group—your mother and stepfather, my mother and stepfather, our pal Sam, the waiter from Musso Frank's, who had so often befriended us in lean days, and a few other intimates. But it had its lighter moment, too. The minister kept referring to me as "Irma" (my real name being Ira), and when he inquired, "Do you, Irma, take this woman, Marjorie?" I struggled to keep from breaking up. And you were no help!

OUR honeymoon took us a scant mile to a motel on Ventura Boulevard. The bachelor apartment we'd rented in Hollywood wasn't yet ready for us. Apartments were impossible to get, and we were very lucky, the manager said, even as we slipped the required \$125 bonus under the table to him. He had a warm spot in his heart for ex-G. I.'s, he said, so we could have it—"Gotta take care of you boys, y'know." But we honeymooned in a motel—and in the hospital. I'll never forget how that old injury of yours, intensified by all the emotional strain, began kicking up and how, when I finally persuaded you to go to the doctor, he said, "It's into the hospital—and an operation for you!"

Eventually we moved into our little efficiency apartment and you were very

efficient, fortunately. We had permission to use a burner for coffee—but not for heavier cooking. So we were constantly wondering how to hide the garbage and where. On formal occasions, when we had dinner guests, we brought out the bridge table. The bathroom doubled for the kitchen. You washed the dishes in the basin and utilized the top of an adjoining bathroom accessory for the draining board. The latter also served as a base for our hot plate. We had heavy plastic mats to set the hot plate on, but one night when you were broiling chops—and forgot them—the skillet burned through the mat and right on through the base—chenille and all. We didn't worry too much.

We were very happy that first year. So happy we felt impelled for sentimental reasons to give a repeat performance. On our first anniversary, we went out to the City Hall in Glendale and got married by a Justice of the Peace, all over again. The ceremony was going along smoothly this time, until the groom was requested to produce the ring. I'd put both of them in my coat pocket, and when I reached in for them, your ring was stuck inside mine. I couldn't pull them apart. The J. P. kept hovering over, "I now pronounce" and ad libbing, "I'm sure you'll be very happy" and anything else appropriate that came to mind, until I got the rings unhitched.

When Jamie was on the way, we decided to use my G. I. loan and go into partnership with the Bank of America on a home.

We were driving around Burbank one Sunday afternoon when we saw our house. A small modified English cottage, a light stucco with dark brown trim and a fireplace. When we went back out with the agent to look at it, I couldn't, I remember, wait to get rid of him—to sound you out. I didn't want to appear overanxious, I was afraid I might influence you, and maybe you weren't as sold as I was. You didn't want to influence me, so you hid your true feelings too. "Well—we'll let you know," I told the agent—even though mentally you were knocking out the dining-room wall, and I was repainting the living room.

We decided on comfortable modern furniture, and we found just the fabric for the drapes—a smart modern red-and-green floral design on a warm beige back-



"I missed all the family occasions—like not being around when Dana spoke her first word." Jeff Chandler, with daughters Jamie, five, left, and Dana, who is two-and-a-half

ORRITZ

ground—which complemented my new dark green walls. I kept procrastinating about painting the room we were fixing for a nursery. This I'd promised you faithfully I would do. And I intended to, always assuring you, "There's plenty of time." Then suddenly one night, there was no time at all. I had a part in a movie called "The Invisible Wall," a Sol Wurtzel Production, and I'd just come in from the studio. I was in the kitchen scrambling some eggs and mushrooms for dinner, when I heard you cry, "Come here—QUICK!" I've often wondered what happened to those scrambled eggs.

Because I felt so badly about neglecting to paint the nursery, I determined, some way, to have it painted by the time you came home from the hospital. It wasn't easy. I was working in the picture every day, doing assorted radio programs, visiting you, and painting the nursery at night. I'd decided on a pretty shade of pink, and I papered one wall with playful white baby lambs frolicking on a pink background. I thought it looked great when, weary and red-eyed, I finished it the eve of your homecoming. You were hysterical with joy when you walked into the nursery, and you started crying. By then I was a little hysterical myself. When the nurse walked in, she took one quick look at you and reprimanded me severely. "What have you done to this woman? You must not excite her!" she

.....
"Watch out for a half truth—you may be hearing the wrong half."
..... BARBARA HALE

.....
said. Then she sniffed, and her registered nose caught the aroma. "The baby can't sleep in this room!" she said, horrified. "Fresh paint!"

Soon afterwards, I got my own radio show. "See, our baby's brought us luck," we said. And Jamie apparently had. I signed for a good part in "Sword in the Desert" at Universal-International. When they saw the "rushes," the higher echelon picked up my contract option—and we were definitely "in" the movies.

When our family expanded again, we had to sell our little house. I bought another can of green paint, but the drapes wouldn't fit the window space of the house we rented in North Hollywood—so they were altered, but the comfort they exuded did not change.

You found the lot for our future home. I was on movie location at the time, and when I returned we drove out to Sherman Woods. We walked around, stepping off the property and surveying it with all the seriousness of those who suspect a hidden streak of uranium. We paid 25 per cent down on it and agreed to pay the remainder at one per cent a month. We visualized then, as we do now, a spacious rambling California-ranch-modern home, with plenty of walking space, perhaps a tennis court, and work-room for me.

Somewhere, our plans got misplaced. It's the irony of life that when you succeed in one quarter, your whole foundation sometimes goes out from under you in another. Success can be an influential factor in any separation. When you're very poor, there's no time to analyze and dream up reasons why you aren't ecstatically happy all the time. It's when you're doing better financially that you're afforded this opportunity, also the leisure to criticize and exaggerate the other's seeming shortcomings. My increasing moodiness didn't

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help, neither did the way I'd clam up and never tell you what was bothering me. When we separated, there was no shortage of lovely feminine companionship, and this can be very inflating to the male ego. But I found it was no substitute for the solidarity of marriage. Or for you. And I missed family occasions. Like not being around when Dana spoke her first word.

It was our daughter, Dana, bless her little heart, who helped break the strain of my homecoming, after we had decided over the long-distance phone to reconcile. You can't do too much reconciling over a telephone. And we were both strained when I called you from the East, where I'd been making personal appearances. But even before leaving Hollywood, I'd made up my mind that if you would allow me—I was coming home.

You met me at the plane, all three of you. It was a warm sunshiny afternoon, but it wasn't the sun that blinded me when I came down the ramp and heard a baby's voice yelling, "Hi, Daddy!" You'd been coaching her all the way to the airport, I found out later, and you'd pointed her father out among the other passengers. Dana's greeting eased that first tension, and helped facilitate that wonderful feeling of being part of a family again.

Wonderful is an inadequate word. There really isn't any word that tells the warm, homey day-to-day story. Like going into a family huddle concerning your new chic short haircut. We're alike in so many ways. We think alike on politics, religion, and literature. But when it comes to extreme styles or hair-dos, you are more conservative. Which figures, I suppose, since you are the one who wears them.

"Let's just see how you'd look with your hair cut short," I kept insisting. You pointed out, with some logic, that once we'd "seen," it would be too late. However, finally you agreed, and made an appointment at the salon. But you really rationed the scissoring.

"How do you like it?" you asked expectantly, when you got home.

"What did you do, just get it set?" I inquired, observing no change. You insisted they'd cut it. The next week you let them shorten it an inch more. You inched it off so cautiously, it took you six weeks to get your hair cut. Until, finally, I called the shop and instructed, "Look, this is going to break us. Sit Marge down—and cut it off!" They did. And when you came home you looked just as I'd predicted—like a long, low whistle.

We both laugh more now. We're closer together than ever before. Wiser and more understanding. We discuss things we never used to be able to discuss. I talk more, which helps immeasurably. You

can't shut each other out. When you do—it isn't marriage.

What happened to all the feverish goals I used to have—to beat the world at this and that? My most fervent desire, now, is to get those new headboards finished for our bedroom. I just want to be with you and Jamie and Dana, and for us to enjoy life together—without rushing it. And I want to build that new home on our lot in the Valley.

Psychologists with academic know-how, theorize that we remember only what we want to remember and forget the painful and the unpleasant. They may have a point. Those seven months I was away are blanking out completely. It's beginning to seem as if they'd never happened.

Not that it was too simple, at first. Catching up on a marriage isn't. Perhaps because you're both trying a little too hard, being too considerate, and too polite.

That is, until such domestic procedures as building a window-seat bring you down to familiar earth again. Fixing up "our" house aided in the readjustment. We shopped for rugs and furniture together. I set up a workroom in the basement, and we had the living room painted the customary "Chandler green." Then, one morning, I embarked on the project of upholstering the window-seat I'd built in it with some of those old floral drapes.

I had my difficulties. But I don't have to tell you. You were standing over me most of the time. You and the children and a gentleman for whom ordinarily I entertain the highest regard—my father-in-law. All of you kept kibitzing, offering innumerable suggestions calculated to be helpful—but which can confuse any creative craftsman.

"Daddy, what are you doin'?" our daughter, Jamie, wanted to know.

Daddy didn't know what he was doing—and he would have preferred not to be reminded of that painful fact.

"From my experience—" your father began, and he *was* experienced.

"Why don't you just pull it together?" you suggested.

"But foam rubber gives," I pointed out, with authority.

Now that the window-seat is finally completed, the creative problems have been dissipated. A chuckle remains—plus a darned attractive and comfortable seat.

But tonight, while admiring it from a distance, I was remembering when we bought the drapes that made that cover... remembering, too, a couple of thousand words about other experiences that have concerned the two of us. Reflecting that wherever we love is indeed home, and what a lucky guy I am to be there.

THE END

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Conte Close-up

● Richard Conte wished upon a star and his wish came true. . .

"I was a dope as a kid," he says, "never too interested in academics. And I had no ambition." At sixteen he tried to be a barber, working the second chair in the barber shop on Saturdays and afternoons after school. Then he was a floorwalker on Fifth Avenue, a refrigerator salesman at Gimbels, a Wall Street runner and a three-dollar-a-night piano player for weddings and christenings.

Acting was thrust upon him when he accepted a job at a summer resort in Connecticut and was "forced into a play" with other employees. "I hated it . . ." he says, "I considered it sissy stuff."

However, when Elia Kazan and Sanford Meisner caught the play, they offered him a scholarship at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York—and fifteen dollars a week to apprentice for the Group Theatre. Finally, upon their insistence, he saw a performance of "Waiting for Lefty." He'd never seen a play before and wasn't prepared for the emotional thrill he got from it. "I felt I would die unless I got up there on the stage, too," he says.

He is still given to ardent enthusiasms. He plays tennis until it's so dark he can't see his opponent. He has never taken art lessons but he gets so steamed up about his painting that many a time he's stayed up all night to paint. His impatience he considers his prime fault. "I just can't wait."

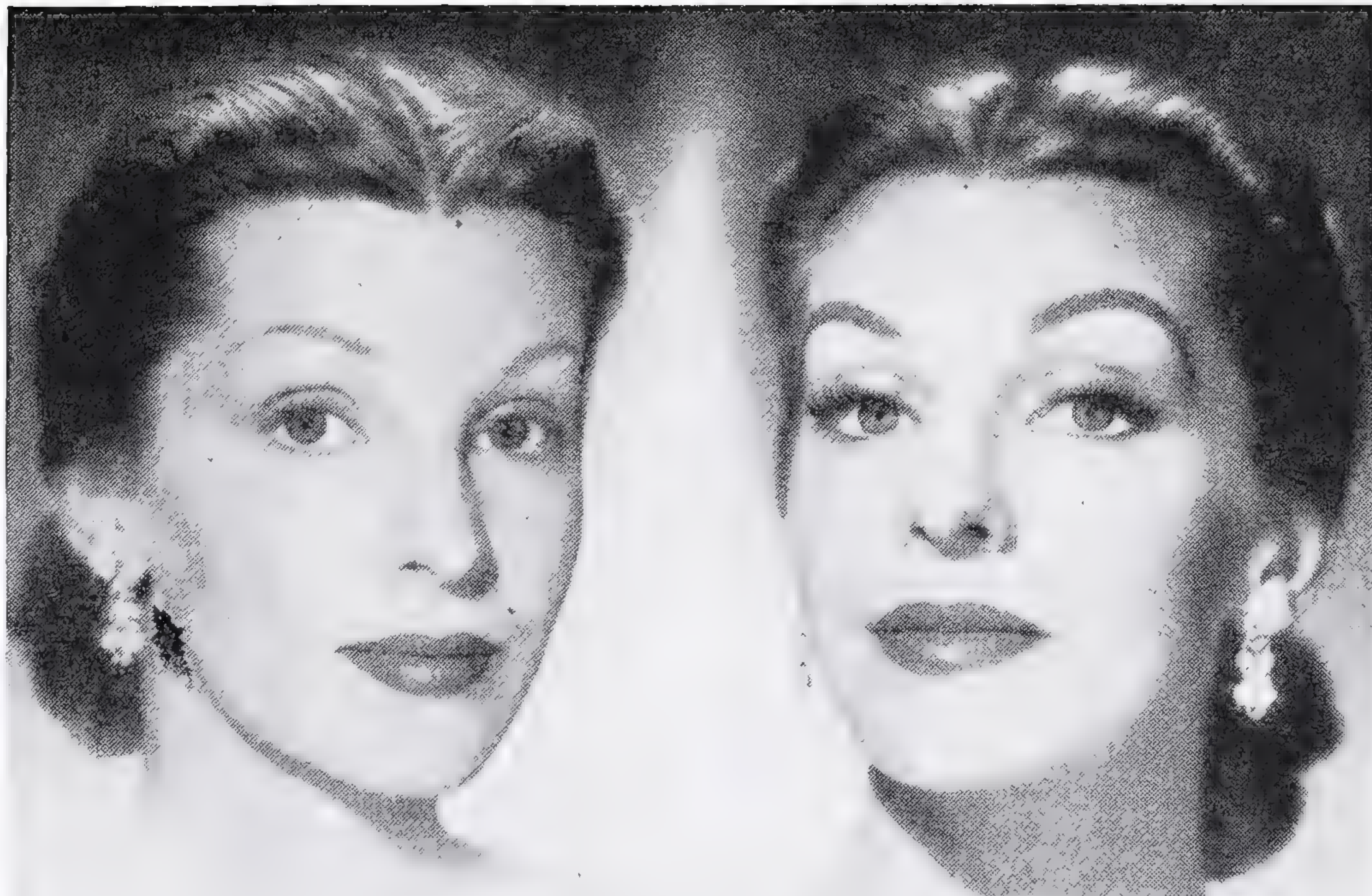
His favorite painting hangs over the fireplace. It shows a slim young woman in a housecoat working away at an ironing board. "It's the apartment we had when we were first married. I caught Ruth ironing in the kitchen and sketched this."

Dick met his actress-wife, Ruth Strome, when they both were attending the Neighborhood Playhouse. He was so poor that their dates were spent in all-day visits to the Modern Museum. They window-shopped along Fifth Avenue. And they went to all the plays, sneaking in with the rest of the audience after the first intermission. "We couldn't tell you how any play begins. When our friends discuss the first acts of those plays now—we're dead."

Dick's sentimental, a hand-holder at the movies, and a great present-giver.

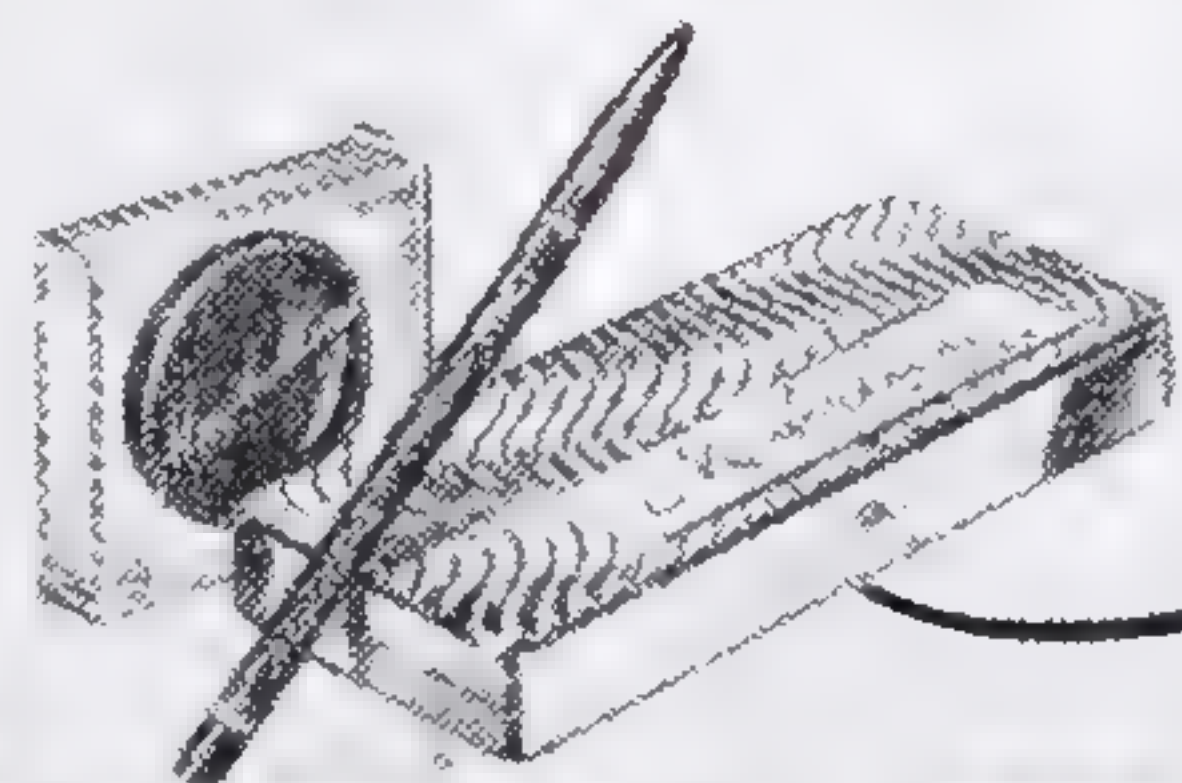
He's also a realistic idealist, a rationalizer, and a great worrier. "Moody? I guess so . . . but I know my moods and I understand where they come from."

Being a successful motion picture star means to him the great riches of self-expression. "It means I don't have to worry about paying the rent of course. But it also means time in which to think, to play the piano, to paint, to act. This gives me the opportunity to use myself fully as a human being, which to me is the most important thing in the world."



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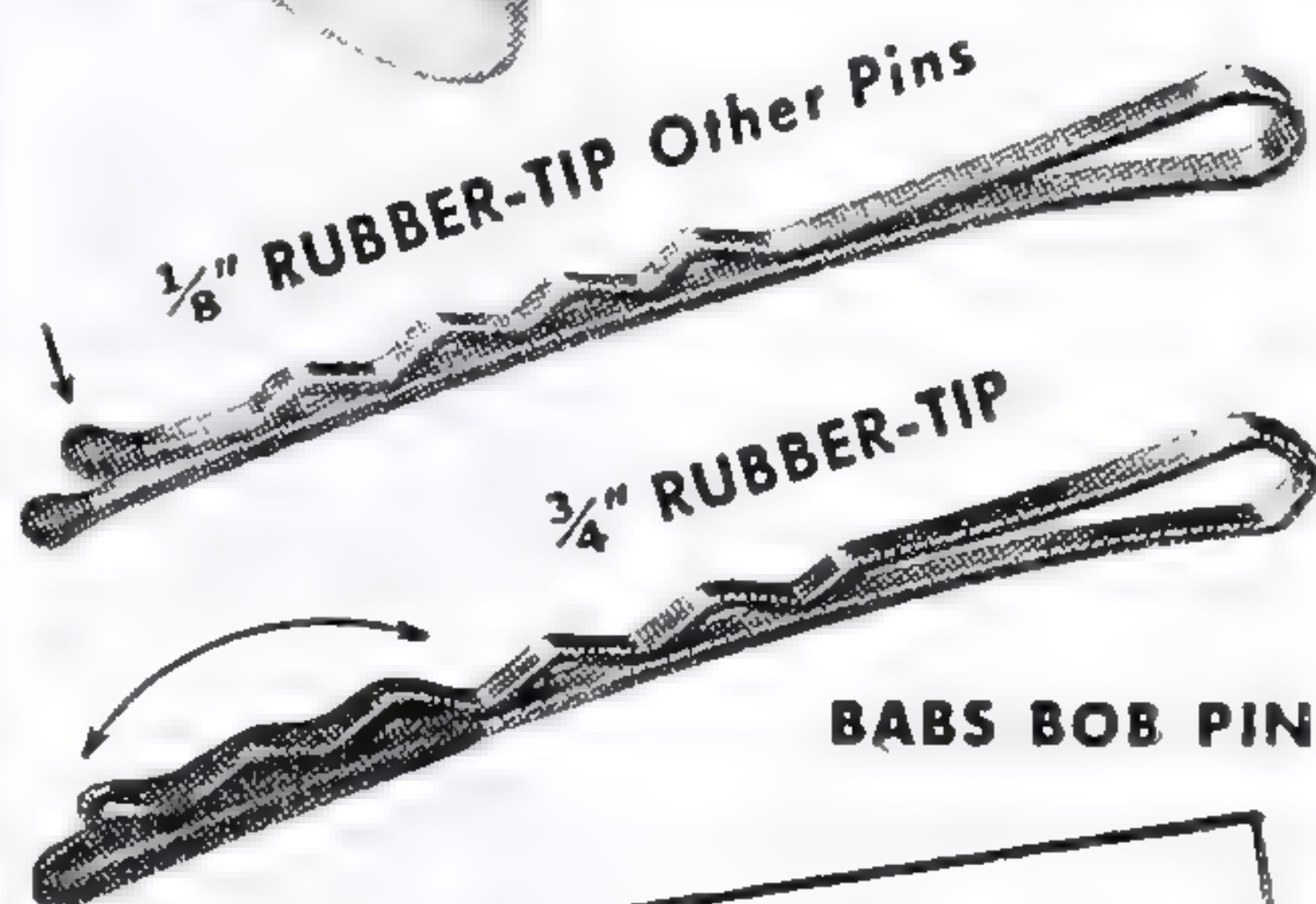
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If You Want to Be Charming

(Continued from page 70)

deep valleys from nose to mouth in some otherwise beautiful faces. These lines are caused and aggravated by tense, drawn lips and an unrelaxed jaw. Frown enough and you will sculp a permanent frown in your brow; swallow enough rage and you carve deepening furrows where your smile should be. (Swallow while you're watching your face in the mirror, see what happens to that line between nose and chin.)

To combat wrinkles you must relax, cultivate a cheerful outlook, and, stop worrying. Even worrying about your wrinkles makes them worse.

Neck lines—so often accompanied by the first signs of a double chin—come from bad posture, more specifically from a neck-pulled-into-the-shoulders, diaphragm-collapsed-into-the-stomach defeated posture; again from a destructive mental attitude. Sit and stand straight, chin balanced on a straight line—neither up-tilted nor sagging, and see the improvement in your appearance. And when you stand squarely up to life, don't you actually feel better able to cope with it?

How Dry You Are

Physically, facial lines spell insufficient skin moisture—and this you can get both from the inside and outside.

Dietwise, more liquids—milk, pure water, fruit juices—more meat and cheese, less sweets and starches, and watch your "figger" improve with your face. For the surface—you need oil. There are good and inexpensive emulsified oils. I use one all the time as a body lubricant. Even baby oil—available everywhere—will do the trick. Susan Hayward, whose smooth, radiant skin is newsworthy even in this concentration point for beautiful women, uses baby oil all the time—"gallons of it," she says.

Susan has staged a concentrated campaign against dryness—and she hasn't an unwanted line in her pert little face.

Susan takes her bottle of lubricating oil to the studio and applies it generously for the period she is sitting under the dryer in the make-up department.

"I think the worst thing in the world for any skin," she declares, "is to sit under a dryer with make-up on and have that hot, unnatural breeze beat the make-up into your pores. I would advise every girl to take oil or cream with her when she's going to a beauty shop, and apply it to her scrubbed face before getting under the dryer—which dries the face faster than it does your hair!"

We've a lot more skin on our bodies than on our faces, and leave it to Susan not to forget that.

"I'm strictly an old-fashioned once-a-week bathtub girl except when I'm on a picture," she told me. "I prefer showers, and take one each morning, and every night. But during a picture like 'With a Song in My Heart' in which I wear fourteen off-the-shoulder ball gowns and have quantities of body make-up applied to me, I like to soak myself in a hot bath every night. I always use bath oil in my bath, so I don't go in as smooth as a grape and come out looking as withered as a raisin. My bath oil is scented with lemon verbenia, which I like for its clean, sweet smell.

"Once a week, on an evening I'm sure I'm not going out, I rub my whole body with bath oil, put on an old pair of pajamas, and sleep all oiled up. Once a week, also, I apply a softening cream to the bottom of my feet, especially around the heels, which are apt to get rough and rubbed when you wear sling pumps."

Beauty: From the Inside—Out

You will note that no woman who looks just like everyone else ever gains a reputation for great beauty.

Beauty, like fashion, is a very personal thing—an inner thing. The radiance that marks the difference between a merely pretty or striking face and a beautiful one comes from deep inside.

Jane Wyman is a perfect example of this. A sweet little face, framed with a little girl haircut—pretty. But those magnificent, haunting eyes—disturbingly beautiful. Everything that is Jane speaks to you through those eyes—her kindness, compassion, her poignant femininity.

I've known Jane for a long time, watched her through a lot of ups and downs. I remember when we were working on adjoining stages at Warner Brothers. Jane was under pressure and terribly unhappy—her marriage to Ronnie Reagan was breaking up. She was so upset that she had ulcers—and lunchtime after lunchtime I saw her order nothing but milk.

But even then, when most people would have been short-tempered—and, incidentally, been forgiven for it—Jane was Jane, self-effacing, sweet and kind, keeping her troubles strictly to herself. I never in my life heard Jane Wyman say an unkind thing about anybody. Anybody. And in that, I think, lies the secret of her great appeal—and of her great beauty.

THE END

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➔ TO REACH THE STARS

PHOTOPLAY receives thousands of letters asking for photographs and addresses of movie stars. Home addresses cannot be revealed and Photoplay cannot fill requests for photographs. However, following are the addresses of the major motion picture studios and a list of the stars they have under contract. If your favorites are not listed in any contract list, write to them in care of the studio at which they made their last picture. For autographed pictures send twenty-five cents to the star to cover cost of mailing. Clip out this list and save it for future reference.

Columbia Pictures, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood: Gene Autry, Smiley Burnette, Broderick Crawford, Joan Davis, John Derek, Glenn Ford, Barbara Hale, Rita Hayworth, Judy Holliday, Anthony Dexter, Jody Lawrance, Jack Mahoney, Beverly Michaels, Terry Moore, Pat O'Brien, Aldo Ray, Donna Reed, Carl Benton Reid, Mickey Rooney, Dolores Sidener, Charles Starrett, Johnny Stewart, Pat Williams.

Goldwyn Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Los Angeles: Dana Andrews, Joan Evans, Farley Granger.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 10202 W. Washington Blvd., Culver City: Dawn Addams, June Allyson, Richard Anderson, Pier Angeli, Fred Astaire, Lionel Barrymore, Keefe Brasselle, Kay Brown, Louis Calhern, William Campbell, Leslie Caron, Carleton Carpenter, Gower Champion, Marge Champion, Cyd Charisse, Patrick Conway, Donna Corcoran, Jonathan Cott, James Craig, Vic Damone, Nancy Davis, Michael Dugan, Billy Eckstine, Marilyn Erskine, Nanette Fabray, Sally Forrest, Clark Gable, Ava Gardner, Greer Garson, Stewart Granger, Kathryn Grayson, Jean Hagen, Robert Horton, Van Johnson, Howard Keel, Gene Kelly, Deborah Kerr, Fernando Lamas, Mario Lanza, Peter Lawford, Janet Leigh, Monica Lewis, Marjorie Main, Ralph Meeker, Ann Miller, Dean Miller, Ricardo Montalban, George Murphy, Reginald Owen, Walter Pidgeon, Jane Powell, William Powell, Paula Raymond, Debbie Reynolds, Jeff Richards, Barbara Ruick, Janice Rule, Red Skelton, Elaine Stewart, James Stewart, Lewis Stone, Barry Sullivan, Elizabeth Taylor, Robert Taylor, Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner, Vera-Ellen, James Whitmore, Esther Williams, Keenan Wynn, Gig Young.

Monogram Pictures, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood: Johnny Mack Brown, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Florence Marly, Jane Nigh, Whip Wilson.

Paramount Pictures, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood: Anna Maria Alberghetti, Judith Ames, Jean Arthur, Peter D. Baldwin, William Bendix, Lyle Bettger, Pierre Cressoy, Bing Crosby, William Demarest, Laura Elliot, Rhonda Fleming, Joan Fontaine, Mona Freeman, Nancy Gates, Paulette Goddard, Gloria Grahame, Nancy Hale, Virginia Hall, Peter Hanson, Patricia Ann Harding, William Holden, Bob Hope, Betty Hutton, Dick Keene, Alan Ladd, Irene Martin, Robert Merrill, Ray Milland, Michael Moore, Susan Morrow, Mary Murphy, Nancy Olson, Eleanor Parker, Barbara Rush, Jan Sterling, Joan Taylor, Alan Young. Under personal contract to Hal Wallis: Polly Bergen, Corinne Calvet, Wendell Corey, Don DeFore, Vincent Edwards, Charlton Heston, Burt Lancaster, Jerry Lewis, Marion Marshall, Dean Martin, Eddie Mayehoff, Elizabeth Scott, Richard Stapley.



RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood: Keith Andes, Carla Balenda, Jack Buetel, Janice Carter, the Charivels, Barbara Darrow, Brad Dexter, Joan Dixon, George Dolenz, Faith Domergue, Betsy Drake, Mel Ferrer, Steve Flegg, Jane Greer, Dee Hartford, Tim Holt, Richard Martin, Charles McGraw, Colleen Miller, Robert Mitchum, Carolee Morton, Mala Powers, Jane Russell, Robert Ryan, Margaret Sheridan, William Talman, Mary Jo Tarola, Ursula Thiess, Kenneth Tobey.

Republic Pictures, 4024 N. Radford Ave., N. Hollywood: Rex Allen, Roy Barcroft, Esperanza Baur, Rod Cameron, Judy Canova, William Ching, Penny Edwards, Mary Ellen Kay, Allan "Rocky" Lane, Muriel Lawrence, Adele Mara, Vaughn Monroe, Vera Ralston, Estelita Rodriguez, Forrest Tucker, John Wayne, Grant Withers.

Twentieth Century-Fox, 10201 West Pico Blvd., Beverly Hills: Richard Allen, Merry Anders, Dana Andrews (with Goldwyn), Ray Andrews, Charlotte Austin, Richard Basehart, Lauren Bacall, Barbara Bates, Anne Baxter, Richard Boone, Cornell Borchers, Scott Brady, Marlon Brando, Jill Clifford, Valentina Cortesa, Joseph Cotten, Jeanne Crain, Dan Dailey, Dennis Day, Danielle Darrieux, Bette Davis, Joanne Dru, Gloria DeHaven, Henry Fonda, Anne Francis, Mitzi Gaynor, Betty Grable, Bob Graham, Cary Grant, Billy Gray, Susan Hayward, June Haver, Craig Hill, Jeffrey Hunter, Richard Hylton, Louis Jourdan, Patricia Knox, William Lundigan, Myrna Loy, Joyce MacKenzie, George Mathews, Victor Mature, Hugh Marlowe, James Mason, Gary Merrill, Zero Mostel, Marilyn Monroe, Ava Norring, Pat Neal, Debra Paget, Walter (Jack) Palance, Gregory Peck, Jean Peters, Tyrone Power, Micheline Prelle, George Raft, Michael Rennie, Thelma Ritter, Dale Robertson, George Sanders, Constance Smith, Helene Stanley, Warren Stevens, James Stewart, Randy Stuart, Gene Tierney, Robert Wagner, David Wayne, Clifton Webb, Orson Welles, Oskar Werner, Helen Westcott, Richard Widmark, Cornel Wilde.

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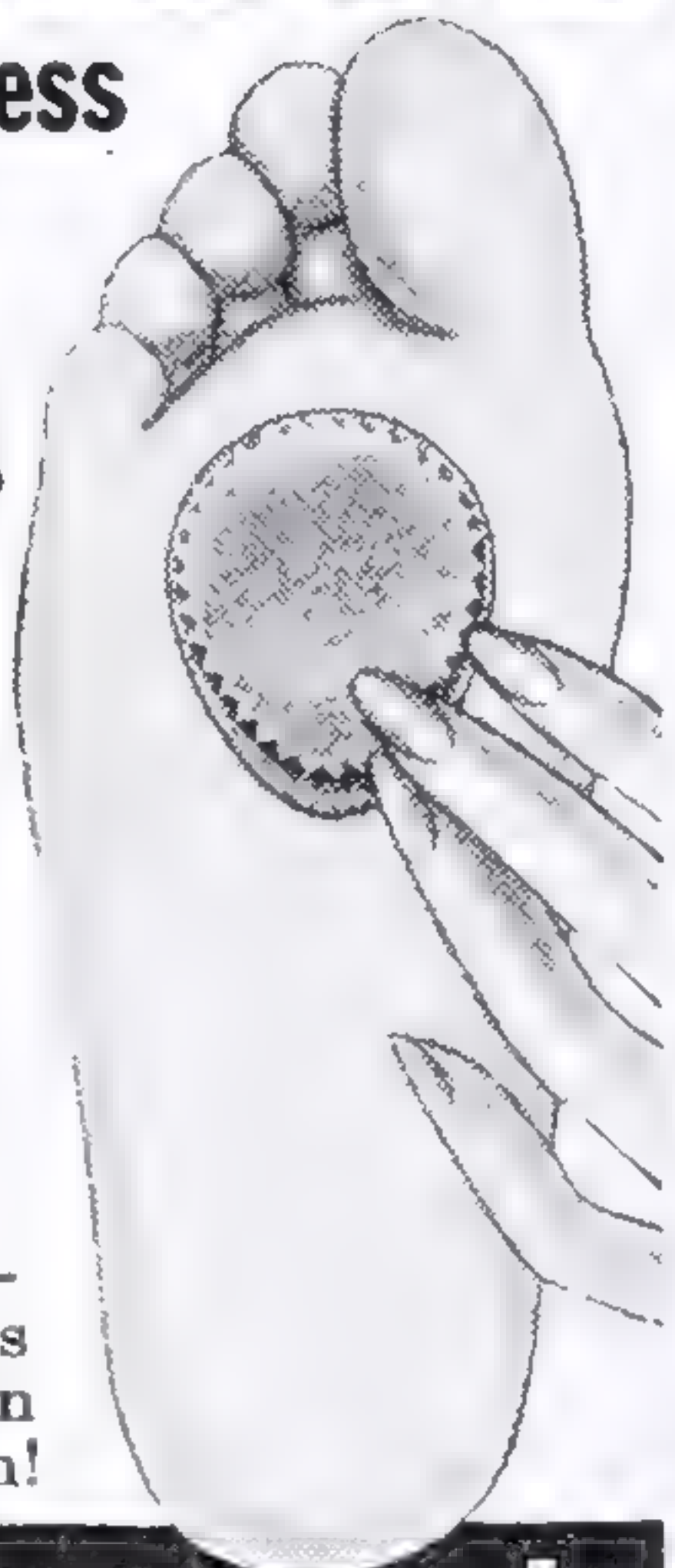
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Girls Ruin Romance

(Continued from page 41)

I'm quite fond of clothes; my wardrobe means a great deal to me. I like to buy myself various jackets and slacks, and I admire a girl who knows what is most becoming to her. But deliver me from the girl who is always dressed from her ear lobes to her heels and keeps reminding me of it. I think one can overdress, be too immaculate. If a man is out with a female fashion plate he can't even hold hands without mussing her up. He might wrinkle something. Too, the fashion-plate girls seem to spend half their time in the powder room, either admiring themselves or replacing that hair that got out of place.

It should go without saying that I admire and respect intelligence in a girl. Most men do, though some won't admit it. There is a wonderful stimulus in good talk. Pat Neal, for instance, is always exciting when engaged in conversation. She knows painting, literature, and national affairs, as well as acting. Yes, we men actually crave intelligent women. But we abhor the girls who are prone to flaunt their intelligence. That male ego—you can't escape it, nor can you be too cautious in your handling of it.

THERE are many so-called happy marriages in Hollywood that suddenly disintegrate, almost overnight. Many times it's because the husband has tolerated his wife's bright remarks and belittling insinuations until he can take no more of it. It's not always the soundest policy for the wife to get that proverbial last word—even if she's right.

And while on the general theme of bright, aggressive women, let's mention a related subject. No fellow likes to be bossed, or nagged, or just plain possessed by a girl, especially before he has proposed or discussed marriage. Please, don't misunderstand; I'm all for the career girl. I think a girl can have a career and raise a family too, even in such hectic times as these. But if you're a career girl—when you're with your husband be his wife; when you're at your office be a career girl. Affection, companionship, understanding and humility are easily obtained—and just as easily practiced.

Take the matter of telephoning. It annoys me to be called at the studio when I'm thinking about a scene, and I'm sure it drives a businessman frantic to get a call at his office from Tweetiepie saying, "I just wanted to hear your voice." All a

smart girl has to do is reverse that procedure, wait for the fellow's call and say, "How wonderful to hear your voice!"

But let's say she does wait, and you call on Monday. You say, "I'll call you tomorrow" and you do. You say, "I'll call you Wednesday" and you follow through on that, and maybe on Thursday you have a date together after which you promise to call Saturday. Only something comes up and you don't. You like this girl, understand. You want very much to get in touch with her again. Sunday morning you're sorry for having let the preceding day go by without talking to her, and you are just reaching out for the phone when it rings—and there she is.

Up until that instant you have been completely innocent and distinctly lonely, but now you feel guilty and wary. If she says, "Well, when are we going to see each other?" you get a sense of being closed in on before you even knew you were moving in her direction. One thing you make sure of when she finally hangs up: you move in the other direction.

I sincerely think girls knock themselves out being wonderful to look upon. I like painted fingernails, well-dressed hair, the sheerest nylons with the straightest seams, and the kind of figure that no appetite has been allowed to push out of shape. But, if a girl always looks as though she had just stepped out of the beauty parlor into brand-new clothes, I know she's too calculating. Instead of encouraging romance, those everlasting visits to the beauty parlor can discourage it. A guy inhibits his impulse to rumple locks with those iron-looking curls baked in them. He knows better than to put wrinkles into the waistline of a new Adrian suit. If his embrace knocks off a fifty-dollar hat, it simultaneously cools his ardor.

I also think that modern girls go in for too much exposure. What a kick it must have been for grandpa when he got that glimpse of an ankle, that flash of white, lacy petticoat. Grandma, through her very mystery, encouraged the male to conquest—but the modern girl who comes to a dinner party clothed a bare six inches above the midriff and eight or ten below is a little too much like the queen bee. When the male catches up with her, she kills him! You've got to concede that Dietrich has done all right. She is, you know, the gal with the "covered up" look.

I have yet to meet a male who goes for the girl who is the life of the party. I like a girl who has a sense of obligation to be

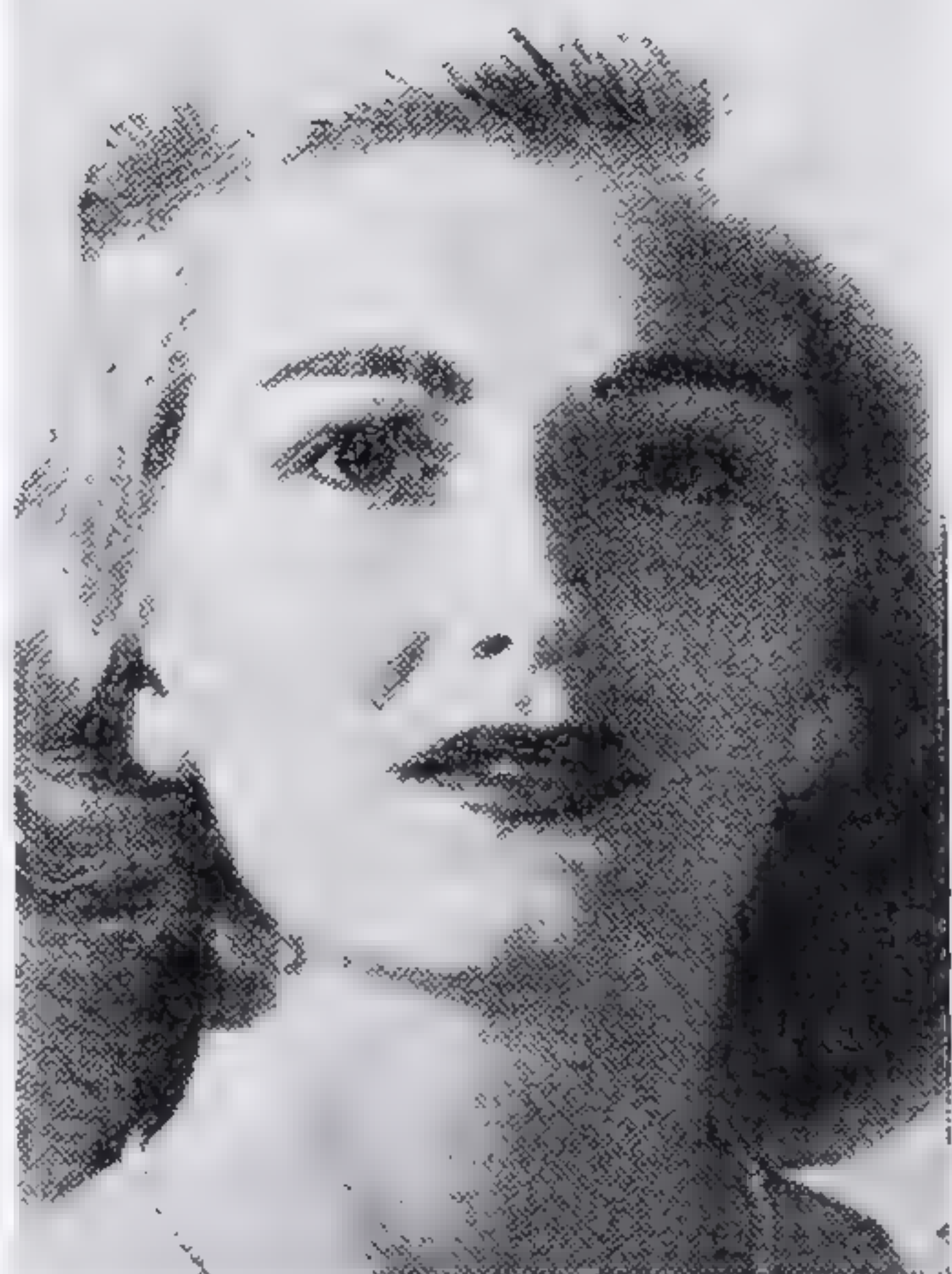
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Take James Stewart, one of Hollywood's most sought after bachelors for years. When he married, he chose a quiet, serene lady who, while as modern as a convertible, still radiates an atmosphere of thinking the sun rises and sets on her husband.

I'll admit, we gents don't always know what we want. Shelley and I were the best of pals—until we got so truly "pal-like," so truly friendly, all the romance faded. Since the world began, women have been maneuvering men into marriage, quite frequently against the male will. And since the world began, men have usually liked the marriage state once they landed there.

But today too many girls, I think, quite deliberately kill off that important matter of gender. You have adopted male slacks. You have adopted male shoulders. You have adopted male language and male smoking and drinking habits. Your incomes are frequently the equal or the superior of ours.

The result, all too often, is that you are neither feminine nor masculine. You are like wax fruit or flowers made out of gold. You look enchanting—but you have no flavor or fragrance. You attract us—but you are too artificial to hold us.

The girl I prefer must be feminine without being coy, healthy without being overpowering, intelligent without being conceited, independent without being dominant. The European girls still have the mood of thinking men are more important, more powerful, more intelligent, more alert and more charming than any woman. Because they have gone through the terrible war years, they are not too frivolous, not too demanding. Even the slightest pleasure they take with great enjoyment.

It can be that this is the greatest subtlety. There are relatively fewer men in Europe than in our country, and therefore the pursuit of them is harder, the capture of them more important. But if this is subtlety then I think our American girls should use a little more of it.

Because this is, as well we all know, the greatest country in the world, and the strength of a country comes from its homes and the strength of its homes comes from the love within them.

The girl I hope to marry will be as American as flapjacks, but she also will know about Picasso. She'll like Earl "Father" Hines—and also Sibelius. She'll wear her clothes pretty and spotless. She will cook so that I won't even care what I'm eating, it will be delicious.

Impossible perfection, you say? No, I don't think so and I'll wager that any girl who followed that pattern could get any guy in the world. She would be all woman, which makes a guy all male, which in turn starts the greatest circle in existence. Or, in other words, love, the only thing that really matters to any one of us.

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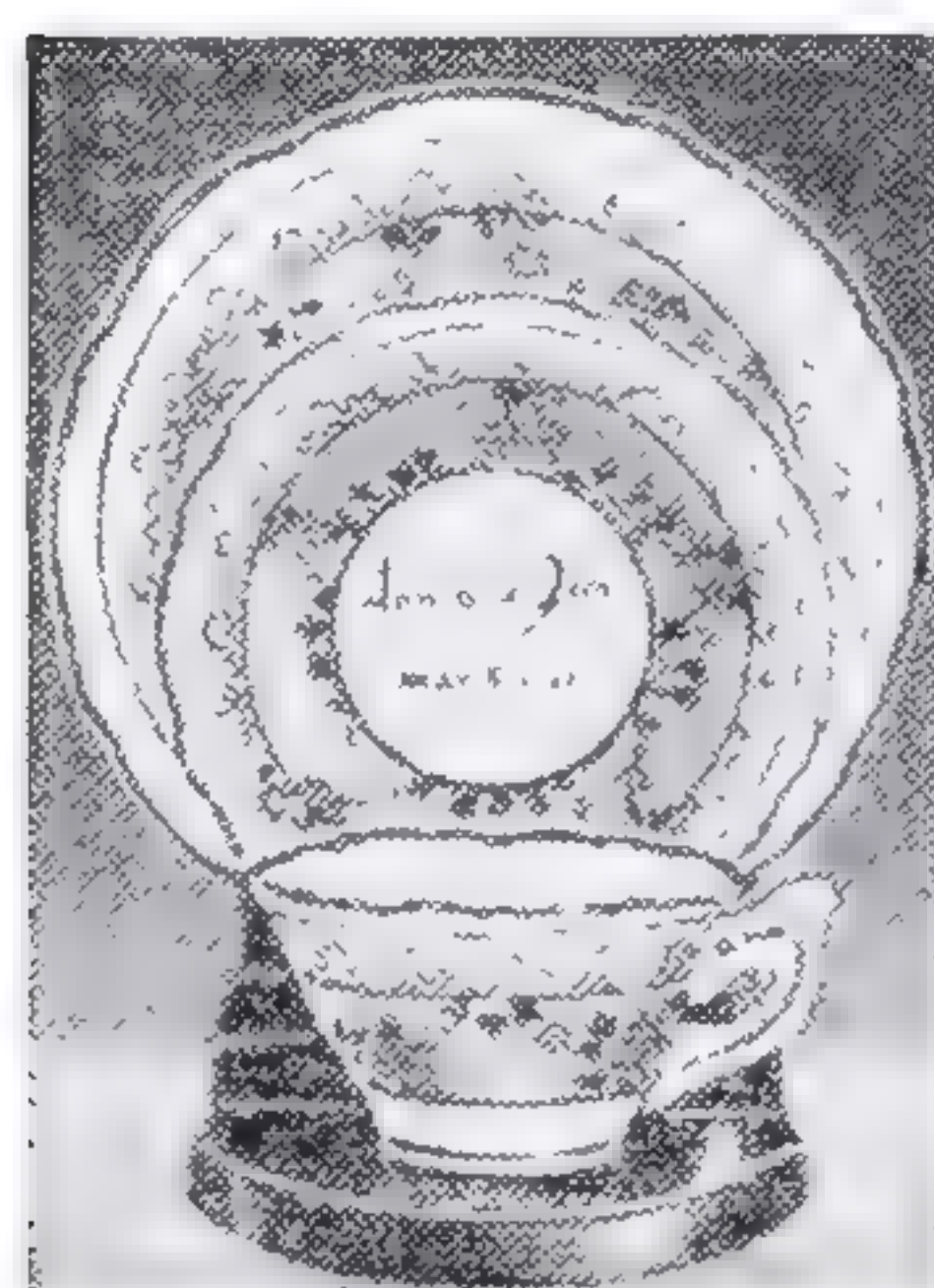
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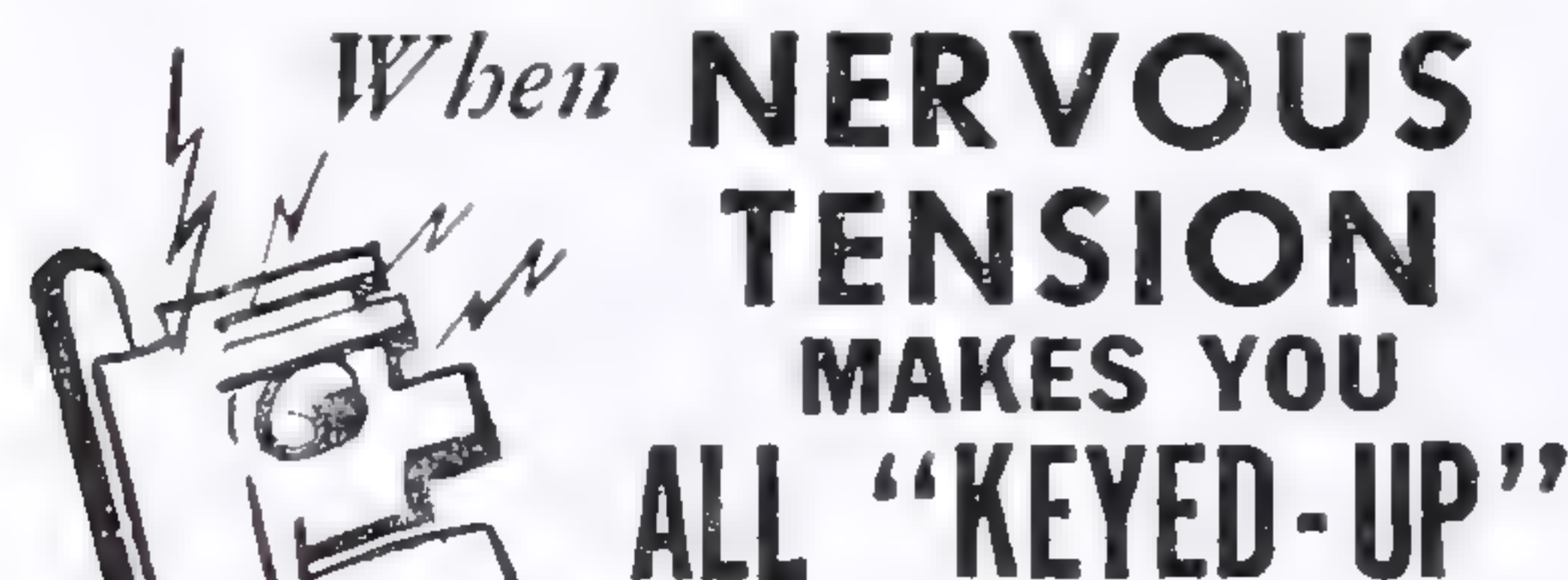
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BELLES ON THEIR TOES—20th Century-Fox: Anne Gilbreth, Jeanne Crain; Mrs. Gilbreth, Myrna Loy; Martha, Debra Paget; Dr. Bob Grayson, Jeffrey Hunter; Sam Harper, Edward Arnold; Tom Bracken, Hoagy Carmichael; Ernestine, Barbara Bates; Frank Gilbreth, Robert Arthur; Cousin Leora, Verna Felton; Bob Gilbreth, Roddy McCaskill; Lily Gilbreth, Carole Nugent; Jane Gilbreth, Tina Thompson; Jack Gilbreth, Teddy Driver; William Gilbreth, Tommy Ivo; Fred Gilbreth, Jimmy Hunt; Dan Gilbreth, Anthony Sydes; Al Lynch, Martin Milner; Martin Dykes, Clay Randolph; Jane (Age 22), June Hedin; Franklin Dykes, Robert Easton; Emily, Cecil Weston; Cab Driver, Syd Saylor.

BRONCO BUSTER—U-I: Tom Moody, John Lund; Bart Eaton, Scott Brady; Judy Bream, Joyce Holden; Dan Bream, Chill Wills; Dobie, Don Haggerty; Elliott, Dan Poore; Zumbro, Bill Williams; Tibbs, Casey Tibbs; Crump, Pete Crump; Enos, Manuel Enos.

CAPTIVE CITY, THE—U.A.: Jim Austin, John Forsythe; Marge Austin, Joan Camden; Don Carey, Harold J. Kennedy; Mrs. Sirak, Marjorie Crossland; Murray Sirak, Victor Sutherland; Chief Gillette, Ray Teal; Phil Harding, Martin Milner; Mrs. Nelson, Geraldine Hall; Clyde Nelson, Hal K. Dawson; Reverend Nash, Ian Wolfe; Linda Percy, Gladys Hurlbut; Anderson, Jess Kirkpatrick; Krug, Paul Newlan; Mrs. Harding, Frances Morris; Police Sergeant, Paul Brinegar; Sally Carey, Patricia Goldwater; Joe Berg, Robert Gorrell; Coverly, Glenn Judd; Coroner, William C. Miller.

DEADLINE — U.S.A. — 20th Century-Fox: Ed Hutheson, Humphrey Bogart; Mrs. Garrison, Ethel Barrymore; Nora, Kim Hunter; Frank Allen, Ed Begley; Burrows, Warren Stevens; Thompson, Paul Stewart; Rienzi, Martin Gabel; Schmidt, Joseph De Santis; Kitty Garrison Geary, Joyce MacKenzie; Mrs. Willebrandt, Audrey Christie; Alice Garrison Courtney, Fay Baker; Cleary, Jim Backus; Crane, Carleton Young; Williams, Selmer Jackson; Judge, Fay Roope; Headwaiter, Parley Baer; Telephone Operator, Bette Francine; City News Editor, John Doucette; Bentley, June Eisner; Copy Boy, Richard Monahan; Headline Writer, Harry Tyler; Whitey, Joe Sawyer; Barnidollar, Florence Shirley.

ENCORE—Paramount: THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER: Tom Ramsey, Nigel Patrick; George Ramsey, Roland Culver; Freda Ramsey, Alison Leggatt; Mr. Bateman, Charles Victor; Philip Cronshaw, Peter Graves; Mrs. Bateman, Margaret Withers; Gertrude Wilmot, Margaret Vyner; Secretary, Dorothy Bramhall; Office Girl, Patricia Raine; Club Member, Campbell Cotts; Ascot Man, Michael Trubshaw.

GIGOLO AND GIGOLETTE: Stella Cotman, Glynis Johns; Syd Cotman, Terence Morgan; Sandy Wescott, David Hutheson; Paco Espinal, Charles Goldner; Flora Penezzi, Mary Marrall; Carlo Penezzi, Martin Miller; Eva Barrett, Heather Thatcher; Russian Prince, Guido Lorraine; Italian Countess, Daphne Barker; Head Waiter, Ferdy Mayne; Bandleader, Guy Du Monceau.

WINTER CRUISE: Miss Reid, Kay Walsh; Captain, Noel Purcell; Doctor, Ronald Squire; Engineer, John Laurie; Pierre, Jacques Francois; Mate, John Horsley; Miss Price, Joan Harben; Young Married Couple, Brenda Hogan, Vincent Ball; Little Girl, Carol Wolveridge; Ship's Officer, John Warren.

FLESH AND FURY—U-I: Paul Callan, Tony Curtis; Sonya Bartow, Jan Sterling; Ann Hollis, Mona Freeman; Jack Richardson, Wallace Ford; Mrs. Richardson, Connie Gilchrist; Mrs. Hollis, Katherine Locke; Cliff, Joe Grav; Al Logan, Ron Hargrave; Lou Callan, Harry Guardino; Mike Callan, Harry Shannon; Murph, Harry Raven; Whitey, Ted Stanhope.

GIRL IN WHITE, THE—M-G-M: Dr. Emily Dunning, June Allyson; Dr. Ben Barringer, Arthur Kennedy; Dr. Seth Pawling, Gary Merrill; Dr. Marie Yeomans, Mildred Dunnock; Alec, Jesse White; Nurse Jane Doe, Marilyn Erskine; Dr. Barclay, Guy Anderson; Dr. Graham, Gar Moore; Dr. Williams, Don Keefer; Nurse Poley, Ann Tyrrell; Matt, James Arness; Commissioner of Hospitals Hawley, Curtis Cooksey; Nurse Wells, Carol Brannon; Nurse Schiff, Ann Morrison; Nurse Bleecker, Jo Gilbert; Dr. Schneider, Erwin Kalser; Mrs. Lindsay, Kathryn Card; Dr. Ellerton, Jonathan Cott; Nurse Hanson, Joan Valerie; Orderly, Coleman Francis; Elevator Attendant, A. Cameron Grant; Patient, David Fresco.

HIGH NOON—U.A.: Will Kane, Gary Cooper; Jonas Henderson, Thomas Mitchell; Harvey Pell, Lloyd Bridges; Helen Ramirez, Katy Jurado; Amy Kane, Grace Kelly; Percy Mettrick, Otto Kruger; Martin Howe, Lon Chaney; William Fuller, Henry Morgan; Frank Miller, Ian MacDonald; Mildred Fuller, Eve McVeagh; Cooper, Harry Shannon; Jack Colby, Lee Van Cleef; James Pierce, Bob Wilke; Ben Miller, Sheb Woolley; Sam, Tom London; Station Master, Ted Stanhope; Gillis, Larry Blake; Barber, William Phillips; Mrs. Henderson, Jeanne Blackford; Baker, James Millican; Weaver, Cliff Clark; Johnny, Ralph Reed; Drunk, William Newell; Bartender, Lucien Prival; Fred, Guy Beach; Hotel Clerk, Howland Chamberlin.

LION AND THE HORSE, THE—Warners: Ben Kirby, Steve Cochran; Dave Tracy, Ray Teal; Matt Jennings, Bob Steele; Cas Bagley, Harry Antrim; "Shorty", Cameron, George O'Hanlon; Jenny, Sherry Jackson; Al Richie, Ed Hinton; "Pappy", Cole, William Fawcett; "Rocky", Steuber, House Peters Jr.; Riggs, Lee Roberts; Sheriff, Lane Chandler.

MACAO—RKO: Nick Cochran, Robert Mitchum; Julie Benton, Jane Russell; Lawrence C. Trumble, William Bendix; Betty, Gloria Grahame; Halloran, Brad Dexter; Lt. Sebastian, Thomas Gomez; Kwan Sun Tang, Vladimir Sokoloff; Itzumi, Philip Ahn; Gimpy, Don Zelaya.

MARA MARU—Warners: Mason, Errol Flynn; Stella, Ruth Roman; Benedict, Raymond Burr; Steve Ranier, Paul Picerni; Andy Callahan, Richard Webb; Lt. Zuenon, Dan Seymour; Ortega, George Renavent; Maniolo, Robert Cabal; Perol, Henry Marco; Capt. Van Hoten, Nestor Paiva; Felix, Howard Chuman.

MY SON JOHN—Paramount: Lucille Jefferson, Helen Hayes; John Jefferson, Robert Walker; Mr. Stedman, Van Heflin; Dan Jefferson, Dean Jagger; Dr. Carver, Minor Watson; Father O'Dowd, Frank McHugh; Ruth Carlin, Irene Winston; Ben Jefferson, James Young; Chuck Jefferson, Richard Jaeckel; Bedford, Tod Karns.

RED BALL EXPRESS—U-I: Lieut. Chick Campbell, Jeff Chandler; Sgt. Ernest Kallek, Alex Nicol; Partridge, Charles Drake; Wilson, Hugh O'Brian; Higgins, Frank Chase; Heyman, Jack Kelly; Joyce McClelland, Judith Braun; Kitty Walsh, Cindy Garner; Antoinette, Jacqueline Duval; General Gordon, Tom Tully; Sgt. Max, Richard Garland; Tank Lt., Palmer Lee; Robertson, Sidney Poitier; Taffy, Bubber Johnson; Major, Jack Warden; McCord, Robert Davis.

SAN FRANCISCO STORY, THE—Warners: Rick Nelson, Joel McCrea; Adelaide McCall, Yvonne de Carlo; Andrew Cain, Sidney Blackmer; "Shorty", Richard Erdman; Sadie, Florence Bates; Jim Martin, Onslow Stevens; Lessing, John Raven; Alfey, O. Z. Whitehead; Winfield Holbert, Ralph E. Dumke; Thompson, Robert Foulk; Morton, Lane Chandler; Miner, Trevor Bardette; Slade, John Doucette; Meyers, Peter Virgo; Palmer, Frank Hagney; Buck, Tor Johnson; Scud, Fred Graham.

SINGIN' IN THE RAIN—M-G-M: Don Lockwood, Gene Kelly; Cosmo Brown, Donald O'Connor; Kathy Selden, Debbie Reynolds; Lina Lamont, Jean Hagen; R. F. Simpson, Millard Mitchell; Guest Artist, Cyd Charisse; Zella Zanders, Rita Moreno; Roscoe Dexter, Douglas Fowley; Dora Bailey, Madge Blake.

TALK ABOUT A STRANGER—M-G-M: Robert Fontaine Sr., George Murphy; Marge Fontaine, Nancy Davis; Robert Fontaine Jr., Billy Gray; Mr. Wardlaw, Lewis Stone; Matlock, Kurt Kasznar; Camille Wardlaw, Anna Glomb.

WALK EAST ON BEACON—Columbia: Inspector Belden, George Murphy; Professor Kafer, Finlay Currie; Millie, Virginia Gilmore; Alex, Karel Stepanek; Elaine, Louisa Horton; Gino, Peter Capell; Danzig, Bruno Wick; Dr. Wincott, Rev. Robert Dunn; Reynolds, Karl Weber; Vincent Foss, Jack Manning; Mrs. Foss, Vilma Kurer; Torrence, Michael Garrett; Boldany, Robert Carroll; Martin, Ernest Graves; Mrs. Martin, Rosemary Pettit; Wilbon, George R. Hill; Mason, Bradford Hatton; Landlady, Eva Condon; Helmut, Paul Andor; Mrs. Kafer, Lotte Palfi; Philadelphia Suspect, Ann Thomas; Mrs. Belden, Nancy Heyl; Sherry Belden, Suzanne Moulton; Taxi Driver, John Farrell; Samson, Stephen Mitchell.

WITHOUT WARNING—U.A.: Carl Martin, Adam Williams; Jane, Meg Randall; Pete, Edward Binns; Don, Harlan Warde; Fred Saunders, John Maxwell; Blonde, Angela Stevens; Charlie, Byron Kane; Wolf, Charles Tannen; Virginia, Marilee Phelan; Wilson, Robert Foulk; Carmelita, Connie Vera; Psychiatrist, Robert Shayne.

It reads like a miracle!

HOLLYWOOD'S FOUR-DAY MIRACLE DIET

Stars use it when they have to reduce in a hurry—lose
up to ten pounds. In July **PHOTOPLAY**

Now Talent Goes on Record

(Continued from page 35)

the glory and the fame. Others desire the glamour. Some see it purely as a way to make a great deal of money. But most contestants want the excitement of creating a character or a mood, of enhancing an audience's pleasure.

MANY contestants come from towns so small, opportunity is almost non-existent. But many of these have proved that opportunity is only a word—that with time and energy and belief, opportunity can be created. When a club or sorority in their community needed to raise money, they, with the help of some older person, rounded up other local talent, persuaded local merchants to lend props, borrowed the town hall or the school auditorium and presented a play.

Others convinced their teachers their town should have a drama society. Some talked themselves into part-time jobs at local radio stations. They started, in some instances, by making themselves generally useful—bringing up coffee from the drug-store, sorting records in the prop department. Later they worked their way into a five- or ten- or fifteen-minute spot round-up of the local high school news. And sometimes such effort branched out—paid off in a full-time job.

Soon now—as we said before—those of you who have proven your talent, will be auditioned. Notifications to those who are chosen to appear before these audition boards will be mailed on or before July 1st, 1952.

Those who go before these boards will be asked to give a prepared reading, a sight reading and a pantomime. And in every case, those who serve on these boards will be quick to offer contestants any assistance they may require.

Photoplay is forming audition boards in key cities throughout the country so that, no matter where you live, a board will be convenient to your home. The judges on these boards will be representatives from your local radio or television stations, drama critics from your local papers, teachers from near-by high schools and colleges.

Out of these auditions will come the top three. The excitement grows in this talent search. Will you be a winner?

THE END



The Bill Holdens answer volunteer Audrey Lewis's call for help in the 1952 Cancer Crusade. Enlist your dimes, too, by sending to Cancer, c/o your local post office

The DANGER in waiting for your child to OUTGROW PIMPLES

Psychologists warn that pimples undermine children's self-confidence... may even cause permanent damage to their personalities.

Skin Specialists warn neglect of pimples can result in permanent scars. CLEARASIL, the sensational, scientific medication especially for pimples may save your boy or girl from these double dangers.



NEW! Amazing Greaseless Medication 'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN COLORED... Hides Pimples While it Works

Reported in Reader's Digest

Now released to druggists—the sensational, scientific, skin-colored medication especially for pimples. CLEARASIL is the same type medication used in clinical tests reported recently in Reader's Digest.

Doctors Amazed at Results

In skin specialists' tests on 200 patients, CLEARASIL brought amazing relief to 8 out of every 10. CLEARASIL is greaseless and fast-drying in contact with pimples. Actually starves pimples because it helps remove the oils* that pimples "feed" on.

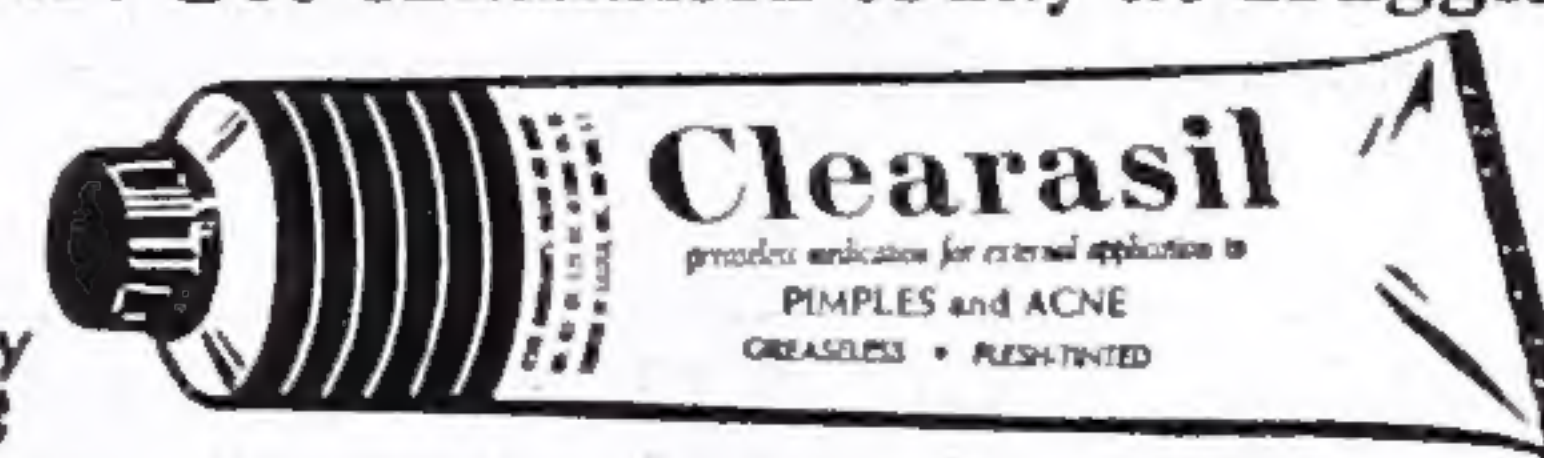
CLEARASIL ends embarrassment—gives new confidence immediately because its skin-color

hides pimples amazingly while it helps dry them up. Greaseless, stainless—pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication. Thousands of grateful users (adults as well as teen-agers) have found that CLEARASIL is one medication that really worked for them. So even if other treatment has failed, you owe it to your child to try CLEARASIL. Get CLEARASIL today at druggists.

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Economy size 98¢



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*Over-activity of certain oil glands is recognized by authorities as a major factor in acne.

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 ✓✓ Good
 ✓ Fair

BRIEF REVIEWS

A—For adults

F—For the whole family

See page 22 for this month's reviews

✓ (F) *AARON SLICK FROM PUNKIN CRICK*—Paramount, Technicolor: Musical version of the old-time melodrama with Robert Merrill and Adele Jergens as a couple of crooks who try to fleece farm girl, Dinah Shore. With Alan Young. (May)

✓ (F) *ACTORS AND SIN*—U.A.: A drama and a comedy about the theatre and the motion picture industry are combined in this rather off-beat two-part film. Edward G. Robinson, Marsha Hunt are in the first episode. Eddie Albert, Jennie Hecht in the second. (Apr.)

✓✓½ (F) *AFRICAN QUEEN, THE*—U.A., Technicolor: A completely off-the-beaten-path adventure story with spinster Katharine Hepburn and rough mineworker Humphrey Bogart thrown together on a frail river craft in German East Africa. They set out to destroy an enemy gunboat and find a rare and unexpected kind of love. With Robert Morley. (Mar.)

✓ (A) *ANOTHER MAN'S POISON*—U.A.: A depressing British-made drama in which Bette Davis murders her husband to be free to marry Gary Merrill. (Apr.)

✓✓½ (F) *ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN*—Paramount: Jose Ferrer comes to the U. S. in search of happiness and a long-lost uncle; finds both and a romance with Kim Hunter in the bargain in this charm-laden bit of Americana. With Kurt Kasznar, Eugenie Leontovich. (May)

✓ (F) *BATTLE AT APACHE PASS, THE*—U-I: Jeff Chandler repeats his *Cochise* character, and again tries to live in harmony with the white settlers until Bruce Cowling stirs up an incident that results in a bloody massacre. Susan Cabot, John Lund, John Hudson and Beverly Tyler are involved in the proceedings. (May)

✓½ (F) *BELLE OF NEW YORK, THE*—M-G-M, Technicolor: Vera-Ellen's a missionary worker and Fred Astaire a playboy in this rather disappointing lightweight musical set in the Gay Nineties period. With Marjorie Main, Keenan Wynn. (May)

✓✓½ (F) *BEND OF THE RIVER*—U-I, Technicolor: Jimmy Stewart guides a party of determined Missourians to Oregon and gets involved in some intense action when former pal Arthur Kennedy tries to hijack the pioneers' food supply. With Julia Adams, Lori Nelson, Rock Hudson. (Apr.)

✓½ (F) *BIG TREES, THE*—Warners, Technicolor: Unscrupulous lumberman Kirk Douglas gets reformed by Eva Miller in this trite melodrama concerning the preservation of the Giant California redwood trees. With Pat Wymore, John Archer. (Apr.)

✓ (F) *BOOTS MALONE*—Columbia: Behind the scenes story of the race-track stables, introducing Johnny Stewart as a rich kid who yearns to be a jockey and Bill Holden as a shady agent who's reformed by the boy's loyalty and affection. (Mar.)

✓ (F) *BUGLES IN THE AFTERNOON*—Warners, Technicolor: Disgraced civil war officer Ray Milland goes west to join the U. S. Cavalry and clashes with villainous Hugh Marlowe and war-minded Sioux in this run-of-the-mill sage-brush drama. With Helena Carter. (Apr.)

½✓ (F) *BUSHWHACKERS, THE*—Realart: John Ireland, a peace-seeking Confederate sergeant, takes a newspaper job and gets involved in killings, arson, and murder charges. A violent Western. With Dorothy Malone, Lawrence Tierney. (Mar.)

½✓ (F) *CALIFORNIA CONQUEST*—Columbia, Technicolor: Cornel Wilde foils Mexicans and Russians and brings California into the Union all by himself according to this corny but fast-moving Western. With Teresa Wright. (May)

✓ (F) *CIMARRON KID, THE*—U-I, Technicolor: Audie Murphy, after being twice railroaded to prison unjustly, joins up with the murderous Dalton gang in this ho-hum Western. With Beverly Tyler, Yvette Dugay, John Hudson. (Mar.)

✓✓½ (A) *DEATH OF A SALESMAN*—Columbia: Faithful screen version of the Pulitzer prize-winning play which tells of the mental deterioration of an average man whose false values lead to his downfall and the downfall of his sons. Starring Fredric March. With Kevin McCarthy, Mildred Dunnock, Cameron Mitchell. (Mar.)

✓✓½ (F) *5 FINGERS*—20th Century-Fox: The best spy story in years based on actual events which took place in Turkey during World War I, with James Mason as the cool spy who sold top war secrets to the Nazis for mercenary reasons. With Danielle Darrieux, Michael Rennie. (May)

✓✓ (F) *FIRST TIME, THE*—Columbia: A light-hearted comedy about the trials and anxieties of parents Barbara Hale and Robert Cummings as seen through the eyes of their first offspring. (Mar.)

½✓ (F) *FLAMING FEATHER*—Paramount, Technicolor: Blood 'n' thunder Western with Sterling Hayden and Forrest Tucker involved in a bet as to who could discover and capture a vicious outlaw. With Richard Arlen, Barbara Rush. (Apr.)

✓½ (A) *FOR MEN ONLY*—Lippert: An indictment against hazing in college fraternities in which Paul Henreid plays a defiant professor out to track down the culprit responsible for Robert Sherman's death. With Russ Johnson, Margaret Field. (Apr.)

✓½ (F) *GIRL IN EVERY PORT, A*—RKO: Bill Bendix and Groucho Marx, as two oldest sailors in the Navy, are involved in a lot of whacky goings on with horses. Marie Wilson and Don De Fore are in this nonsense comedy too. (Apr.)

✓✓✓ (F) *GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH, THE*—Paramount, Technicolor: A spectacular epic in which the acts, atmosphere and excitement of the Big Top are combined with the talents of Charlton Heston, Betty Hutton, James Stewart, Gloria Grahame, Cornel Wilde and Dorothy Lamour to make this one of the most thrilling pictures of the year. (Mar.)

½✓ (F) *HERE COME THE NELSONS*—U-I: The ingredients for fun and frolic are missing as the well-loved radio stars Ozzie, Harriet, David and Rickey Nelson bring their family life to the screen. With Rock Hudson, Barbara Lawrence. (Mar.)

✓✓ (F) *I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU*—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Remake of classic "Berkeley Square" in which scientist Tyrone Power journeys two hundred years back in time only to find that the old days weren't so good after all. With Ann Blyth as the 18th Century and modern miss Ty learns to love, and Michael Rennie. (Mar.)

✓✓½ (F) *I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS*—Warners: Doris Day and Danny Thomas are a tuneful twosome in a heartwarming musical biography of lyricist Gus Kahn. With Pat Wymore, Frank Lovejoy, James Gleason. (Mar.)

✓✓ (F) *INVITATION*—M-G-M: A compassionate drama in which Van Johnson is persuaded by Louis Calhern to marry Dorothy McGuire in order to make happy her last year to live. With Ruth Roman. (Apr.)

✓½ (F) *IT'S A BIG COUNTRY*—M-G-M: A somewhat overdone lecture on what America is and why we should love it, illustrated by eight separate episodes of varied merit and enacted by an all-star cast including Van Johnson, Ethel Barrymore, Gene Kelly, Janet Leigh and Gary Cooper. (Mar.)

✓ (F) *JAPANESE WAR BRIDE*—20th Century-Fox: When Don Taylor brings wife Shirley Yamaguchi back to America a lot of high-powered unpleasantness results from the intolerance of family and friends. An indecisive melodrama. (Mar.)

✓✓½ (F) *JUST THIS ONCE*—M-G-M: Attorney Janet Leigh is retained by Lewis Stone to prevent Peter Lawford from squandering his fortune in this delightful and diverting comedy. With Richard Anderson, Marilyn Erskine. (Mar.)

✓½ (F) *LAS VEGAS STORY, THE*—RKO: Jane Russell, in Las Vegas with husband Vincent Price, meets up with ex-love Vic Mature and all three somehow get involved in a murder, in this corny and stilted story. (Apr.)

✓✓ (F) *LONE STAR*—M-G-M: Clark Gable is for the Unionization of Texas, Brod Crawford is against it and Ava Gardner wavers politically and romantically between them in this lusty outdoor drama. (Apr.)

✓ (F) *LOVE IS BETTER THAN EVER*—M-G-M: A silly little comedy in which dancing teacher Liz Taylor pursues agent Larry Parks all over the place until she catches him. (Apr.)

✓ (F) *MA AND PA KETTLE AT THE FAIR*—U-I: Further misadventures of the homespun couple in which Ma loses a jam-making contest and Pa a sulky race. With Lori Nelson, James Best. (May)

✓✓½ (F) *MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT, THE*—U-I: A delightful British-made comedy in which Alec Guinness invents an everlasting cloth—and throws the whole British textile industry into a turmoil. With Joan Greenwood. (Apr.)

✓✓½ (F) *MARRYING KIND, THE*—Columbia: Humor, tragedy and a lot of every-day plain living are unfolded in a marriage story of average couple, Judy Holliday and Aldo Ray. With Madge Kennedy, Sheila Bond. (May)

✓½ (F) *MODEL AND THE MARRIAGE BROKER, THE*—20th Century-Fox: Amusing and sentimental comedy revolving around Thelma Ritter's attempts to bring lonely people together and to make a match between reluctant Jeanne Crain and Scott Brady. With Michael O'Shea. (Mar.)

½✓ (F) *MUTINY*—U.A., Technicolor: Mark Stevens as the skipper of a U. S. ship during the War of 1812 tries to break the British blockade and bring French gold back to America. A routine adventure yarn. With Angela Lansbury. (May)

✓✓½ (F) *MY SIX CONVICTS*—Columbia: Marshall Thompson, Gilbert Roland, Henry Morgan, Millard Mitchell, Alf Kjellin, Jay Adler prove to be unusual assistants to John Beal's experiment in establishing prison reforms. An entertaining and different kind of picture. (May)

✓½ (F) *PAULA*—Columbia: A heavy tear-jerking drama in which Loretta Young, after accidentally

hitting Tommy Rettig with her car, takes him into her home and helps him regain his power of speech. With Kent Smith, Alexander Knox. (May)

✓✓ (F) *PHONE CALL FROM A STRANGER*—20th Century-Fox: An absorbing and different story with Gary Merrill as the sole survivor of an air crash, who calls on the relatives of Michael Rennie, Keenan Wynn and Shelley Winters; each visit provides a drama of its own. Bette Davis has small but effective role. (Apr.)

✓✓ (F) *PRIDE OF ST. LOUIS, THE*—20th Century-Fox: Baseball's Dizzy Dean comes jauntily to life with Dan Dailey as the pitcher whose screwy antics provided amusement for thousands of fans, Joanne Dru as his understanding wife and Richard Crenna as his brother. With Richard Hylton. (May)

✓½ (F) *RANCHO NOTORIOUS*—RKO, Technicolor: A tongue-in-cheek Western in which Arthur Kennedy, seeking revenge for the murder of his sweetheart, is led by Mel Ferrer to a robber's hideout run by Marlene Dietrich. From there on in everything happens. (May)

✓✓ (F) *RETREAT, HELL!*—Warners: A true and gripping story of our soldiers in Korea and the hardships they went through before and during the infamous attack by the Chinese at Chosin Reservoir. With Frank Lovejoy, Richard Carlson, Anita Louise. (May)

✓ (F) *RETURN OF THE TEXAN*—20th Century-Fox: A modern day Western in which widower Dale Robertson returns to his ranch and tries to make a new life for himself. Joanne Dru and Robert Horton provide the romantic triangle, Walter Brennan the humor, Richard Boone the villainy. (May)

✓½ (F) *SAILOR BEWARE*—Wallis-Para.: Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin are at it again—this time as gobs whose slapstick antics all but sink the U. S. Navy. Corinne Calvet, Marion Marshall and Vince Edwards are part of what passes for a plot. (Mar.)

✓ (A) *ISLAND OF DESIRE*—U.A., Technicolor: Fair adventure story about the events that ensue when Linda Darnell and Tab Hunter are shipwrecked on a South Pacific island. With Donald Gray. (May)

✓✓ (F) *SCANDAL SHEET*—Columbia: John Derek tracks down the murder of an unknown woman in order to get a scoop for newspaper editor Brod Crawford—and discovers that Brod is the murderer. An absorbing and suspenseful drama with Donna Reed. (Apr.)

✓✓ (A) *SNIPER, THE*—Columbia: A powerful drama about a young psychiatric killer (Arthur Franz) who roams the streets shooting innocent women. Marie Windsor and Marlo Dwyer are his victims, Richard Kiley the psychiatrist who helps track him down. (May)

✓ (A) *SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR*—Paramount: A morbid drama in which AA member Ray Milland tries to pull Joan Fontaine together and proceeds to fall in love with her. Teresa Wright is Ray's loyal wife. (Apr.)

✓ (F) *STEEL TOWN*—U-I: The steel industry provides the background for the romantic complications which occur when the boss's nephew, John Lund, falls for Ann Sheridan, Howard Duff's girl. Fair to middling drama. (May)

✓½ (F) *THIS WOMAN IS DANGEROUS*—Warners: An outdated melodrama in which Joan Crawford, notorious leader of a band of hoodlums, reforms after Dennis Morgan restores her failing sight. With David Brian. (Apr.)

✓½ (F) *TREASURE OF LOST CANYON*—U-I, Technicolor: William Powell and Rosemary DeCamp adopt Tommy Ivo, who was cheated out of his inheritance by Henry Hull, and set out to reclaim it for him. With Julia Adams, Charles Drake. (Apr.)

✓✓½ (A) *VIVA ZAPATA!*—20th Century-Fox: Marlon Brando's excellent as the humble Mexican zealot who fought for nine years in order to regain the land stolen from his people. A baffling but brilliant motion picture. With Jean Peters, Anthony Quinn, Joseph Wiseman, Margo. (Apr.)

✓✓ (F) *WILD NORTH, THE*—M-G-M, Cinecolor: Northwest mountie Wendell Corey sets out to bring accused murderer Stewart Granger back to civilization, only to have Granger save his life instead. Rugged adventure. With Cyd Charisse. (Mar.)

✓✓½ (F) *WITH A SONG IN MY HEART*—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Heart-warming musical based on the true story of Jane Froman (Jane's beautiful voice is on the sound tracks) and the courage that carried her through after a tragic plane crash. With Susan Hayward, Rory Calhoun, David Wayne, Thelma Ritter. (Apr.)

✓½ (F) *YOUNG MAN WITH IDEAS*—M-G-M: Glenn Ford tries to establish himself in Los Angeles to prove to wife Ruth Roman that he's not a failure, and becomes involved with French singer Denise Darcel, student Nina Foch and a mob of gangsters. A light-weight amusing picture. (May)



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